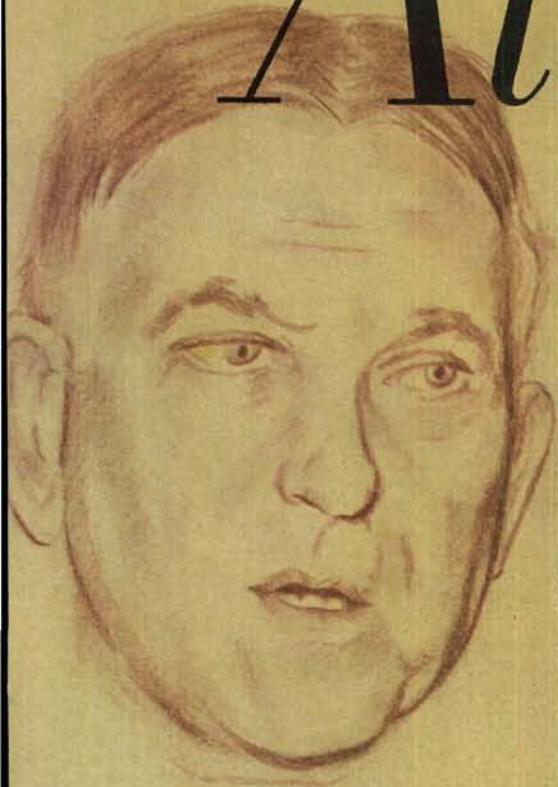


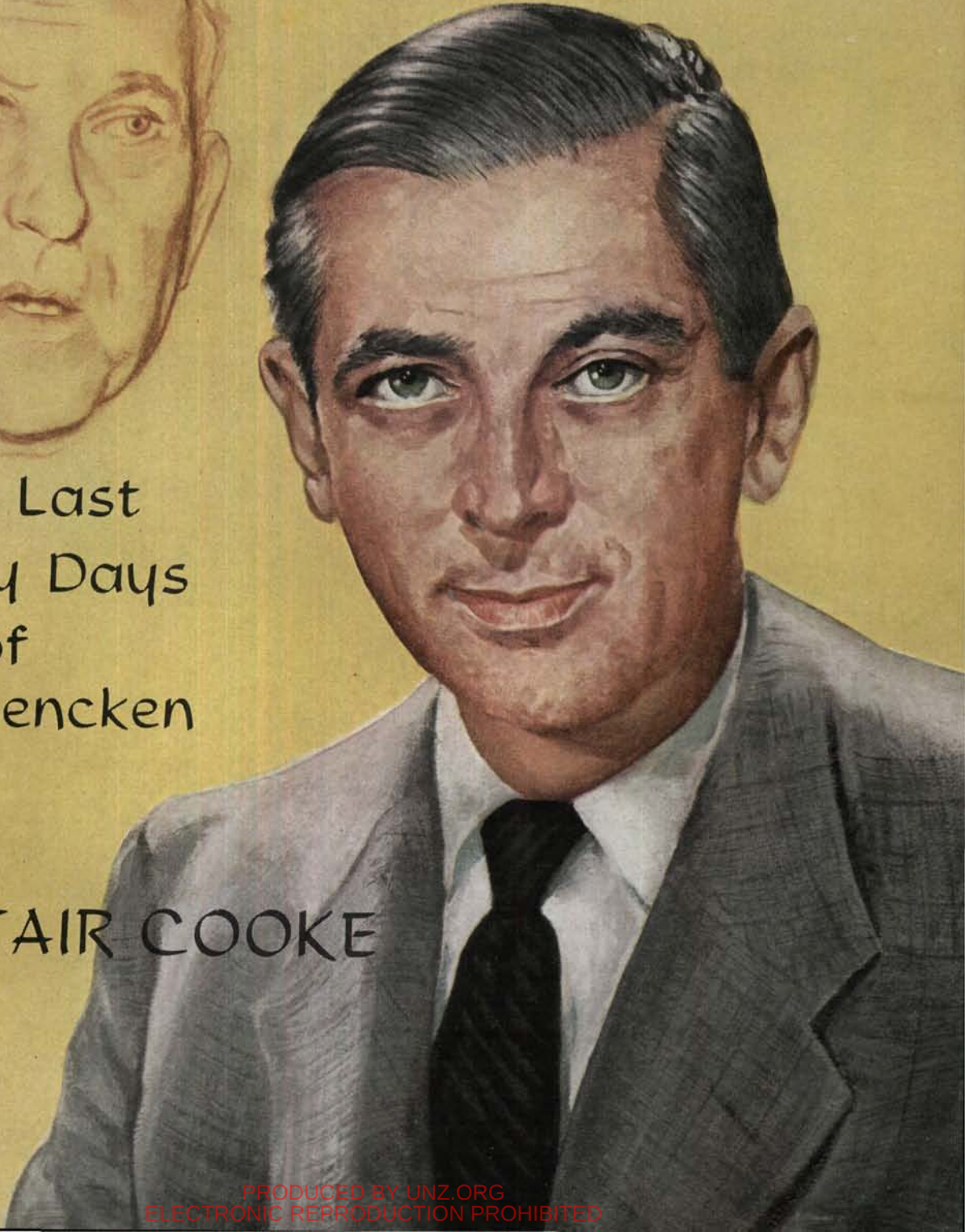
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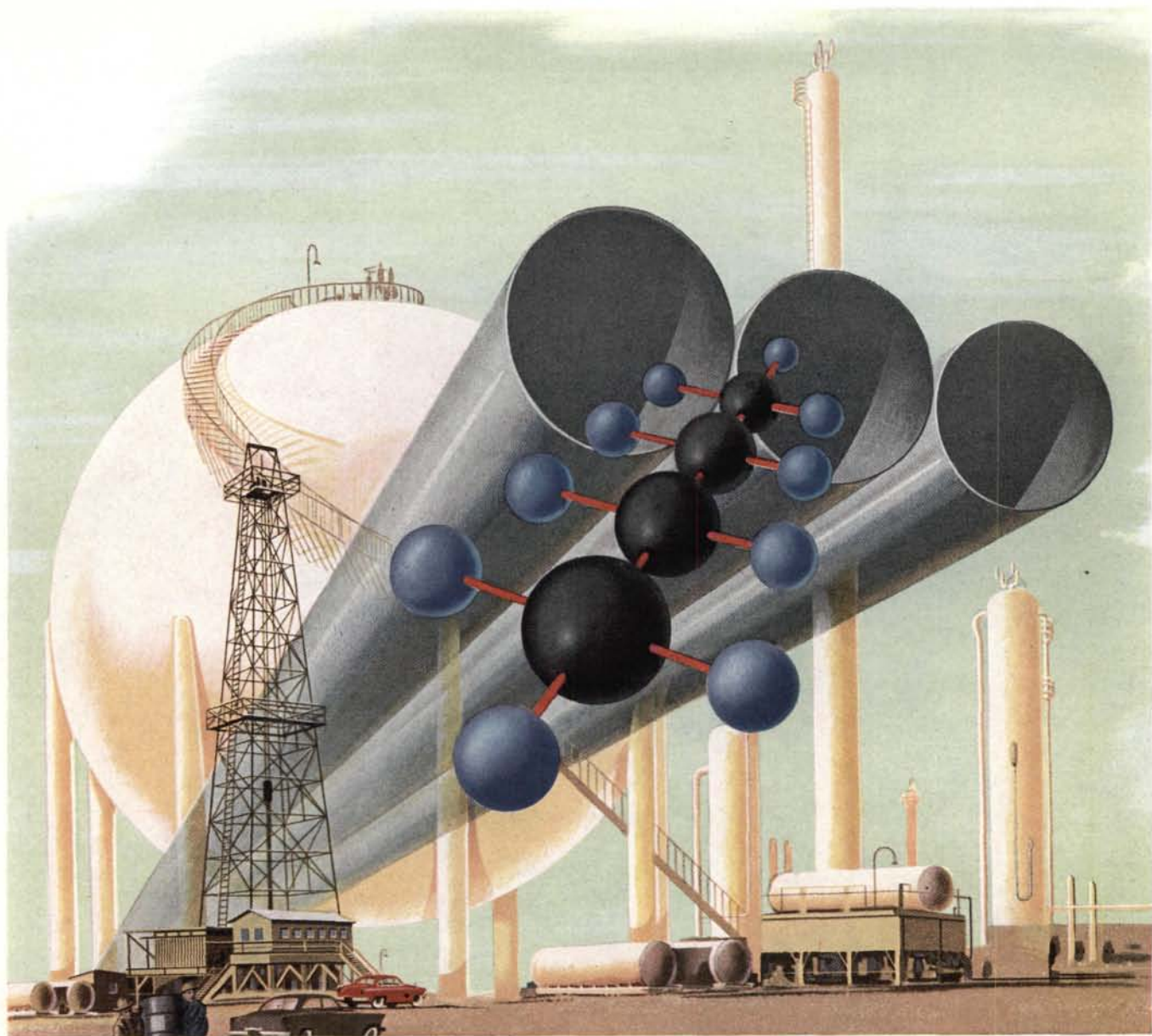
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The Last
Happy Days
of
H. L. Mencken

by
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Telephone Man Helps Save Five from Tidal Waters

**Quick action prevents
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is marooned in hurricane**

Hurricane winds of 110 miles an hour were creating a tidal wave when the telephone operator at Block Island, Rhode Island, received a call for help from a family marooned in a cottage.

"I was in the telephone office," says installer repairman Robert A. Gillespie, "when I heard of the call. I'd been through hurricanes before and I knew they might be in real trouble."

Quickly enlisting the aid of two men who were outside the telephone building, he drove his company truck to within 400 feet of the isolated



RESCUE AT HAND. Telephone man fights his way through swirling waters to bring marooned cottagers to safety during hurricane.



AWARDED MEDAL—Robert A. Gillespie, of Block Island, R. I., was awarded the Vail Medal for "courage, endurance and ingenuity" in helping to rescue five people marooned by tidal waters. Vail Medals, accompanied by cash awards, are given annually by the Bell System for acts of noteworthy public service by telephone employees.

cottage, as near as the high water would allow.

"We could see that three poles led toward the cottage," says Bob Gillespie, "so we took handlines and a rope from the truck. We secured one end of the line to the first pole and waded to the second pole. There we tied up our line and kept wading to the third pole."

But they were still thirty feet away from the marooned family when they got as far as the rope would go—thirty feet of dangerous, rushing water.

Bob Gillespie's companions safeguarded the ropes while he fought his way alone to the cottage.

He made three trips through the rising tidal waters. First he carried a small boy to the comparative safety of the forward end of the rope.

Then, with considerable difficulty, assisted two women; and a man and another boy. And finally, though almost exhausted, he guided the entire group along the all-important rope lifeline that led to high ground and safety.

HELPING HANDS—The spirit of service of telephone men and women is shown not only in the dramatic situations of fire and flood and storm, but in the everyday affairs of life. Thousands of times every day, and through the long hours of the night, the telephone and telephone people help those who are ill or in trouble or confronted by some occasion that needs a skilled and willing hand. Just having the telephone close by gives a feeling of security and of being close to people.

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Cover portrait of Alistair Cooke by Ern  de Sauv 

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Because of the recent success of subscription record clubs, the idea of this new project occurred independently to Metropolitan Opera directors and to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and after more than a year of careful planning the two organizations have decided to pool their experience, unique in their respective fields. The Book-of-the-Month Club will be responsible for the business side of the enterprise, and particularly the details of "fulfilling" the subscriptions. The Metropolitan Opera will devote itself entirely to the artistic aspects of the enterprise.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



DEMOCRATIC gloom in Washington reached its all-enveloping point the day after the Minnesota primary. No matter how the party politicians here twisted and turned, they could see no answer to what they now generally consider the twin dilemma facing the party: 1) how to nominate a candidate acceptable to the party leaders around the nation who might stand a chance against the immensely popular Eisenhower; 2) how to prevent the Republicans, under the seemingly nonpolitical leadership of the President, from winning much of the Negro vote in pivotal Northern states while retaining a fat chunk of the Southern conservative vote.

The stunning Minnesota upset of Adlai Stevenson by Senator Kefauver is, of course, far from the same thing as the dogged Tennessean's nomination as his party's standard bearer. But the politicians, practically all of whom dislike and distrust Kefauver, for the first time began to fret and worry as to whether they could stop him. If the senator wins the Florida primary in May and the California primary in June, what once was taken for granted here — that Kefauver couldn't get the nomination even if he swept all the primaries — may be a very uncertain bet.

The controlling votes at the convention again will be in the hands of hostile state and local leaders — “bosses” to Kefauver and his devoted followers. But there is a big difference this time. In 1952 the “bosses” drafted Stevenson, a fresh and captivating figure untarnished by a primary scrap. Whom would they produce in 1956? Governor Harriman of New York or Governor Lausche of Ohio? Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri? There is even some talk here of turning to Harry

Truman, though his age — he will be seventy-two this month — would eliminate much of the age-health issue against Eisenhower. Besides, Truman insists he is not a candidate. Except for Truman, no one mentioned thus far seems to have the touch that Stevenson demonstrated in running up more than 27 million votes against Eisenhower.

“Nothing succeeds like success” is an old saw of politics. Already one can hear some “Well, why not Estes?” talk in Washington. If the senator sweeps the remaining primaries against Stevenson the “Why not Estes?” chorus may drown out the protesting voices. It would, indeed, be hard to explain away the ditching of a candidate who twice demonstrates his vote-pulling power with the rank and file. And it would be doubly difficult to get away with what Kefauver would surely call a big steal, in front of the television camera in the Chicago stockyards.

The American primary system is certainly an imperfect method of expressing party will. But it also is true, as one of the Democratic senatorial liberals said after the Minnesota voting, that if the party rejects a man who keeps winning the primaries, then it had better quit calling itself the “party of the people” and get another label.

The opposition to Kefauver

It is difficult to synthesize the determined opposition to Kefauver within the party leadership and among his colleagues at the Capitol. Kefauver is the lone-wolf type to his colleagues. He was a freshman senator, though a ten-year House veteran, when he became famous through his televised crime hearings. He has deserted the South on the race issue as well as on other issues which bind the

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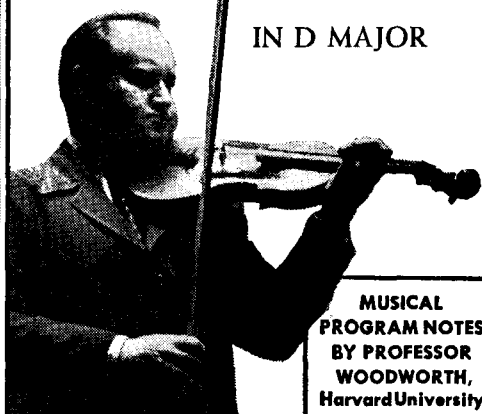
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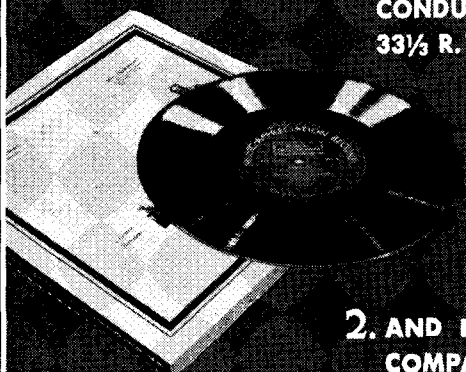
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



conservative on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line. A number of his colleagues express their opposition in personal, often petty, terms.

Kefauver is a master of the platitude, and he has the folksy grin and grip. Yet his voting record on domestic matters stands up with most of the Democratic liberals, and his views — and votes — on foreign policy matters strongly parallel the views of Stevenson and other Democratic internationalists, including Truman.

The President and Southern defiance

President Eisenhower in recent weeks has been handling the question of the South's resistance to the Supreme Court's public school decision in a manner which both his friends and his enemies agree combines statesmanship and political astuteness. The President is for "some progress" on integration but with "moderation." And the day after the Minnesota primary, he welcomed under the GOP "umbrella" both the Northern Negro voter, increasingly disenchanted with the divided Democratic Party to which he has been so faithful for twenty-four years, and the Southern Democratic conservative, who fears that his own party, under Northern domination, will do more to enforce the Court's edict than the Republicans would.

The President blandly refuses to concede that any Southern leaders "defy" the Supreme Court or that anyone "in any responsible position anywhere has talked nullification." He knows perfectly well, of course, that the legislatures of Alabama and Georgia have in fact both passed nullification resolutions, and that those of Virginia and South Carolina have passed milder interposition resolutions. He knows, too, that while many of those who led the Eisenhower Democrats four years ago may have avoided the ugly word "defy," they have in point of fact defied the Supreme Court. He also knows that the "massive resistance" and the "passive resistance" called for by Virginia's Senator Byrd may very likely be a more effective bar to even gradual implementation of the Court's ruling than scattered violence or the scandalous language of a Senator Eastland.

Yet it is very difficult to attack the President's position — a position which bears much resemblance to that of both Stevenson and Kefauver and which is taken in Washington to be expressive of the general mood of the nation. Every responsible leader in Washington knows that the situation in the Deep South is serious and that, as the President has indicated, there must be enough move-

ment forward to avoid a freezing of positions in a manner reminiscent of the foreboding decade which preceded the Civil War just a century ago.

But such statesmanlike thoughts are difficult for the Democrats to stick to whenever Vice President Nixon comes into view. They recall his "great Republican Chief Justice" speech; they assume that, if nominated again, Nixon will be plugging that line without letup in the Northern cities. And they can't figure out what to do about it except to holler "foul," a procedure which does not sway voters.

Which way will the farmers jump?

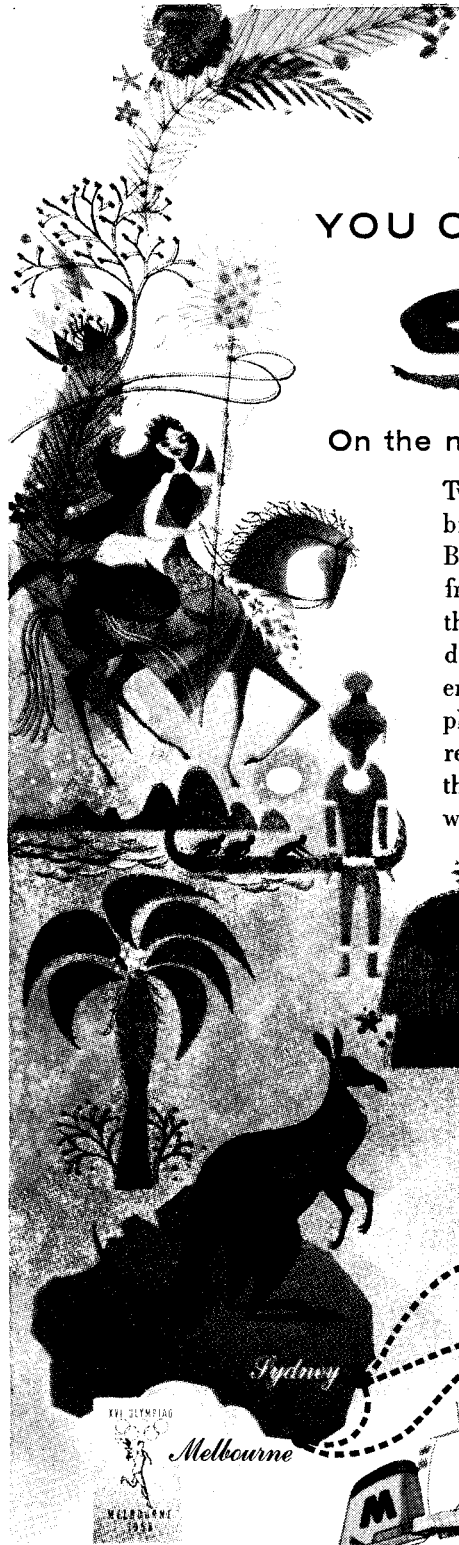
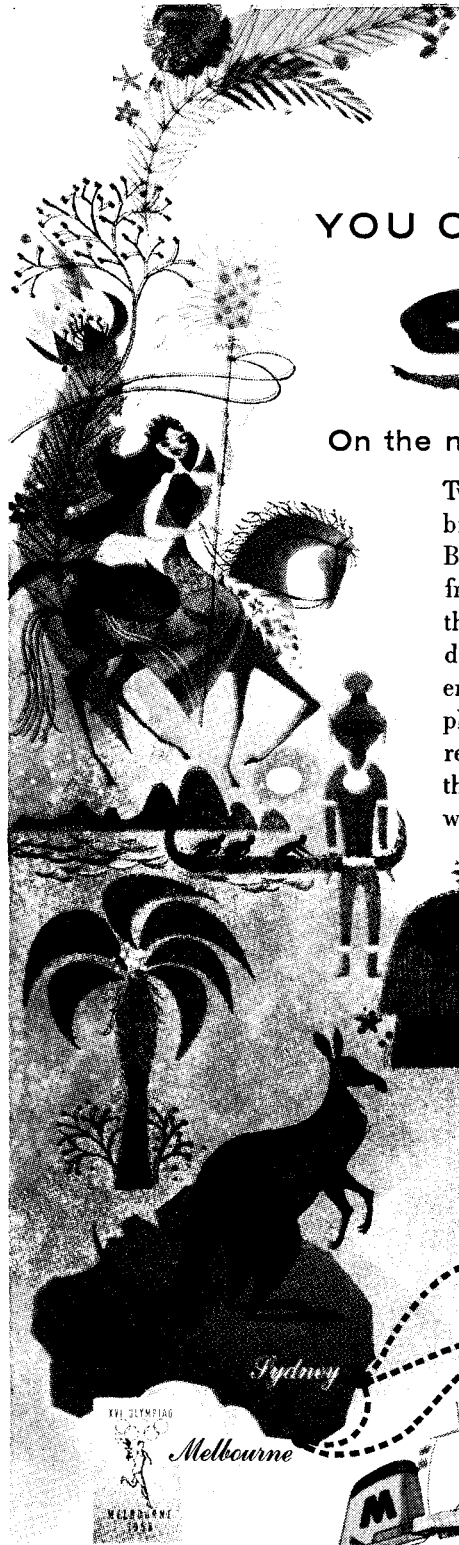
The Democrats' twin dilemma of candidate and race issue has left the Republicans smiling — except when they think of the farm vote. A good many Republicans here were happy to see Stevenson go down in Minnesota but unhappy to read the rural returns from that state. Some of them said frankly, but quietly, that the farm revolt is serious and that even a new farm bill with plenty of cash pouring forth from it may not be enough to stop a Democratic trend. This is, in fact, one of the reasons the GOP is expected to work so hard for the Negro vote.

All these ruminations on politics are expressive of the mood of the Capital this spring. Foreign visitors are constantly amazed and generally confused by the American political scene. Back in 1848 Alexis de Tocqueville wrote in his famous *Democracy in America*: —

"For a long while before the appointed time is at hand, the election becomes the most important and the all-engrossing topic of discussion. . . . The whole nation glows with feverish excitement; the election is the daily theme of the public papers, the subject of private conversation, the end of every thought and action, the sole interest of the present. As soon as the choice is determined, this ardor is dispelled; and as a calmer season returns, the current of the State, which has nearly broken its banks, sinks to its usual level; but who can refrain from astonishment at the causes of the storm?"

Humphrey versus Moscow

The Eisenhower Administration is moving no faster than an iceberg to find a response to the new Russian challenge. Yet on the record, just about everybody from the President and Secretary of State Dulles on down has said that some changes need to be made. The problem, essentially, is one



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of attitude rather than of money or of how to convince the Congress or the public as to what should be done. It boils down to two questions: What should be the American attitude toward the rest of the non-Communist world, ally and neutral included? and, What is the American responsibility?

One official who has been in on much of the struggle to win the President's approval puts it this way: There are two factions in the Republican Party and hence in the Administration. One is composed of those who believe with Lincoln in the "great principle or idea" that "in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance." The other is composed of those who believe that America should base its actions abroad on its own security, on denying nations to the Communists, and not on any philosophical views about the brotherhood of man.

The President's visceral reactions are with the first group, but his conservative instincts and military training are with the second. Above all, Eisenhower will seldom move with-

out prior staff agreement; and agreement at the Cabinet and National Security Council tables must be a compromise which goes beyond the wishes of the second group but falls short of the desires of the first. Since power is so often expressed in terms of personalities in Washington, the key to this problem is likely to be found in the minds of the leading men around the President.

Without question, the most powerful figure in this Administration next to the President is Treasury Secretary Humphrey. Although he has generally been termed an Eisenhower Republican, Humphrey is in fact much more of a conservative. Behind his desk is a portrait of Andrew W. Mellon, the man who gave him his first big chance in the business world and the man he considers to have been the nation's greatest Secretary of the Treasury.

Scattered through the government — in the Budget Bureau, at the State Department, and elsewhere — are Humphrey men. The so-called 4-H Club consisting of Humphrey, foreign aid boss John Hollister, Under Secre-

tary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., and former budget director Rowland Hughes is not a club of equals. Humphrey is the chief; the others are his loyal followers.

Strictly business

To Humphrey the talk about a new Soviet challenge is nothing more than a tempest in a teapot because Moscow has merely shifted the nature of the Communist problem a little by its switch in tactics. Humphrey agreed to the idea of a ten-year, \$100 million a year development aid program for two reasons: it is a more businesslike way of handling such projects as Egypt's Aswan Dam, and since State insisted on some long-term aid to counter Soviet moves, this was the cheapest way out.

Humphrey strongly opposes anything even vaguely resembling a Marshall Plan for Asia or the Middle East; he thinks there are too many organizations in the aid field as it is. But above all, Humphrey believes that the United States has no obligation to aid underdeveloped nations simply because America is rich and prosperous and the free world's leading power. He views nations in the traditional business manner: What are the trading possibilities? What raw materials do they have that we need? Can they pay for what they buy here?

Humphrey concedes that in some areas, notably Korea and Formosa, the United States is bound for prestige reasons to spend funds which make little sense otherwise. But in such cases as India he casts a highly jaundiced eye at the idea of aiding a nation which will not sign up as an ally and whose leaders are so friendly to the Soviet enemy. The argument that the American interest in India is to help make the democratic process work gets nowhere with Humphrey.

Secretary Dulles came back from his Asian tour convinced that the neutrals as well as our allies need our continuing help. The President subscribes to this view, and his foreign aid message to Congress was replete with the word "urgent." But action is more important than words. And in the coming months the quiet but powerful voice of George M. Humphrey is likely to have a great effect on what the Administration actually does.



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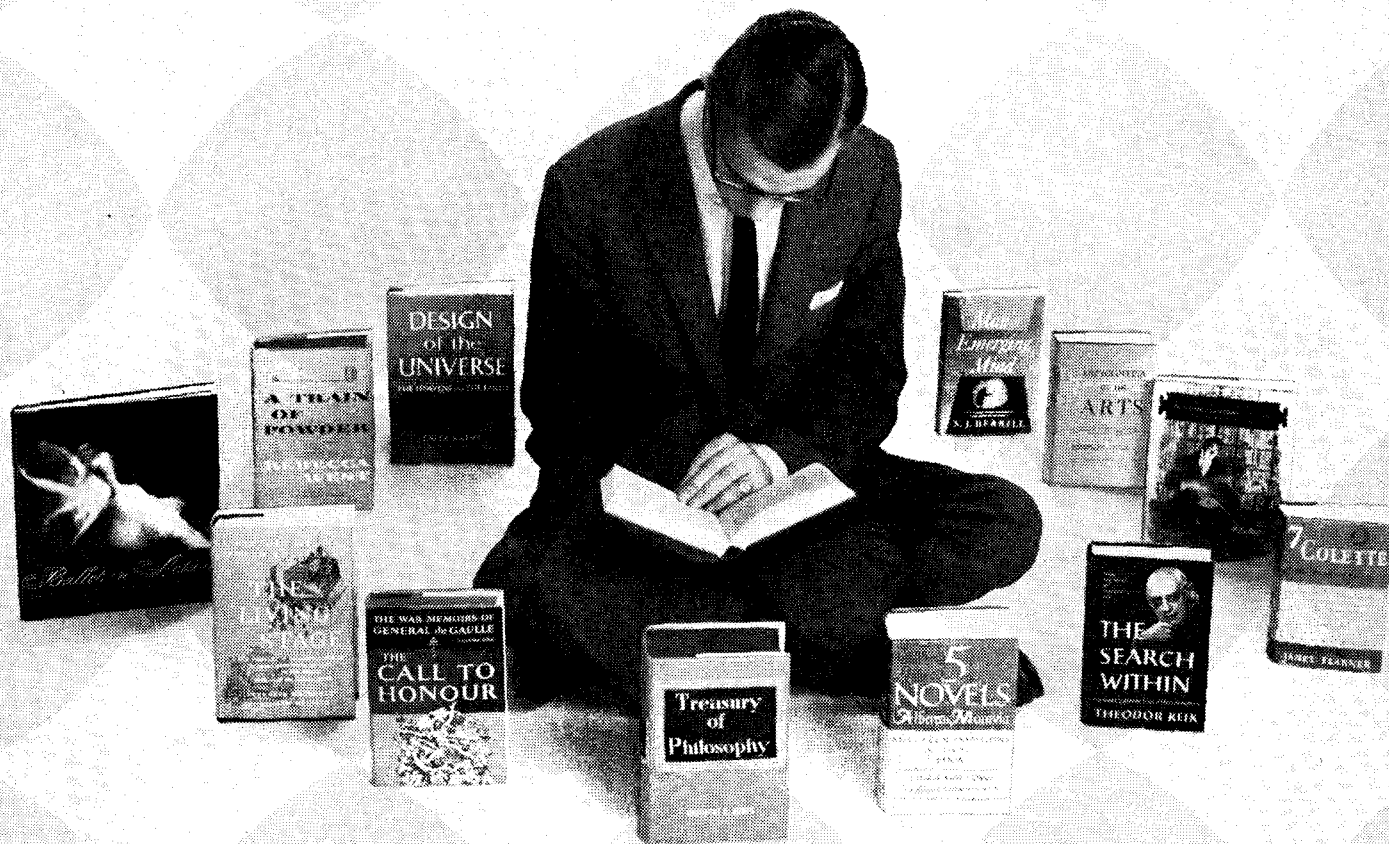
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Great Britain

PROSPERITY in Britain has become a puzzle and a paradox. This is particularly true of the other man's prosperity, but it is true also of the nation's. Never had Great Britain been so prosperous as in 1955; yet after this most successful year in its history, Britain's gold and dollar reserves had fallen by 25 per cent and prices had risen to levels higher than the British had ever before experienced — more than 50 per cent above 1947 levels.

In Britain there is complete social security for the individual at home and utter financial insecurity for the nation overseas. In this industrial boom-land the central aim of economic policy is no longer to ensure that people buy all that is produced but positively to dissuade them from doing so. This is a country rich enough to turn out a million new automobiles a year but too poor to build new roads (not one has been built in twenty-one years).

There is no unemployment; yet for the great majority successful gambling seems to present the only hope of really making a killing. Incomes are leveled in Britain as nowhere else, but different people on similar incomes have widely different standards of living: one executive will go motoring on the Continent in August and return to tell about the wonderful though expensive meals, while another visits an aunt in Bognor Regis and makes do with kippers for supper.

Britain's strange prosperity

Of the reality of prosperity there can be no doubt. There are figures to prove it. And people to prove it. And the money to prove it, too. Steel output has reached record heights, running at the end of the year at an annual rate of more than 21 million tons. More automobiles than ever were produced in 1955. More washing machines were bought, more clothing, more bricks, more television sets, more aircraft, more yachts, more everything. People were earning bigger pay — 10 per cent bigger on an average than the year before and 60 per cent bigger than in 1948.

Industrial profits were higher (about 5 per cent) and dividend distribution was nearly 20 per cent higher. New suburbs were arising around almost

every town. A great nuclear power program was begun, scheduling eighteen atomic power stations to boost electricity supplies in the next dozen years. Trade was freed, and the pound was brought close to convertibility. And everywhere there was work. In no other free country has unemployment been so low for so long as in Britain. The figures suggest that one per cent of the working population is unemployed. Actually there are some 200,000 people registered as out of work at any particular time, while the number of advertised vacancies in industry runs around 500,000.

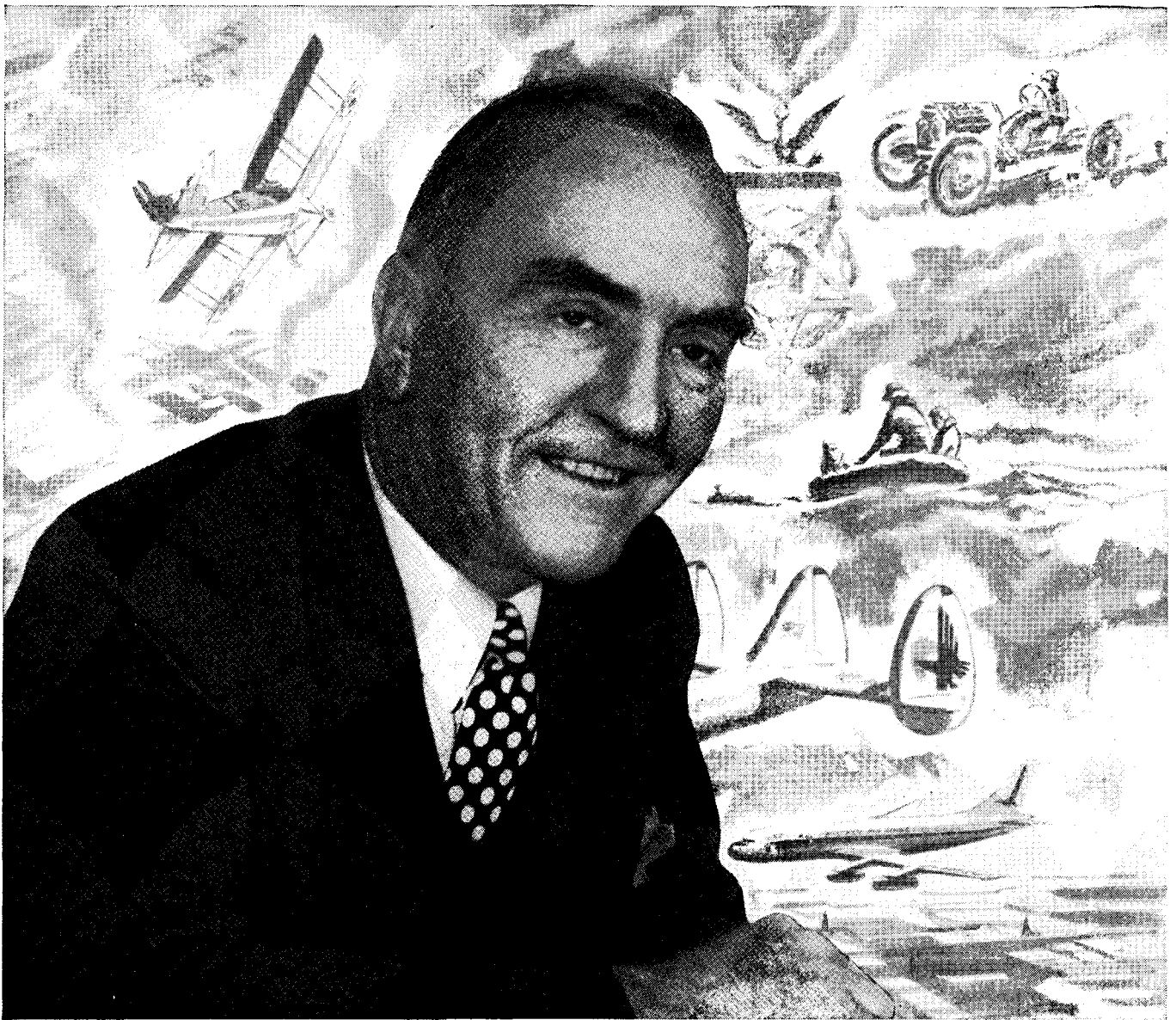
Something approaching this state of full employment has been maintained continually since the end of World War II. It has been as much a part of the social security system as the National Health Service and family allowances and subsidized food, and it has done more than anything else toward the abolition of want. If a certain instability of the exchanges were the only price that had to be paid for this magnificent stability of work and opportunity, most Britons would think it well worth paying.

The constant swinging of the balance of trade is not, however, the only phenomenon peculiar to this new welfare society that Britain is inclined to see itself pioneering for the world. In the detail of individual lives there are now so many arbitrary inequalities that while it is easy to see that the nation is prosperous it is very difficult to say who in the nation is prosperous, or why.

The new well-to-do

It is a common assumption among the middle classes that the well-to-do are now the industrial wage-earners. The latest studies indicate that about 15 per cent of the nation's total income has been effectively redistributed and that between 85 and 90 per cent of the population have gained from this redistribution. The gains have been in subsidized housing, subsidized food, noncontributory pensions, insurance, family allowances, maternity allowances, free milk for children, scholarships, and so forth.

But the average wage for men in Britain is only \$30. Even in a subsidized house rented from the local authority for maybe \$5 a week, a married



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wage-earner with a young family finds it hard to feel wealthy on \$30 (or even \$50) a week. A household, however, where there are three, four, or five wage-earners may be rich even by upper middle-class standards. It is not unusual for a household's total income to be as high as \$150 a week, after taxes. To bring home \$150 a week, a professional or business man would have to earn a yearly salary of \$12,000. In the whole country there are only 96,000 individuals earning as much as that.

Not all wage-earners live in subsidized houses. There are about 3 million council (local authority) houses in Britain with approximately 10 million tenants. The population of the country is 50 million. Those who do not live in council houses must make do in rent-controlled apartments, if they can find them.

Undeniably poor are those on fixed income — retired folk, pensioners, the elderly, the infirm. A continuous inflation of between 7 and 10 per cent a year, the present price of full employment, has robbed many retired people of half their effective income.

How to get rich

A correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian* has remarked that the three simple rules for being rich in Britain are: "1. Do not marry. 2. Have no children. 3. Have, marry, inherit, or acquire capital." One might add others—for instance: Do not save and do not retire. But number three on the list is undoubtedly the important one. Part of the paradox of the social revolution is that, relatively speaking, the capitalist has never had it so good.

The same forces that induce employment and rising wages ensure high capital earnings, and the same inflation that pushes up prices pushes up capital values. Owing to the high rates of income tax, every pound out of capital is worth two or more out of income to anyone earning \$7000 or more a year. Since there is no capital gains tax in Britain, the possibility of realizing a small percentage of capital gains each year without seriously diminishing one's wealth is a source of constant comfort to the man of substance.

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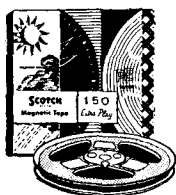
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comforting than income. Some of the more acute brains in business invented a system known as "dividend stripping" (which Mr. Butler declared illegal in 1955), by which a man with a private company of low capital value but high cash assets could get hold of cash tax-free. He did it by selling his concern to a finance company for the value of the cash and setting up again from scratch, the finance company obligingly offsetting its loss on the deal against its taxes.

On a lower scale, an individual can buy and sell two or three houses a year, in which manner he doubles his effective income without qualifying for tax as a real-estate broker. Although the average capitalist is not as wealthy as he might be in some other countries, and sometimes feels frustrated as more and more big country mansions are sold to nationalized industries, great fortunes are still occasionally to be made in Britain, and a surprisingly large number of people manage to live comfortably beyond their means.

Tax-free income

Some members of the middle classes without capital can also live beyond their apparent means. If one is to believe the wives, who are less reticent on this score than their husbands, most of the middle classes who attain comfort in the welfare society do so by cheating the state.

"When we go to London we always go on Bill's expenses."

"On the income tax form I'm George's secretary and he pays me seven pounds a week. Of course I never see it. But when we go abroad on a holiday we always go 'to work' and so expenses for both of us come off the tax. It is really jolly convenient. Why doesn't John do it?"

Even if one discounts most of the scores of remarks like these that one hears and overhears, there is still the feeling that the very high standard of business and financial ethics that has always been the pride of Britain has recently slipped a little.

Expenses allowed by the income tax authorities vary even within the same organization. There are probably few tax systems as equitable and few tax authorities as scrupulously fair as the British, but the task of ensuring equal

treatment to many millions of individual cases is probably beyond the capabilities of any tax office of economic size. The alert taxpayer works away at his allowable exemptions and expenses year after year with the doggedness of a beaver.

Many firms give all their employees free "luncheon vouchers" worth from 50 cents to \$1, which are accepted as payment by neighborhood restaurants. The firms deduct the cost from tax. To the employees the vouchers may be as good as a \$10 raise. Income tax authorities sought to count these vouchers as income, but their first attack on this privilege was beaten off. The voucher plan remains a privilege which only a small portion of the population enjoys.

Of the many consequences of this inequality two seem to be of special significance. One is that the middle-class bridge between the wage-earner and the capitalist is being washed away. The other is that smaller importance is attached to efficiency than was the case in less prosperous times, for efficiency does not always pay as well as chance, or situations, or the shelter of subsidized welfare.

This thought is no doubt one of the factors behind the astonishing spread of gambling on football pools. The Post Office sells and carries from all ends of the country to the various centers of pooldom 350 million postal orders a year. Almost every week somebody wins as much as \$200,000 for a single line of forecasts. Millions, of course, win nothing but they continue hoping. Any winnings that do come are classed as capital gains and thus are not subject to tax. Heavy as the odds are against winning a fortune, they are less heavy than those against accumulating a fresh one out of the results of honest toil, thrift, or increased efficiency.

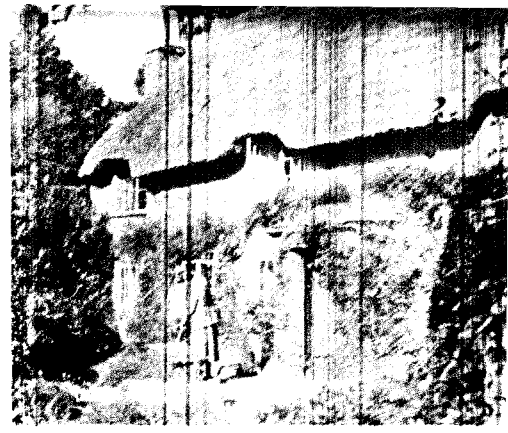
Wage-earner versus capitalist

The effects perhaps show most clearly in the continued clash between worker and capitalist in the welfare society. The wage-earner tends to be both mystified and exasperated by the vast profits earned in industry, although they are inevitably produced by the same policies and actions that give him full employment and high wages—and in the nagging inability to increase the nation's productivity fast enough to attain solvency.



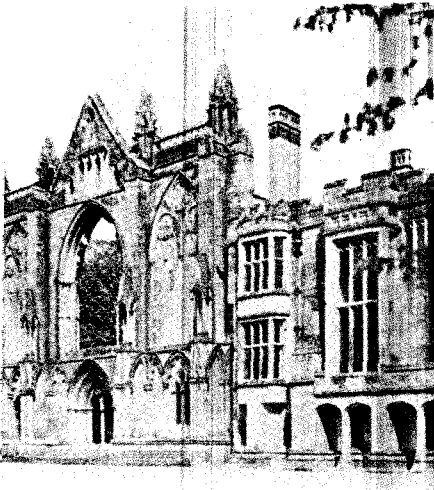
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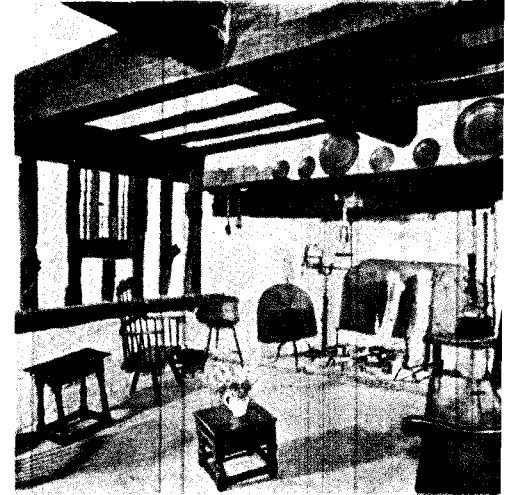
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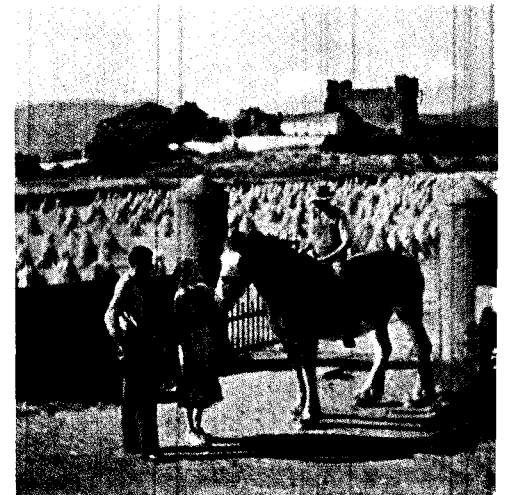
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However fast the nation exports, it never overtakes its imports. In 1955 British exports rose by 6 per cent. Imports, encouraged by trade liberalization as well as by a 10 per cent increase in wages and a 5 per cent increase in gross profits, rose by 16 per cent. As we have noted, there was a 25 per cent fall in the gold and dollar reserves, already dangerously low as a support for the combined economies of Britain and all other Commonwealth countries (except Canada), plus Burma, Iceland, Iraq, Ireland, Jordan, and Libya. During this time the terms of trade were favorably steady. Any sharp movement in an adverse direction, making the price of imports rise relative to the prices Britain can get for its exports, would have precipitated an exceedingly serious crisis. As it was, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to declare that there was no crisis, during his speech to the House of Commons introducing his extra, emergency, budget last fall.

To introduce an emergency budget when there is no emergency is not a difficult trick for a skilled magician. A British Chancellor of the Exchequer is always in practice. Being dedicated to full employment, he must at all costs maintain demand at a high and expanding level; while in order to balance the nation's trading accounts he must forever curtail demand. A level of demand sufficient to ensure 99 per cent employment is likely to result in an excess of imports over exports; and conversely a "credit squeeze" which restricts demand sufficiently to balance the trade accounts is likely to produce unemployment.

The only thing that could rescue a chancellor from the horrid necessity of alternately facing and backing away from this dilemma would be a considerable increase in productivity. Taxes can be arranged, but they cannot be much reduced since government expenses are set high by the existence of a welfare society and by the necessity for adequate military defenses. Furthermore a reduction of taxes, unaccompanied by a reduction in government spending, adds to consumer spending power and would further tip the scales of trade against Britain. Employment is also fixed, which means that productive power for an expansion of exports simply does not exist, unless individual output increases.

But there is another reason why the question of productivity is paramount. It is this: Treasuries may fix the rates of exchange, but these days organized labor largely determines the value of currency, for it largely determines the level of money wages. Its power in a fully employed society is immense.

Recently the Economic Commission for Europe has noted a tendency for British wages to increase faster than industrial output, in direct contrast to the trend in other European countries, notably Western Germany. Should the two trends continue, the result would be bound to show itself in further pressure against the British balance of payments and perhaps against the current rate of exchange.

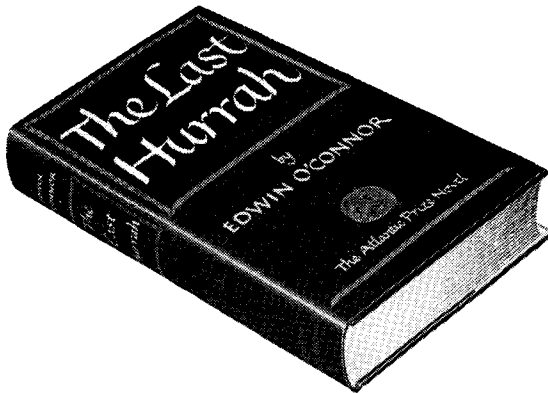
Value for money

If free enterprise and prosperity are to be successfully combined with the welfare society, the present Conservative Government of Sir Anthony Eden has to succeed in finding and spreading the idea that efficiency pays. For unless this idea does spread and seems convincing, the liberal economy in Britain is doomed to recurrent crises with all the frustration and social difficulties they engender.

The Socialists would balance external accounts by force — that is, by physical controls. If the state decided that it had to control the value of the national money as well as the amount of imports, it would have to control wages. The alternative, if trade continued to be unbalanced or was balanced at too low a level to sustain full employment, would be further devaluations of the currency. In 1947 the British Labor Government was forced by crisis, against its will and against its political philosophy, to take powers to conscript and direct labor. In 1949 — against its will again, but this time to avoid the state regulation of wages — it was forced to devalue the pound. Either time it could have been saved by a sufficient increase in output per man-hour.

Even under socialism, to ensure both freedom and security a people in an economic situation like that of the British would have to depend on an increase of individual productivity. With the economy free, or with it controlled, the answer is the same. Prosperity, it seems, still essentially consists of giving value for money.

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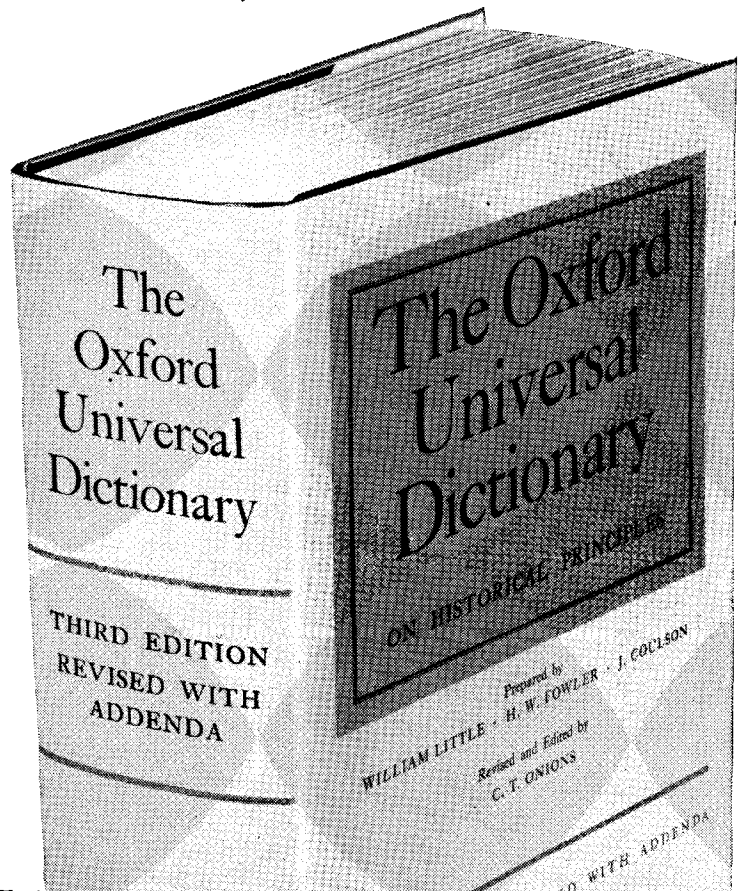
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The French Left Wing

WITH Socialist André Le Troquer again presiding over the National Assembly, and with minority minister Guy Mollet as Premier, France's new government opened on a somewhat somber note. On the first round for the election of the president of the National Assembly, the Communists voted solidly for old war horse André Marty, its oldest member and a lifelong Communist. Socialist Le Troquer, who was president in 1953, received only 133 votes — less than a quarter of the total membership of the Assembly. On the second round, the Communists threw their entire 150 votes to Le Troquer, which assured his election and secured their mortgage on him and his party.

Mollet's and Mendès-France's contention that they were the victors in the elections of January 2 was exposed as a hollow claim by this vote. As a matter of fact their coalition stood third on the first ballot, as the Communists and the Center groups both received more votes. For the safety of parliamentary government in France, the real choice was not between the so-called Republican Front and the Center, but between the Communist-backed Popular Front and the union of all the national and republican parties, which both Vincent Auriol and Edgar Faure had urged.

The Mollet ministry can only hope to put its Socialist program across with the help of the Communist bloc. Eastern Europe should be a serious warning. Here a "temporary" alliance of socialist and radical parties with a Communist minority in every case resulted in extermination of the Socialists and satellization of their country. The so-called Republican Front, which is running the show in France at the moment, is at best a shaky combination. Mendès-France not only failed to attract restless youth as he had hoped; he actually polled fewer votes than paper-dealer Poujade, and was badly hurt when Mollet refused to name him Minister of Foreign Affairs. This is exactly the kind of situation the Communists know how to exploit.

The first Popular Front

The political background today is very similar to that in the years following 1933. In May, 1934,

ten months after the "Battle of the Barges," Maurice Thorez, titular leader of the Communist Party in France, and Jacques Doriot were summoned to appear before the Executive Committee of the Communist International in Moscow. Doriot refused to go, but Thorez went and on his return a few weeks later brought with him Moscow's instructions to work for a Popular Front.

For years the Socialists had been insulted and despised by the Communists, who called them "lackeys of the bourgeoisie," "straw men for the fascists," "traitors to the working classes." Suddenly the campaign of hate was changed, as Thorez explained to his comrades on June 23, 1934, at a meeting of the French Communist Party called by him to deliver the directions he had received in Moscow. Instead of insulting their Socialist "brothers," the comrades were to cultivate them, while the party leaders were to urge a political union on their Socialist opposite numbers. Within weeks the trick was turned, and in mid-July, 1934, an agreement for united action was signed.

This move turned out to be of great international importance; France was merely the pilot plant. The 7th Congress of the Communist International was twice postponed in order that the results of the Popular Front might be watched and evaluated. When finally the 7th Congress was summoned in August, 1935, the experience in France was considered conclusive proof of the value to militant Communism of coöperation with left-wing parties which preach evolutionary socialism. Orders were issued at once to the comrades of all countries to work for an alliance with socialists and radicals.

World War II gave party members a wide-open chance to pick off their enemies during the days of the resistance and the early years of the liberation. From 1945 to 1947, France was slipping rapidly into the Communist slough. Domination by the Communists was prevented largely by Marshall Plan aid and the energetic measures of Socialist Paul Ramadier, who threw Communist subversives out of his cabinet. But the snake was not killed, it was only scotched. And today, with Poland, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany as shining examples of

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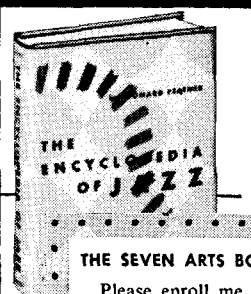
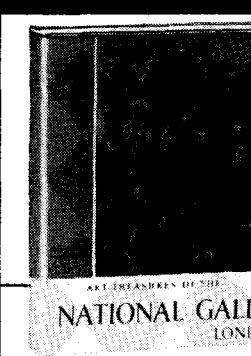
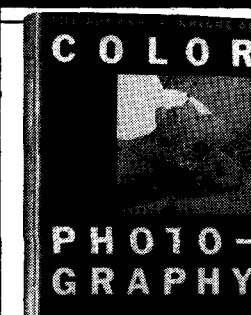
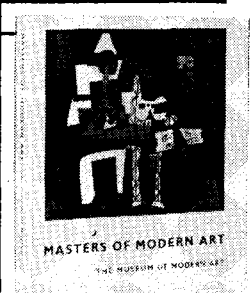
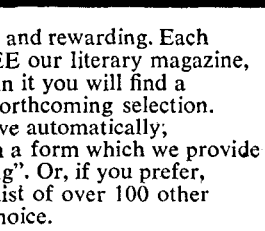
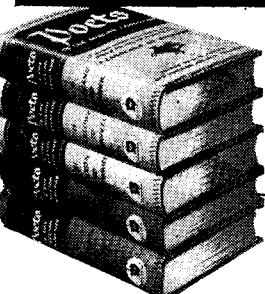
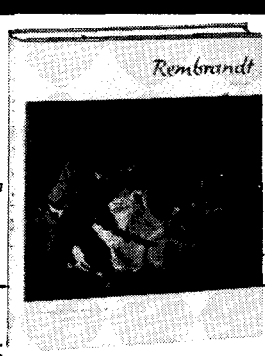
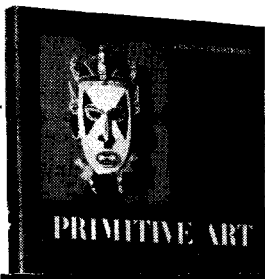
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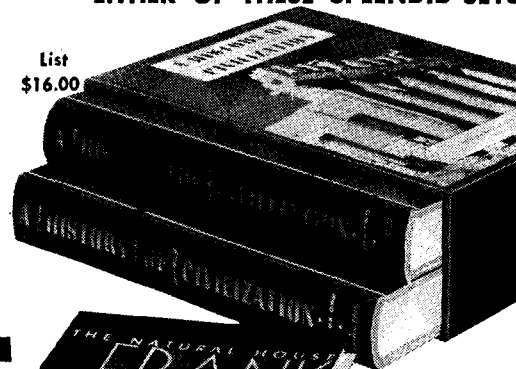
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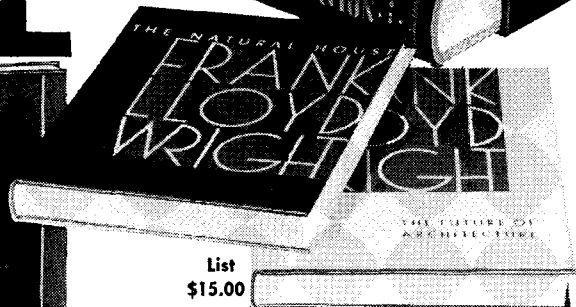
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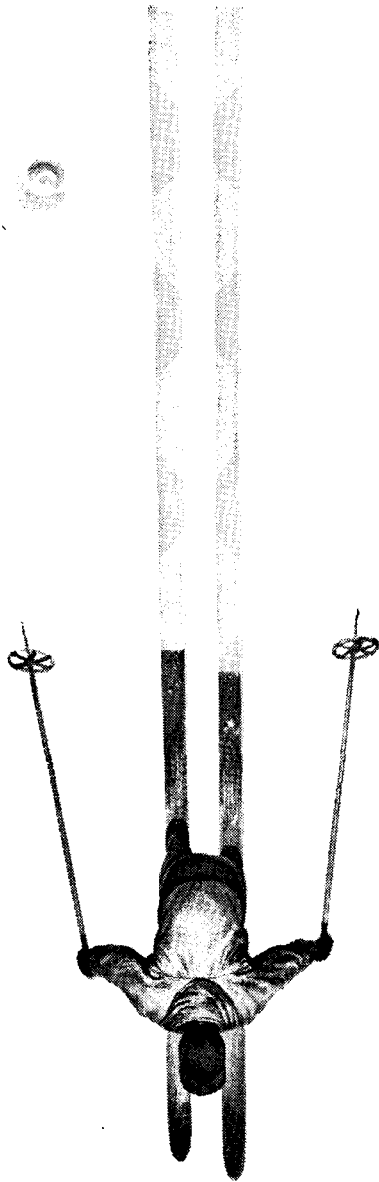
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the success of its strategy, Moscow has decided to try it again in France. Just as if he were a loyal citizen, Jacques Duclos was called to the Elysée Palace by President Coty. Oozing good will and crowned with a coexistence halo, he modestly admitted that as the time had not arrived for him to become Premier of France, the President had best call on a Socialist. The orders had again come from Moscow to let the left-of-center minority try to govern with Communist support.

The Communist vote

In actual numbers there were 588,931 more ballots cast for Communist candidates this year than in 1951, an increase of 10.6 per cent. But the total number of voters for all parties was 12 per cent higher than in 1951, so that the Communists fell slightly below the general increase in votes. Of the total cast, the Communists polled 25.6 per cent, exactly the same proportion as in 1951. From the point of view of popular support there has been no change during the past five years. But there is no room for complacency as long as one quarter of the electorate votes Communist.

Left-wing politicians and publications declare that no party can govern without Communist support, claiming that Communism is again on the march, especially in industrial centers. This contention is not proved by the facts in France.

Of the districts where industry predominates, the Nord and Pas-de-Calais slightly increased their Communist vote in 1956 compared with 1946, but in both it declined as compared with 1951. In the Bouches-du-Rhône district, the Communist percentage in 1951 dropped 1.2, and in 1956 it was 4.2 per cent below 1946. In the Corrèze, where there is practically no industry worth mentioning, the Communist vote was 4 per cent below 1951; and in the Pyrénées-Orientales, almost entirely agricultural, the decline was 6.2 per cent. The other districts do not present any clear pattern. Belfort, a trade and small textile center, jumped the Communist vote up 10 per cent, and in the agricultural Cher it increased 1.3 per cent over 1951.

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on the NATO air bases located there, the Communists increased their total vote by 10.9 per cent in the Vosges, and by 2 to 5 per cent in the other districts. In the three districts closest to the eastern frontiers, the Communist vote in 1956 showed a sharp increase.

In eleven western districts, of which five are on the coast with important maritime industries and shipping activities, the showing of the Communists was spotty. In Seine Maritime, where the port of Le Havre is located, more than 30 per cent of the people voted Communist; but in the Loire Maritime, which contains Saint-Nazaire, La Pallice, and Penhoet, only 13 per cent voted Communist; and in the Manche district with Cherbourg, a feeble 8 per cent. In central and southeastern France the Communist percentages were practically unchanged, and south of a line drawn from Bordeaux to Geneva, Communist influence as expressed by the voters definitely declined.

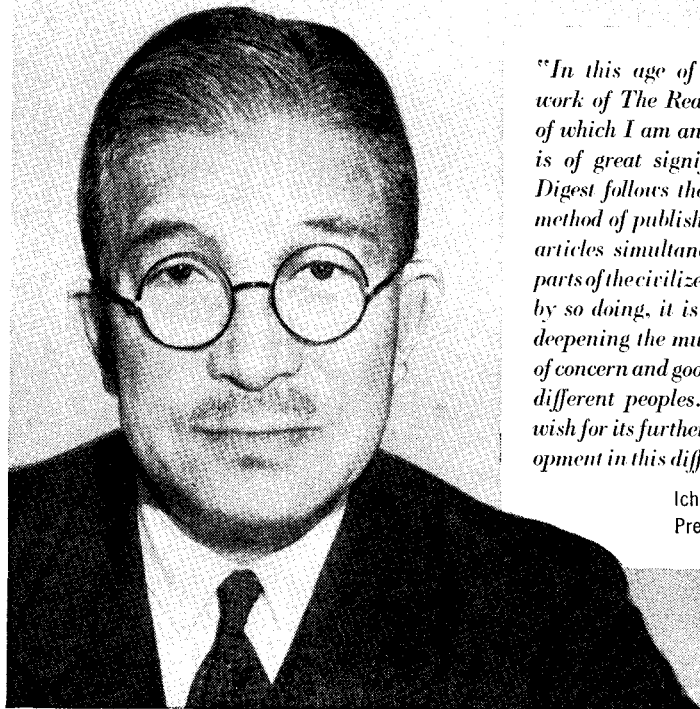
A study of these figures shows that Communism is not always a revolt of the masses against poverty or industrialization, as Marxist doctrine claims. Communism uses every kind of revolt, whether or not it is justified, for its own purposes. In the recent elections, where a Poujadist appeared stronger than the Communist candidate the latter was withdrawn and the "Commies" were told to vote for Poujade's man. In other places, the militant Communism left over from the resistance movement of 1941-45 has suddenly been converted to peaceful coexistence and even, in some cases, to defeatism.

Whatever may have been the motives behind the voting on January 2, eight million Frenchmen registered disillusion and disgust with the parliamentary regime and indicated a greater concern for their own skins than for the safety and political health of their nation.

Will Italy follow suit?

The revolt of the merchants and shopkeepers in the small towns and cities of France which snowballed into the Poujade movement and won 50 seats in the recently elected Assembly seems likely to have a counterpart in Italy. Political conditions there are very similar to those prevailing in France, and it is possible that some

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of the reactions will be the same. Signs of a popular protest against parliamentary inefficacy are already evident.

In Milan, at a recent meeting of merchants and artisans, it was proposed to organize on a national scale the movement which was started last year in Novara, Pavia, and Vercelli, when several thousand small agricultural proprietors and workers protested against and opposed the "fiscal excesses" of the government. These two movements were spontaneous local incidents expressing the profound dissatisfaction of small owners and shopkeepers, and were in no way connected with the Communists.

Eyes are on Giuseppe Sguazzini of Novara, who gathered together the several thousand small farm-owners and workers to denounce the "fiscal oppression" of the government, and whose elementary arguments and simple techniques are the same as those used by Poujade. The Italian leader makes no political pretensions; he discusses questions of primary interest to his auditors with considerable skill. At one meeting, a resolution was passed asking the government to lighten the tax burden on the small landowners to protect and maintain rural production against the attraction of the industrial towns and cities. The resolution threatened suspension of tax payments if the government failed to act; but Signor Sguazzini cautioned prudence, as under Italian law those who do not pay their taxes may incur severe penalties.

The Ministry of the Interior castigated the movement as "seditious" and threatened action, but so far it has done nothing. As the movement spreads and attracts adherents, it may no longer be advisable for the government to try to check what was first considered local insubordination. If several hundred thousand farmers, small merchants, and artisans refuse to pay their taxes, the courts could not handle the cases brought before them, and the seizure of the properties of the protesters would rapidly block local economic activities. If thousands of properties were seized by the government for taxes, the government would find itself smothered by its own action.

The Italian left wing

The success of the opposition vote in France has been a warning to the

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politicos in Italy. With 12 per cent of the electorate behind Poujade and 25 per cent Communists, the opposition movements control well over one third of the seats in the Assembly and could disrupt orderly government if they combined forces. In Italy there is a Communist bloc equal in size to that in France, and the left-wing Socialists under Nenni have voted with the Communists more often than with the Socialists. No one party has a working majority, and the Christian Democratic Party which de Gasperi held together is now split into left and right wings, flanked by the powerful Communist-Socialist combination on one side and by the Neo-Fascists, who have doubled the number of deputies since 1948, on the other.

As a result of these gains on the left and on the right, the center group which supports Prime Minister Segni has a tough time mustering a majority, especially since a section of the Liberal Party, which has worked with the Christian Democrats, has split off toward the left.

Quite apart from the political rivalry in the national chamber, popular dissatisfaction is resorting to extrapolitical means supported by the sound middle classes, which have always been a stabilizing element in Italy. Having lived through the fascism of Mussolini, the German and Allied occupation, the fall of the monarchy, and the uncertain years of the present republican regime, the Italian common man finds his own condition and that of his family one of increasing uncertainty. He is no longer interested in the political competition between the various parties and has no faith in Communist promises.

Protecting the little man

A movement for the protection of this common man and his local interests and problems without affiliation with any political group appeals to him as his solution. The progressive mayor of Florence, Signor La Pira, has won considerable commendation for his program based solidly on social justice and a better deal for the middle-class citizen. Two years ago, Mayor La Pira backed the workers of a machine-tool factory who took over and ran the plant which the management had decided to close down. In February, 1955, he turned over to the workers a foundry which was in liquidation, in order to head off the un-

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This divine organism is not a denomination or federation of human organizations. It was established several generations before the oldest denominations. It is *non-denominational* and *Christ-centered* by its very nature. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant. It has no earthly headquarters and is not controlled by an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Every member is a priest under Christ, the high priest. *1 Peter 2:9*

Jesus Christ built this church as He promised. "Upon this rock I will build my church." *Matthew 16:18*. He is the *only* head of His church. "And He (Christ) is the head of the body, the church . . . that in all things He might have the preeminence." *Colossians 1:18*

Jesus has "all authority" in heaven and on earth. *Matthew 28:18*. He makes known His will through the Holy Scriptures which are able to make men "wise

unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration of God . . . that the man of God may be perfect thoroughly furnished unto all good works." *II Timothy 3:16, 17*

The church of Christ was built upon the rock or foundation of Jesus as the Son of God. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." *I Corinthians 3:11*

Wherever Christ is preached and men believe in Him, repent, and are baptized (immersed) into Him, Christians are made. *Galatians 3:27*. Then God adds them to the church which is the undenominational body of Christ. *Acts 2:47*

The church of Christ is pleading for primitive Christianity, the restoration of the apostolic church, and the unity of all Christians. Jesus said, "The seed is the Word of God." *Luke 8:11*. When this seed is sown today, it will bear the same fruit that it produced in the first century of Christianity.

Christ is its creed, the Bible its only Rule. If you would like to know more of the powerful movement spreading across this nation and the world, to unite all believers in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity, write for the valuable booklet, "What Is the Church of Christ?" Your free copy will be sent in a plain wrapper.

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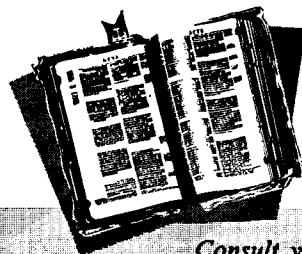
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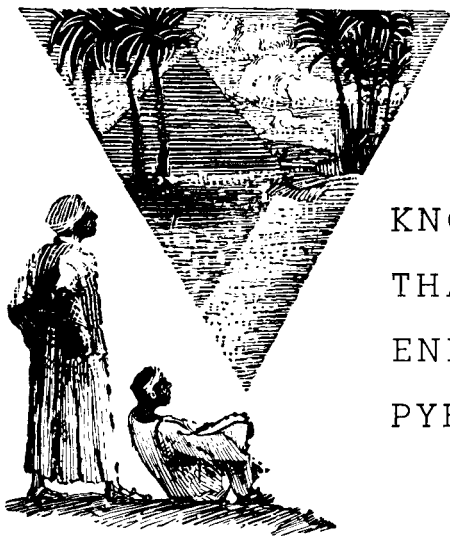


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employment which would have caused great privation, especially in the middle of winter.

As a result of these wise, humane decisions all labor groups, whether Christian Democrat, Socialist, or Communist, staunchly support Mayor La Pira. In a country with two million constantly unemployed, any bold action which gives work to those who want to work is sure to receive popular support.

A parliamentary subcommittee headed by Signor Vigorelli has reported that most of the unemployed are undernourished and badly housed, and have no means of improving their situation. The Vanoni plan for the underdeveloped South and Sicily is intended as a remedy for this chronic unemployment, but several years will be required before any real relief can be realized.

Ducking the tax collector

As in most other countries, Italians of all classes consider the tax collector public enemy number one and all means of evading taxes legitimate. This is an old custom in many countries on the Continent, where, throughout history, foreign conquerors have made heavy levies on defeated nations, and local princes and royal rulers have regularly required heavy payments from the people to support themselves in unnecessary luxury. Naturally, the exploited resorted to every means of concealment to defraud the collectors of revenue, whom they quite correctly considered their enemies. The habits and customs of these unruly times have been carried over into the present day.

The successive governments in Italy have tried to root out these practices ever since 1945, when a plebiscite deposed the House of Savoy and installed the republic. But their efforts have met with little success. Some observers claim that the more severe the measures adopted to collect the taxes, the more determined is the opposition to defend what it considers its own right, with the final result that the state collects less than it would have by milder methods. It will be well worth watching Signor Sguazzini and his movement, which, if it can steer clear of politics while working for social justice and a better deal for the little man, may become an important factor in Italy.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Management in Search of Men"

SIR:

May I congratulate David A. Shepard on his very timely article, "Management in Search of Men" (March *Atlantic*).

Being a high school senior, I know all too well the deliberation that goes into choosing a career. Every academic student is awed by the deluge of offers college graduates are receiving from engineering firms. A great many of these students, intent upon science as their future career, desire a liberal arts education. Mr. Shepard has helped put them on firm ground.

BARRY MENIKOFF
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR:

David A. Shepard's article on liberal education and business is interesting and encouraging. But I do not think (and most educators, I am sure, would agree) that "non-technical" college graduates should automatically be called "liberal arts" graduates. Mr. Shepard says that about a third of Standard Oil's college graduates were in liberal arts. But subtracting the almost half of these who took business administration and education degrees leaves an actual figure that would be nearer one sixth.

In a narrow sense the statistics, as far as Standard Oil is concerned, are encouraging in that they show the large proportion of the company's college-graduate employees who were not trained in specifically technical fields. But in a broader sense the figures are somewhat misleading; business administration and educa-

tion are *not* liberal arts curricula. As a matter of fact, usually only the A.B. and B.S. degrees are assigned to the liberal arts category. All the other undergraduate degrees are *vocational* degrees. Therefore, Standard's figures should show its college graduates divided among three groups: technical, liberal arts, and vocational.

MRS. CHARLES B. FORCEY
Oxford, Ohio

SIR:

"Management in Search of Men" deserves a reply from at least one liberal arts graduate. I do not share Mr. Shepard's optimism. He found a surprisingly high percentage of liberal arts graduates in his Standard Oil Company. Of course. There simply aren't enough technical graduates to go around (large industries now compete for them much the same as professional baseball teams bid for promising rookies); and, other things being equal, a college graduate is certainly a much better "investment" than a high school graduate—especially when you don't have to pay much more to get him. For this reason, if no other, the liberal arts graduate is hired.

I am of the firm opinion that any student today (with one eye on the want ads) who selects any course of a broadening or cultural nature has really got to love the stuff.

EDWARD W. LONERGAN
Wynnewood, Pa.

"Negro Neighbors"

SIR:

The article "Negro Neighbors" by Hannah Lees in the January issue of

the *Atlantic Monthly* was brought to the attention of the Cambridge Civic Unity Committee—a city-financed, citizen-supported department of the city government, which promotes equality of opportunity for every citizen.

Discrimination in housing exists here as it does elsewhere, but our committee is encouraged to believe that a beginning has already been made toward integrating the various nationalities and races which are drawn from every part of the world to our educational, research, and industrial facilities.

Since the author of the article, Hannah Lees, was apparently unaware of our work, and since the article reflected adversely on the Phillips Brooks Housing Registry, which has coöperated closely with the Civic Unity Committee in finding living quarters both for Negroes and for non-white foreign students, we immediately investigated the whole situation.

The young Negro physicist, Robert Powell, mentioned in the article came of his own initiative to the office of the Civic Unity Committee and to that of the Phillips Brooks Housing Registry to talk over what had taken place. It seems that when he first went to the Housing Registry, which is set up especially for students, he made no use of the help which was available to him there. A special notice on what to do and where to go if discrimination is experienced, or even suspected, was clearly posted on the door of the Housing Registry office, on the bulletin boards and on the tables inside, and was included in the apartment

HER RICE BOWL WAS NOT BROKEN-

Ahn Wha-sil was found by a Korean railroad, her mother and father missing . . . her stomach swollen with hunger. How many days and nights she had tried to look out for herself, how long it had been since she had eaten and what, Dr. Oh, examining her a week after orphanage admittance, never found out. He didn't even know if good care could save her, if it was not already too late.

Last month a television photographer, taking movies of Dr. Oh's CCF Orphanage, was intrigued by Ahn. He writes, "Our only way of talking was to smile at each other. We became close friends. She hung on my coat sleeve throughout my filming and was such a pert, happy imp. Her warmth easily penetrated the bleak Korean winter. It was difficult to believe that the poor, sickly, emaciated little thing Dr. Oh had exam-



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ined was this happy, lovable child. And to think it was only by a slim chance that she was lucky enough to be one of the few among hundreds to be picked up that day."

There are still 35,000 homeless refugee children in South Korea—neglected, friendless and wretched children. Korea is no longer on the front pages and it is so hard to get help for them.

No gift is too small to show a child a bit of mercy. Or you can "adopt" a pitiful, homeless child and have him placed in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and given a decent chance in life. The cost, \$10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States and Western Germany.

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From Mr. Powell we learned, too, that seven of the forty places selected by him as fitting his needs had refused him because of his race but that he himself had turned down the remaining thirty-three for reasons irrelevant to discrimination. When he was fortunate enough to obtain housing which other young people we know consider extremely desirable in our tight housing market, he was dissatisfied.

To correct the wrong impression given by Hannah Lees, we feel certain you will be glad to inform your readers that last fall, through the activities of our Housing Hospitality Committee, students from thirty-nine foreign countries, including China, Ethiopia, Egypt, India, Japan, Pakistan, and Puerto Rico, and eighteen American Negroes were able to find acceptable homes in this community.

MRS. CATHERINE T. JOHNSON
Civic Unity Committee
Cambridge, Mass.

"Why Do We Teach Poetry?"

SIR:

I read Archibald MacLeish eagerly and with profit whenever occasion presents itself. His essay, "Why Do We Teach Poetry?" in the March *Atlantic* is prose that shines, indeed, and gives much intellectual and aesthetic pleasure.

When Mr. MacLeish says that the function of poetry is to lend meaning to life, but that in so doing it is impossible to dissociate the art from the content of the poem, I understand him completely. Unfortunately for me, however, I fail all too often to comprehend the poet's meaning because his art is too obscure.

If I do not comprehend what Cézanne's painting really means, it is not due to Cézanne's shortcomings, since the whole possible means of communication is given. This is not always so in much poetry that keener minds than mine judge to be of superlative and enduring quality. The word images or the naked words alone are intended by the poet to convey meaning that I cannot extract even with a thesaurus to help me. So I get impatient, then bored, and finally put the poem down in frustration, with the doubtlessly unwarranted and ignorant remark, "Damn this private language."

If much of T. S. Eliot strikes me this way, then I hope it is not too immodest to say that it must be so with better than 90 per cent of those who might read and try to understand him correctly. There is, in any case, failure of communication by the poet, except for the specialist or the specially gifted or informed reader.

I venture to say that, while a good deal of scientific writing for the layman is similarly inaccessible to the lay reader, there is not nearly so much failure of communication by scientists as there is by poets. I am forced to believe that Mr. MacLeish has a restricted appreciation of the scientist's intellectual motivations; that he is not sufficiently aware of the fact that the scientist's labors are often rewarded with as satisfying an aesthetic experience as was George Meredith when he wrote: "Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like. . ."; and that the realization of his objective by the scientist can and often does yield an apperception of reality in the exquisitely poetical sense as truly as in any other sense.

If the physicist is busy with magnetic moments or the angular velocity of an electron in his search for the ultimate meaning of matter, he is employing tools for the construction of a whole vision just as the creative poet uses the syntax of poetry to construct his vision of the "apple as apple." I do not know the aesthetic experience of the physicist at work, but I am familiar with the aesthetic experience of biological research. A reading of Pasteur's reflections on his work reveals the splendor of the intellectual process that can be as richly rewarding as a reading of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It's just a different kind of dish.

JACOB FINE, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Archibald MacLeish castigates, justly I think, those modern educators who attempt to lead their students on to a knowledge of all reality by means of abstractions.

However, one is tempted to ask Mr. MacLeish by what means he would inculcate human knowledge, if not by abstractions, since all human knowledge is abstractive, to the extent, at least, that none of us is omniscient.

In attaching blame for the diminu-

"MY LIFE IN A CONVENT ... How I Escaped!"

Perhaps you never have seen a booklet with a title like that. And most likely you would cast it aside in disgust if it did come into your hands.

But freshly-printed copies of such "literature" continue to circulate through the mails, and through book stores dealing in lurid printed matter and vulgar "art." It survives with the same malign durability which, for more than 40 years, has kept alive the infamous bogus oath of the Knights of Columbus despite court convictions of those who circulate it.

"My Life In A Convent" is not designed to appeal to intelligent and fair-minded people. Its purpose is to poison the minds of the gullible and uninformed. It will not influence those who have seen Catholic sisters at work among the poor and afflicted... in their services in hospitals and orphan homes... in their numerous missions of charity and mercy. It does create suspicion and prejudice, however, among those who do not take the trouble to learn the truth.

It is for this reason that we say to people of good will everywhere: "Why not investigate?" Investigate not merely in the interests of truth... not merely to render justice to the hundreds of thousands of consecrated women serving Christ in the Catholic sisterhoods of the world. Investigate, we respectfully suggest, for your own sake.

Find out for yourself not only *how* these humble servants of Christ live in their homes, but *why* they choose such a life. Ask yourself what it is about the Catholic Faith that could cause so many women to turn their backs on the pleasures of the world for a life of poverty, chastity and obedience. For in the answer to this question you may find not only a new respect and admiration for the Catholic nuns, but perhaps a new and better understanding of Christ's plan for *your* life.



A woman does not choose to become a nun only or solely that she may teach school, work in a hospital, or engage in works of mercy among the aged and afflicted. She doesn't join a sisterhood to escape the responsibilities of family life. The activities in which she engages... and which are so often regarded as her chief merits... are, in fact, mere by-products of a loftier purpose.

That purpose is to strive incessantly with all her heart and soul for one thing—holiness. She seeks what Christ promised when He said: "And everyone who has left house, or brothers, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting."

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tion of poetry's influence in modern American education, the proliferators of abstraction (therefore, science) must not be held solely responsible; for it may as easily have been poetry's lack of vigor that kept it from living up to its status as a complement to science. Perhaps this occurred through the poem's preoccupation with itself as "a work of art."

D. K. DOUGHERTY
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

A great number of educated scientists would agree that poetry is a way to knowledge. So also are religion and mysticism.

It appears that the kind of knowledge which they promise is deeper and less trivial than that of science. The way, however, of knowing whether the knowledge nonscientific methods bring is of the highest, or is essentially neurotic nonsense, is very nebulous and uncertain.

At a deep level, so may our tests of scientific knowledge be. The difference is: scientific knowledge gives rise to constantly testable *apparent* success (for example, at every turn of our technocracy). This is quite a point for it.

Faith *might* move mountains. It never does.

JOHN O'M. BOCKRIS
Professor of Chemistry
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ship of Fools"

SIR:

Katherine Anne Porter in "Ship of Fools" (March *Atlantic*) is trying to represent a pious Jew in her character, Herr Löwenthal. She overdoes it, however, when she portrays him as putting on his phylacteries to say his evening prayers before going to bed. Nobody is quite that pious. Phylacteries are an adornment of *morning* weekday prayers, not evening.

RABBI MANUEL LADERMAN
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TO 355,000 SHARE OWNERS

How a new General Electric is planning ahead to serve an expanding America

As we see it, the years just ahead offer extraordinary opportunities for service to a growing nation. As part of its long-range plans, General Electric has developed a new organization, new relationships with employees, new products, and new facilities. Here is a summary of this progress — reported fully in our 1955 Annual Report:

A new "better-living" program for employees
To assure that the people of General Electric will continue to share in the Company's progress, a new improved pay-and-benefit program was worked out in 1955, and related five-year contracts were signed with most of the unions representing General Electric employees.

A new Company organization for better service
To meet the needs of customers more effectively, General Electric's organization has been changed from a highly centralized structure to a broad degree of decentralization as can be found in industry. The Company now has nearly 100 decentralized product departments, each with full operating responsibility in its field.

New plants and facilities in 28 states: Since 1941 General Electric has been basically rebuilt and has invested more than a billion dollars in expansion and modernization. We will spend another \$500 million in the next three years to help provide even finer products, more and better jobs, and increased earnings.

New products from research and engineering
Over 70,000 G-E employees today are working on products we didn't make in 1939. The Company spends more than three times as much on research and development, per dollar of sales, as the average for all manufacturing companies.

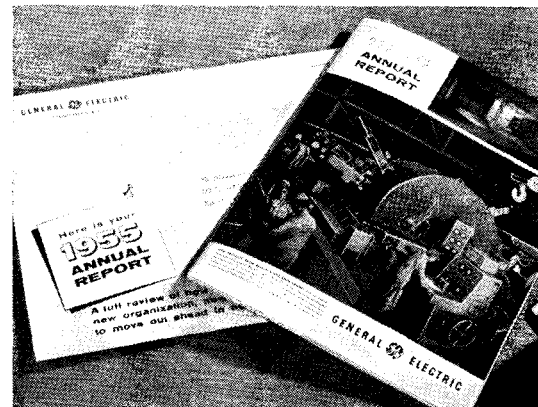
With these advances, we are trying to see to it that General Electric's progress is shared by customers, share owners, employees, suppliers, and the public.

Who are the 355,000 owners of General Electric?

- More than half of the individual owners are women.
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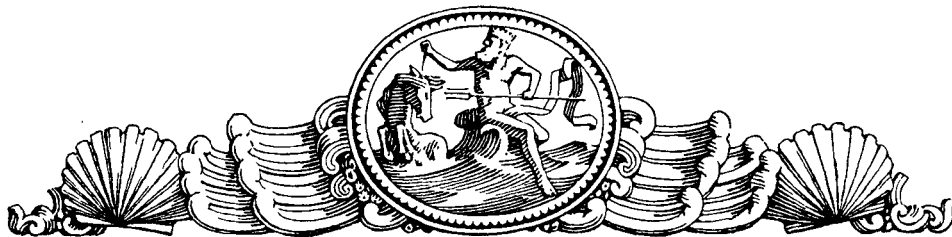
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A graduate of Cambridge University, ALISTAIR COOKE first came to the United States for two years in the early 1930s on a Commonwealth Fellowship to Yale and Harvard; in 1937 he returned, and became a U.S. citizen in 1941. Since 1948 he has been Chief American Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian and a voice conveying our doings, and our foibles, to Britain via a weekly BBC broadcast. His book, One Man's America, is as perceptive as it is delightful. One of his earliest friends and saltiest advisers was H. L. Mencken, and his recent The Vintage Mencken, a pocket anthology which he edited for Alfred Knopf, is a wise and amusing choice. Of late he has been welcomed into millions of American homes on Sunday afternoon as master of ceremonies on Omnibus.

THE LAST HAPPY DAYS OF H. L. MENCKEN

by ALISTAIR COOKE

IN THE summer of 1948, H. L. Mencken was within two years of his Biblical allotment. As a lifelong hypochondriac he was more aware of its coming, as a kind of D Day, than most men of sixty-eight; and he felt the east wind in his bones. He accordingly pasted down his cowlicks with more determination than usual, put on a new seersucker suit, stuffed it with enough cigars for a siege, picked up his portable typewriter, and headed for Philadelphia and the nominating conventions. There he sat as anonymous as any other old reporter, wedged in along the wooden press benches under the bristling glare of the high arc-lights, pecking out incomparable sentences on his typewriter with that deliberate manual incompetence which is one of the professional reporter's occupational vanities. Mencken carried it to the extreme of parody, hitting the keys only with his two stubby forefingers and spacing with his elbow, like a stud horse imitating a drum majorette. He would glare in a steady trance at the keyboard, while the loudspeakers rattled with the sobs and bawlings of the party chieftains, and then slap out a lament for "the traditional weather of a national convention . . . a rising temperature, very high humidity, and lazy puffs of gummy wind from the mangrove swamps surrounding the city."

The shift from the tropical stew of downtown

Philadelphia to an air-conditioned bedroom in the *Sunpapers'* suite at the Ritz was too much for him. He caught a bad cold, and being no use to man or beast when his sinuses were inflamed, he retired from the Republicans and went snuffling home to Baltimore. But he was back for the Democrats, wedged in the trenches again in time to applaud the fetching appearance of Mrs. Dorothy Vredenburg, secretary of the National Democratic Committee, who being "slim, pretty and smartly clad" very pleasantly outraged the tradition that lady politicians shall "resemble British tramp steamers dressed up for the King's birthday." He was in rare form, and he knew it: determined to show that he was a working newspaperman to the end.

None of us, including Mencken, knew how near the end was. For this turned out to be his last reporting stint. August and September were always a weeping ordeal for him, since he regularly collapsed under the seasonal hay fever. He emerged dry-eyed and in his right mind by November but on the 23rd of that month suffered a cerebral thrombosis. He never picked up a pen or a book, or stared at a typewriter, after that. So the Wallace convention was his last fling at being himself in action, the monstrous agnostic, practicing satirist, and very amiable companion who had enlivened American life and letters for forty years or more.

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This is a memoir of those few days at the end of July, 1948, when he frolicked in his favorite sport, politician-baiting: the last time he might fairly have said, as he did of his early newspaper career, that "the days chased one another like kittens chasing their tails."

Philadelphia that summer was also the burial ground of a rather sullen and unhappy feud he had been having with his old paper for seven years. The core of it is probably encrusted by now with innumerable small indignities and protective re-cremations; but the original sore truth was that Mencken had hoped to keep up through the war years his incorrigible attacks on democracy and to go on writing about Hitler as a harmless jackass with a new broom, a character that at some other time could have been suitably housed in Mencken's private menagerie of demagogues: Bryan, Gerald K. Smith, "the Rev. Woodrow Wilson," and the rest. But the shiploads of fugitive Jews who came into America soured the joke as early as 1938, if not before; and the attested rumor of Belsen and Buchenwald turned it rancid. By 1941 at the latest, Mencken's playful treatment of the European war was a daily trial to Paul Patterson, the publisher of the *Sunpapers*. And when the paper came out on the interventionist side, Mencken affected to be a hireling of "world savers." To everyone's relief he quit his column. At his own insistence he went on half-pay as something vaguely called a "news-consultant"; and he retired to edit his files on the American language and to salvage his father's old household bills for a book about his boyhood.

2

By THE winter of 1947-48, when the wartime feuds were fading, Patterson and his son Maclean were ready to forgive and forget, and they contrived a plot to fetch their most famous prodigal back into the fold. They wanted him to cover the nominating conventions of 1948. Ten years earlier, nothing would have been more proudly taken for granted. Mencken "began to sniff at politicians so long ago as 1902" and had covered his first convention at St. Louis with the Democrats in 1904. For the next thirty-six years a convention was to him the annual arrival of the circus to a country lad. Once every four years he went to work on them with his self-confessed "impartiality," which is to say the Hippocratical zeal of a surgeon who picks the same scalpel to excise the appendix of a Boy Scout or a dope peddler.

Not until 1936 did he give any sign of falling off his high and scornful fence and succumbing at last to a political spellbinder. He had resisted every political Circe for thirty years, but Alfred Landon brought him down. Westbrook Pegler promptly wrote a "Farewell to Mencken" in which, observing the Sage "staggering down the street under the

wieldy weight of an enormous Landon banner, a sunflower in his lapel as big as a four-passenger omelette," he steeled himself against the awful day "when he joins the Tennessee fundamentalists and is totally immersed in Goose Crick wearing a white shirt and blubbering 'Hallelujah, Brother' between plunges in the cleansing flood."

Mencken's apostasy was announced as a wild protest against a second term for "Roosevelt II." But it was a symptom of his anti-Roosevelt mania, a strong hint of his exile to come. Those lonely seven years, from 1941 to '48, were in fact the most fruitful of his life. For though he did no reporting, and his ribald dissenting opinions were available only to a shrinking circle of his friends in the back room of Schellhase's, he brought himself new esteem with the two massive language "Supplements," the three volumes of his memoirs, and the completion of a twenty-five-year project, his *New Dictionary of Quotations*. By the spring of 1948, when the Second Supplement came out, he was on the cover of the news magazines again, looking very pink and cocky, one elbow up against the glass bells that his wife had treasured. But he was brooding even more than usual on the frailty of the human body in general and his own aches and rheums in particular. In the preface to Supplement Two, he wrote that he did not expect to attempt a third supplement since "at my age a man encounters frequent reminders, some of them disconcerting, that his body is no more than a highly unstable congeries of the compounds of carbon."

I wrote a review of this for my paper and wound up a tribute to him with the sentence: "Who would have thought the old man had so much carbon in him?" The day he received the clipping I had a note from him in which he said that he was "still blushing" and speculated where we should next celebrate "my declining faculties with a globe of malt." I wrote back to wonder if he would be tackling the conventions, a suggestion he repulsed with such horror that he was clearly very taken with the idea.

It seems that Patterson and Son had been after him for months by then, but he was damned if he would risk another assignment for the *Sunpapers*. He had been deeply wounded by the rift, but as a professional anesthetist against all public forms of sentiment he was too proud to say so. He knew well enough that the *Sunpapers* had stretched to the limit their tolerance of his unpalatable jokes about Hitler, his mockery after Dunkirk of "those great moral engines, the British," his mischievous relish of such overtures as Churchill had to make to Rumania so as "to enlist King Carol in the holy war for religion and morality." Mencken was grudgingly aware that few papers in any country, and none in this, would have yielded him for so long his dogmatic principle that a man should be allowed to say and write whatever he thought.

His frustration at Patterson's new approach was complicated by the fact that he was at all times a sentimental man about his friendships and allegiances, and he had been the chief glory of the *Sunpapers* for a quarter of a century at least. Now that they raised a gingerly white flag, he was touched. He bore his wound in silence but he yearned for the salve they offered him. And at last he took it.

He wrote me that he was looking forward to a banner year, one in which "there would be not two but three circuses." He advised that the Wallace show would be the best of all, and he cautioned me not to pass up the meeting of the platform committee, which was to get under way the evening before the convention was formally called. I met him there, in a hotel ballroom, and we sat through the long hours while the committee patiently canvassed a rampaging horde of reformers from most of the States and all, it seemed, of the Territories and Island Possessions.

In the chair was Rexford Guy Tugwell, a sincere New Deal renegade (I suggested). "A scoundrel of the first chop," said Mencken and put down a note to that effect. This was my sixth convention, but I was a novice at Progressive performances and I was fascinated at the range of zealots who had come to Philadelphia consumed with some private obsession. Nationalization of the banks, the railroads and merchant marine, was a familiar parrot-cry. So was repudiation of the Marshall Plan, repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, the abolition of state and city taxes, "the end of the colonial system in all its forms." But I was shaken by the trembling anger of countless delegates who, just when Berlin was threatening a European war, were exclusively dedicated to liberating Puerto Rico, drafting a Safety Code for Longshoremen, demanding federal funds for dentistry and a Cabinet post for the fine arts. "Wait awhile," Mencken whispered; "any minute now you're going to get Henry Garrison Villard and the thirty-hour day."

Toward one in the morning, the newsmen began to decamp but Mencken stayed to the end, plugging his poker face with the inevitable cigar and regretting that the Progressives had produced "a surprisingly good crop but nothing so bizarre" as the eccentrics he swore he had seen at the Bull Moose convention of 1912. On the way out we ran into a liberal journalist, who introduced himself to apologize for a boorish review of Supplement Two done by a friend of his on the *New Masses*. Mencken turned his pot-blue eyes on the man. "Tell me something," he said, "are you a liberal?" The man said that was right. "Well, now," said Mencken, "I thought that was a fine review. Trouble with you liberals is you get uneasy when people don't agree with you. The man wrote what he thought, and it was a swell piece of writing."

It was very late, and I thought that Mencken,

after so much recent moaning about his approach to the grave, would beg off on account of his sinuses (he was as conscious of his sinuses as an alcoholic is of his hangovers) and go to bed. But again he appeared to want to show that he could be as casually professional as any other reporter, who on such assignments behaves like an oblivious infantryman, snatching sleep or food only when the firing lets up or the liquor has all gone. He knew a place where we could get German beer and we downed a barrel of it in the conviction that "hoisting schooners of malt" was the best possible preparation for a two-day bout of Henry Wallace as a Presidential candidate.

When we got back to the Party's hotel headquarters the faithful were still up, milling around the entrance and embracing on the steps. To a veteran of the two regular parties, they were an odd lot. It was a slow-paced crowd by the usual standards and in the full bloom of bohemian youth. Many of the men had their collars folded back over their lapels, like emancipated clerks at Atlantic City, or fledgling Los Angelenos. The women divided sharply between down-to-earth, no-nonsense types with sandals and off-the-shoulder blouses, and thin brunettes wearing long earrings meant to convey the piercing, on-stage elegance of Greenwich Village *femmes fatales*. Wandering like scoutmasters through these political innocents were older, blue-chinned men who might have been union secretaries, economics professors up against "the system," or schoolmasters with a new purpose in life. There was a generous sprinkling of Negroes, most of them slender and studious.

Outside the hotel, on trucks got up as miniature carousels, small groups of young people danced and plucked expertly at guitars, and sang lampoons of old hymns, folk tunes with new words, and the Wallace campaign songs. As we arrived, a Youth For Wallace brigade was proclaiming the wide, Whitmanesque representation of the new party, a merry crew (nowhere in evidence) of

Lumberjacks and Teamsters,
And Sailors from the Sea;
And there's farming boys from Texas
And the hills of Tennessee;
There's miners from Kentucky,
And there's fishermen from Maine,
All a-ridin' with us
On this Wallace-Taylor train.

Mencken stood on the steps allowing that the older parties could learn a lot about singing from the Wallaceites, and groaning only slightly over the determined illiteracy of their syntax. Some sad-faced older women sifted in and out to recruit the heathen idlers. To all of them, and all the pushing youth, he bowed with quick gallantry, bulging his eyes in sly admiration at the homelier females and letting them catch an echo of some hoarse compliment: "What grace! did you ever see

such ravishing creatures?" He pretended great reluctance to leave this "Valhalla of the pure in heart" and bowed to the women, and greeted the men as "Comrade," right across the street and into his hotel, and in the elevator all the way up to his room. Nobody had the slightest idea who he was.

3

NEXT afternoon, the official proceedings got off to a furious start with a now historic press conference with Wallace. He was rigid from the start. He knew, he said, that the press was "desperately hoping" he would repudiate the Communists. Well, "I will not repudiate any support that comes to us in the cause of peace." (It should be said, by way of explaining his bristling behavior, that he was even then feeling the pull, and hating it, of the small tenacious crew of Communists, or near-Communists, who had already taken over his party; and who, the next morning, were to slam through a sheepish convention in forty minutes a "constitution" for the new party so absurdly patterned after all Communist constitutions that two innocent New England farmers were flabbergasted at the smothering of all dissent or debate and were thunderously booed from the hall.) It was not the Communists that flushed Wallace's face that afternoon, though his guilt about their rising power was such as to make him appear in public with chips on his shoulders as big as epaulettes. He was afraid rather that he was going to be joshed for his alleged penning of "the Guru letters," a correspondence with the Russian mystic Roerich, which Westbrook Pegler had somehow procured and printed in his column above the signature of Henry Wallace.

Sure enough, someone rose at once and asked him if he was in fact the author. He snapped in reply, "I never discuss Westbrook Pegler." A girl from a friendly radical sheet asked the same question. He intoned the same answer. Suddenly the room whirled as a big man with sandy-white hair got up. It was Pegler himself, glowering back at Wallace like a bull squaring off for a fight in which the matador is also a bull.

"Did you or did you not write the Guru letters?"

Wallace tried to look casual, his feet on solid ground. "I will never," he chanted, "engage in any discussion with Westbrook Pegler."

Three others put the same question. To each of them he recited in an obdurate singsong that he would "never engage in any discussions with stooges of Westbrook Pegler."

Then Mencken was seen, by the people near him, to be on his feet. To everybody else he looked, as he always did in a public gathering, to be risen to his knees; for he had the longest torso on the shortest legs in the entire history of legmen. Softly he said: "Would you consider me a Pegler stooge?"

The laugh started before Wallace could stop the applause. He broke into a grin and said, "No, Mr. Mencken, I would never consider you anybody's stooge."

"Well, then," said Mencken, "it is a simple question. We have all written love-letters in our youth that would bring a blush later on. This is a question that everyone here would like to have answered, so we can move on to weightier things."

Wallace swallowed and in a steadier voice said he would "handle that in my own way in my own time." So far as I know, he never did, and thus — as Sterne once wrote — he "put upon the reader the odium of the obvious interpretation."

That night the party christened itself the Progressive Party in the convention hall and sat with great intentness through the keynote speech of an Iowa lawyer, a handsome and substantial Negro with a soaring baritone voice. Mencken described him as easily the best of all the orators that had appeared in Philadelphia that summer but he slipped into his dispatch the typical note that the man had "the complexion of a good ten-cent cigar." Next morning, a well-plotted uproar developed when the convention met to chant "aye" to the draft constitution. Silence was prayed for a resolution pronouncing that "whereas H. L. Mencken" had been guilty of "Hitlerite references to the people of this convention," that he "Red-baits, Jew-baits, and Negro-baits," and in other noxious ways had indulged in "un-American slander of the people of this convention . . . therefore be it resolved by the delegates here assembled, That this convention severely censures H. L. Mencken and his contemptible rantings which pass for newspaper reporting."

Mencken goggled with unaccustomed pride. It was the first time in all his reporting years that a national convention had officially deigned to regret his existence, although the Arkansas state legislature had once asked for his deportation. He took a small bow to acknowledge the passing tribute of a boo, but the resolution got no further. The chairman threw it out as a dangerous precedent inviting an endless litany of curses against other blasphemers, of which there were plenty.

Over a piece of beef and a glass of beer that evening Mencken complained about the growing sensitiveness of politicians. "Nobody denounced me as a white-baiter," he said, "when I wrote that Herbert Hoover had a complexion like unrisen dough." He took a swig of beer with poorly feigned resentment, but his blue eyes winking over the mug never looked more like gas jets. He broke down into his extraordinarily crafty chuckle, looked at his watch, and we took off for the final rally in Shibe Park. On the way out there, he was in a frisky mood, grumbling with great gusto over the sameness of American cities, of their slummy petticoats especially, and recalling with a contrasting

tenderness San Francisco and the Democratic Convention of 1920.

4

WHEN the rally was over and the Progressive Party was a fact, there were rolling black clouds overhead. The wind shifted, the atrocious heat gave out, and there was a miraculous chill in the air, which sent us all nipping back to the hotel. Paul Patterson had arranged a farewell party in his suite for the whole *Sunpapers'* team; and maybe I should say that since the *Manchester Guardian* had had a long and friendly connection with the *Sunpapers*, and I had been working through the conventions out of their quarters, I was the only outside guest. A table was laid out with sandwiches and beer. At the start visitors would drop in, but the gathering was as cliquish as the Mafia and they would soon duck out, after a self-conscious nibble at the viands reserved for the troops. The last of them was a lady journalist of declining reputation and rising girth. She was drawn to the food like a castaway and kept wolfing it helplessly and declaring in between gulps that her doctor warned her against letting her figure go to rack and ruin.

Mencken twirled his cigar in his lips and professed to be shocked at such an obviously inept prognosis. "Never trust the butchers, Mary," he cried, and after a pause and a puff, "God, you were never lovelier, you were never in better heft." He went on this way while the lady wriggled her bulk in simple delight. She was the only woman present and after a while she too sensed our trade-union impatience with her and left. She had no sooner shut the door and gone down the corridor than Mencken grabbed his stein and mumbled into its froth: "My God, she's an elephant, isn't she?"

Through what was left of the night, Mencken sat on a central couch, between Price Day and me, from which he could survey the reigning Patterson and his buffet table on the left, and the ring of reporters lounging and squatting all the way over to the windows. (There is a deception implicit in this sentence, and indeed in this piece, which is common to all biographical mementoes. This is a piece about Mencken and therefore he is bound to be the hero of it. But he was not so treated at the time. He never condescended to anyone, least of all to professional newspapermen. In fact, he went out of his way to pretend to shrewd admiration of their pieces, even when he thought that the writing, "like most newspaper writing," was abominable.) He sat simply as an old reporter among equals. And for an hour or more nothing happened to make him the comic hero of an occasion that grew to be precious and memorable only three months later, when his sudden stroke gave the guarantee that this was his last bit of horseplay on this earth.

Shortly after one in the morning, our small talk and anecdoteage was interrupted by a commotion reaching us from the street. We heard a stamping and a singing. Someone threw open the window. Evidently, a detachment of Wallace's soldiers were making a stand outside the Ritz, as handy a symbol as any of the "finance capitalism" which was then Wallace's favorite hobgoblin. Paul Patterson had the idea that we should invite them up and Mencken seconded it briskly, because "at the very least we could sing, since they certainly have the catchiest numbers." Soon afterwards the stamping and cheering died away. It seems that Yardley, the *Sunpapers'* cartoonist, had gone out after them. He was back with the word that they had scattered or fled, so we lifted some more sandwiches and beer and forgot them.

But suddenly there was a scuffle somewhere nearby, right in the hotel; and it grew denser and came on louder in our direction till it passed, like Marley's ghost, right through the door. "It" was five or six of the Minnesota Youth For Wallace battalion, the leader being a hulky black-haired Swede. He was bearing a banner with the help of a raddled, jumpy little man and a shapeless, drop-sical blonde, the archetype of the young radical female everywhere in the Western world. Mencken gaped at them in genuine alarm. "My God," he whispered to Day and me, "just look at that woman. Makes you want to burn every bed in the world." Day nearly fell off the couch at this, and the rebels took it as a sign that we were jeering at them, which, come to think of it, we were.

"So who are you all, anyway?" the leader challenged.

It was a brash note to begin on, but Paul Patterson caught it tolerantly and replied quietly, "We are the press, ladies and gentlemen — the capitalist press."

Mencken looked innocently over the ash of his stogie and added mildly, "Except Mr. Cooke here, of the — er — *London Daily Worker*."

At one bound the little raddled guy shot out from underneath the banner. He seized my hand and shouted, "No kidding? D'you know Rhoda — you know, Rhoda — in London?" To this day I think tenderly of Rhoda and the bond that links her with Minnesota. The greeting produced even more confusion among the Minnesotans, and when Lee McCardell made it plain with hurried whispers through the ensuing guffaws that the *Guardian* was my paper, the raddled guy wilted and the leader fumed again. Patterson invited them to eat, an unnecessary kindness, since two of them, including the blonde, had been doing some fast stoking under the flapping tent of the Wallace banner.

It was not a large room, and Mencken persuaded them to "furl the flag" and settle to a singsong. He made a naïve, very artful pretense of having forgotten the "swell lyrics" of their best songs.

They leaped to the cue like the converts by the Tennessee brooks whom Mencken had long ago observed. And we all gave voice and began:—

“Lumberjacks and Teamsters,
And Sailors from the Sea;
And there’s farming boys from Texas”

When they saw how well one or two of the *Sun* men knew their songs, they lost or at least modified their suspicion of us. Mencken sighed occasionally over the more gruesome lines (“Oh, Henry Wallace is a friendly man” was one, I recall, that pained him excessively). At last, when we had exhausted the whole Wallace hymnal, Mencken stood up and buttoned his tight coat. One of the team thought he was coming at them (I doubt that any of them knew he was the “un-American Mencken” of the lost resolution; with his red homely face, his white hair slit down the middle, his stocky legs, he could well have been the proprietor of the delicatessen store that had provided the food). But he raised his very small hand and got attention. He proposed that since we had so lavishly celebrated “our beloved Fuehrer” (happily the Minnesotans thought of Hitler, if of anybody), it was only right “under God to salute the Republic he hopes to preside over.”

This sort of talk, which was as natural to Mencken as breathing — rather more so — baffled them until he said, “Now, let’s try our national anthem.” He held his finger up and tilted his head and piped out several wobbling keynotes. He picked something about as impractical as F Major and led with a fluting tenor. He let them take it away after the first few bars and whispered to me: “Just wait till they hit the middle, it will really throw them.” He had hardly stopped hissing at me when the citizens’ chorus lurched up to the necessary and impossible high E, squawked in alarm, and broke down. They looked to Mencken for help, but he had stuck his cigar between his lips and was grinning through his eyes.

The leader took this badly and mumbled something about the national anthem’s being nothing to make fun of. Mencken agreed with a marvelously affected humility but admitted that “as a practical matter, we have paid our respects to our great anthem, which is unsingable anyway.”

More beer was rushed to the visitors, and just as we sat down Mencken rose again. He put his cigar between his thumb and forefinger and held it up like the stump of a baton. He had one more favor to ask of the visitors. We had just afflicted

on “an alien and a special guest the caterwaulings of the official hymn of our Republic.” He thought it only “seemly” that they should all now pay respects “to His Majesty King George VI, Defender of the Faith, till lately Emperor of India” by singing “the national anthem of Mr. Cooke.”

The visitors were appalled at this audacity, even more when Mencken added, without a smile, “of the London *Daily Worker*, that is.” (Mencken knew very well that at that point I had been a citizen for seven years but he trusted to my sporting awareness of the fact that an Englishman naturalized in America must in his own lifetime resign himself to be thought a renegade in his native country, a British spy in his adopted one.) The Minnesota Youth were stung to their principles. Only that night Wallace himself had described the proper Progressive image of Britain as an imperialist beast. The leader folded his arms and conveyed by the swelling veins in his neck that this was the end. In fact, what finished them were the lines, sung — after much coaxing — in a pleasing unison, “Long to reign over us, God save the King!” Mencken was probably the only man who knew any other verses and he wanted to go on with it. “How’s it go?” he blandly asked. “Scatter his enemies, confound their knavish tricks?”

They were already scattering and raising their standard again. And they barged out as noisily as they came in. The reader will appreciate, from the personal memory of similar brawls, that however mild this joke may read on paper, it was an hilarious end to a great occasion. As they stomped off down the corridor, we groaned and bellowed all around the room. Mencken restored his stogie to his mouth and sat down and wiped the happy tears from his eyes with a blue handkerchief.

Last spring, when I went to Baltimore to see him, he was the one who brought up the Wallace evening, and he cackled again over the thought of the little raddled man still bickering by correspondence with Rhoda over finance capitalism, to say nothing of her relations with me. We went on to other things. He asked how the food was these days at Lüchow’s, and that brought on memories of all sorts of literati of the *Smart Set* days and of his particular affection for Edgar Lee Masters. He talked of him in the past tense and I asked him how long Masters had been dead. He looked over at his brother August, who suggested something like 1948. “Yeah,” said Mencken with no guile at all, “that’s right, I believe he died the year I did.”



A Rhode Islander who was educated at Brown University and Harvard Law School, ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR., was appointed to the law faculty at Harvard in 1916. Since 1950 he has been one of Harvard's University Professors. He is a most trenchant defender of civil rights, and in the paper which follows he shows where and to what extent we have lost ground in recent years. This will appear as a chapter in his forthcoming book, The Blessings of Liberty, which Lippincott will publish this month.

THE ENCROACHMENTS ON FREEDOM

by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

1

WE HAVE been passing through very troubled years since Germany and Japan surrendered. Instead of returning to a happy period of unbroken homes and business as usual, for which everybody longed, we had to face almost immediately the threat of Communist power abroad, which broke into actual and protracted fighting in Korea. This unceasing tension in foreign affairs was aggravated by fears of Soviet sympathizers in our midst. It is not surprising, therefore, that influential persons and groups have urged various kinds of abridgments of liberty.

Were these sacrifices of freedom planned wisely? Did they really lessen the dangers from disaffection in the United States? Or were these restrictive measures often adopted in careless haste or out of personal vindictiveness and thirst for popularity? Such questions must be asked. The great ideals and traditions of liberty are in the Constitution because Englishmen and American colonists thought and worked, decade after decade, and were ready to risk prison and death. Shall we abandon them blithely?

In considering civil liberties in this country, I audaciously look forward to a future by no means wholly black. The recent segregation cases in the Supreme Court have begun the destruction of the last legal barriers against citizens who have a strain of color not white. The eventual disappearance of legal differentiations based on race or color will come not only by judicial nullification and legislative repeals but also — what is more important — through notable alterations in public opinion. Common sacrifices in war and other disasters and the experience of working and living together will make Americans regard themselves increasingly as a single people.

Other tangible rights acquiring greater solidity are those giving a fair trial to all persons who have

to stand before judges and juries and face the possibility of being punished for crimes. Convictions obtained by mobs dominating the courtroom no longer stand. The Supreme Court has recently strengthened the right to counsel; and provisions for defenders paid out of taxes or community chests are making it easier to obtain a reputable lawyer without great pecuniary sacrifices. The presence of a lawyer in the courtroom greatly increases the practical value of all the constitutional rights of a prisoner on trial.

Abuses of an accused person's rights before trial such as the brutality called the "third degree" are likely to diminish with the striking progress in police organization and police methods. Even prolonged questioning of a person in custody may be subjected to more regulation.

I find much more cause for apprehension, however, when I think of the more subtle freedoms proclaimed by the First Amendment — those concerned with our believing, our thinking, our expression of our thoughts by voice and print, and our association with others to exchange or promote ideas.

Freedom of religion now appears safe for any man who holds any variety of faith, at least when it does not make it immoral for him to go to war. But what about the atheist or agnostic? The men of fluid beliefs who participated in the Constitution intended to protect him too. Although a churchman myself, I regard it as vital to our national life that a man's right to hold public office should never be affected by what he believes about his relation to the totality of being. The law may remain as now, but in practice atheists and agnostics are sometimes virtually ineligible as candidates for election or appointment to public office. Though no statute is likely to require church membership as a qualification for teachers in public schools, the same result

can conceivably be attained by determined school committees.

When we go outside religion, freedom of thought and discussion about controversial issues will, I expect, have to be defended against frequent incursions for many years ahead. In our fear of domestic Communists and our eagerness to identify heterodoxy with spying and sabotage, we have developed vague legal concepts like "subversive" and "disloyalty" which will trouble us for a long time to come. Our present national policy of driving Communists underground will spread suspicion into new quarters.

Disputes about the proper ways to deal with radicals in our midst are largely caused by a sharp divergence of opinion about the extent of the danger. One group thinks the country to be in great peril. The other group has confidence in the heartfelt devotion of the American people to our form of government and in their ability to sift good ideas from bad ideas through their own intelligence and common sense without needing legislators and officials to do that job for them. Both groups are obliged to form their opinions without knowing badly needed facts. The basic question in every program of laws against domestic radicals is: How big a danger do they create, beyond what can be met by the ordinary processes of reasoning by voice and print? It is high time that some authoritative group of dispassionate persons gave us a trustworthy answer to that question.

2

WITHOUT expressing any judgment as to whether or not they were required by national safety, I shall list briefly several of the encroachments on the ideals of freedom of speech, press, and assembly which have taken place since 1945. I shall ignore issues of constitutionality. My only purpose now is to show what is going on.

McCarran Act

In 1950 Congress passed the Mundt-Nixon Bill, usually called the McCarran Act. It sets up a body of officials called the Subversive Activities Control Board, which on finding that groups have specified objectionable purposes can order them to register with the Attorney General and incur very disagreeable legal consequences. This law goes far beyond Communists. The machinery of the McCarran Act operated so slowly that, when nobody had registered by 1954, Congress jumped over the heads of the Board and, by the Communist Control Act, decided that the Communist Party of America had to register and made it an outlaw.

Aliens

Aliens are more and more made deportable by Congress for what they have said, or because of ideas expressed not by them but by other men in

groups they have joined. It makes no difference how long an alien has been in this country or how deeply he has put down his roots. The laws began by throwing out anarchists and Communists, but since 1945 many new categories of objectionable ideas have been added. The vital decisions are all made by government officials. These laws apply the same tests of orthodox thought to temporary visitors as to prospective settlers. Over and over again we have harmed ourselves by making it hard for distinguished scientists and scholars to obtain visas in order to give Americans the benefit of their knowledge in our universities and scientific conferences.

Passports

Officials can lock the frontier on both sides. They frequently deny American citizens a passport, which is indispensable for going to Europe but has been considered to be a gracious favor from the State Department, to be withheld whenever the Department did not like a man's mind. Recently the prospective traveler has been able to get help from the courts, if he wants to use the crowded weeks between engaging his passage and boarding the steamer for a lawsuit and pay a lawyer some of the money he had been saving for the Alps and Italy.

Books and magazines

The frontiers have also been closed by officials against books and magazines. The Customs Bureau has managed to by-pass the valuable law of 1929, which was intended to end its long practice of destroying at will whatever imported books and art it chose to consider indecent. It transferred the control to the courts and thus made possible Judge Woolsey's famous decision admitting Joyce's *Ulysses*. Afterwards the Treasury referred to Huntington Cairns, the secretary of the National Gallery in Washington, all cases where exclusion was possibly required by law. His wise rulings have been so satisfactory to all parties that it was unnecessary to call on the courts. Now, however, the customs officials have joined forces with the postal authorities and, with very dubious statutory authority, are freely seizing incoming material which is neither obscene nor revolutionary, simply because they think it undesirable "political propaganda" for Americans to read.

Investigations

Congressional investigations into radicalism were occasionally conducted after 1917 but became continuous in 1938 when the House Committee on Un-American Activities was organized. In 1945 it was changed from a special into a permanent committee. Hopes that the Senate was repelled from imitating what was going on in the House have been dashed since the end of the war. Indeed, the Senate now has two committees busy unearthing radicals. The Subcommittee on Internal Security in

the Judiciary Committee seems adequate to guard the nation against real dangers, but that is not the view of the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations of the Senate Committee on Government Operations. This committee (until 1952 entitled Expenditures in the Executive Departments) is charged with all proposed legislation and other matters relating to budget and accounting measures (except appropriations); examining reports of the Comptroller General; studying the operation of government activities at all levels with a view to determining its economy and efficiency; reorganizing the legislative and executive branches; and studying intergovernmental relationships between the nation and states or municipalities, and between the United States and international organizations. One would suppose that these vast ramifications of public affairs would give the committee a gigantic task, but it prefers to spend much of its time investigating workers in private factories and teachers at Harvard.

These three congressional investigating committees have received more attention in the news than any other method by which our government has been restricting freedom of expression by American citizens, either singly or in groups. Some of their work has been devoted to the Communist Party and real Communists, but a great deal to so-called Communist-front organizations, subversive individuals, fellow travelers, and so on. For example, the most flamboyant and widely publicized hearings were held at Washington in October, 1947, to investigate the motion-picture industry. Representative Rankin, the moving force, spoke of "the loathsome, filthy, insinuating, un-American undercurrents that are running through various pictures." A notable film, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, was condemned because a banker hesitated to give a loan to a veteran (who eventually got it). If an occasional misleading radical photoplay gets past the gantlet of producers, banker pressure, the Hays-Johnston Office, and the Catholic Legion of Decency, will the harm be very great? We need creative art, not controlled art. Leave that to the U.S.S.R.

No doubt, bodies which hold so many sessions as these three committees do must occasionally run across something of value, but the voluminous press reports are mainly concerned with their resemblance to circuses and publish very little carefully considered information from them about the extent of the Communist danger. The impression is left that a large amount of the money of American taxpayers has been spent fishing in dirty waters for cast-off rubbers and battered tin cans.

The book-burnings

In the spring of 1953 the State Department, at the behest of staff members of a Senate investigating committee, took hundreds of books out of our

very serviceable Information Libraries in foreign cities and junked them, not because of anything these books said, but because their authors were alleged to be subversive. It was considered perilous for foreigners to read books like Alan Barth's *The Loyalty of Free Men* and Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, a thrilling crime story as remote from politics as Sherlock Holmes. While the State Department was thus alienating European lovers of liberty, President Eisenhower told the students at Dartmouth, "Don't join the book-burners." It is good to have a President who does not preach what his subordinates practice.

Loyalty programs

The loyalty and security-risk program came into extensive operation in April, 1947, through an executive order by President Truman. It called for every federal official to be investigated by the FBI and his superiors, so that disloyal or untrustworthy persons might be weeded out of the public service. There was a good deal to be said for screening men in sensitive positions like work for the Atomic Energy Commission, but the job did not stop there and it did not stop with possible Communists. Everybody had to stand before the searchlight and let it play over his whole life, his opinions, his family and friends, the books and magazines he read, and the opinions he held. Thus when it was discovered that the mother of a bootblack in the Pentagon had given \$10 to the Scottsboro Defense Fund before he was born, seventy interviews by the FBI were required to find him worthy to shine the shoes of army officers.

After immense work and the outlay of millions of dollars, a very small percentage of the total number of officials were dismissed and the rest were cleared. Yet there were grave doubts whether the program had accomplished either of Mr. Truman's declared objectives in his order, that "[1] maximum protection must be afforded the United States against infiltration of disloyal persons into the ranks of its employees, and [2] *equal protection from unfounded accusations of disloyalty must be afforded the loyal employees of the government.*"

Mr. Truman's opponents showed no confidence whatever in the first objective. When Mr. Eisenhower came to the White House, he issued a different order and then pretty much the whole thing was gone through again. And some of the best men in public service have felt that the government is slighting the second objective of "protection from unfounded accusations of disloyalty." Dr. Vannevar Bush, the head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development in World War II, told the House Government Operations Committee in October, 1954, that the security-risk program had demoralized the scientific community and hindered the nation's program of research into weapons. He testified that the mutual respect between the mili-

tary services and the scientific community achieved during World War II has been "almost destroyed, and one of the primary reasons was the security system." He added that although scientists are still continuing to serve the military department, their morale is so low that they are doing the job "without enthusiasm and without fruitful inspiration. They go on working, but they feel that they are not welcome; that they are regarded with suspicion; that some of the men who led them through the war are now being questioned and their security and loyalty are in doubt."

Apart from important questions as to procedure of the loyalty-security program, the main point for the government and the public to remember is that any possible risk from retaining a man who has performed good service in the past is not the sole consideration; it should always be balanced against the sure loss his dismissal will cause, by cutting off his future contributions to the national welfare. Most of the reasons given for denying J. Robert Oppenheimer access to classified information about nuclear physics related to events in his life before 1941. If the men who ousted him from public service in 1954 had been exercising authority at the time of Pearl Harbor, there would have been no danger from Dr. Oppenheimer and the United States would not have won the race for the atomic bomb.

The current satisfaction of politicians over the number of federal employees who have been dismissed for disloyalty is badly misplaced if in a considerable fraction of those cases the charges were improperly proved or insubstantial and the government has thrown out honest citizens. Somebody ought to count the number of devoted public servants who have resigned in disgust. Nobody can count the much larger number of able men who have decided not to enter government departments during the years since the loyalty-security program began because, as is the way of able men, they prefer to be part of an enterprise which is built on trust.

Subversive organizations

The Attorney General's list took shape under President Truman as an auxiliary to the loyalty-security program:—

Activities and associations of an applicant or employee which *may be considered* in connection with the determination of disloyalty *may include one or more of the following:*

... f. Membership in, affiliation with or sympathetic association with any foreign or domestic organization, association, movement, group or combination of persons, designated by the Attorney General as totalitarian, fascist, communist, or subversive, or as having adopted a policy of advocating or approving the commission of acts of force or violence to deny other persons their rights under the Constitution ... or as seeking to alter the form of government of the United States by unconstitutional means.

Although the executive order made this list only one piece of evidence against an official, it is not so treated in the administration of the loyalty program; instead it usually raises a prima-facie case of his disloyalty. Moreover, the list was compiled only to guide this federal program, and yet it has been widely employed by states and cities and even by private organizations as proof of the disloyalty of teachers and employees. The radio industry has accepted it as a basis for canceling the contracts of its performers. The list has accordingly become a powerful weapon for injuring any group there named or any individual who belongs to such a group.

Nevertheless, the reliability of this list is seriously undermined by the fact that most of the organizations on it were singled out by government officials as they pleased without giving the organization any notice or any hearing. Thus there was no chance for the heads of a group to state objections, to offer evidence, or to examine the Attorney General's evidence and argue against its trustworthiness or value.

Since the Attorney General's list is my only point of personal contact with contemporary restrictions on freedom of speech, some firsthand information may not be out of place. Occasionally somebody calls me a member of the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, which is on this list as Communist. Hence I am said to be a bad security risk, next door to a Communist. Here is what happened. Around 1941, some people whose names I have forgotten wrote asking me to sign a petition to Attorney General Biddle for Browder's release from prison. I replied that I would not sign it because it said that Browder ought not to have been convicted. He had lied to his government on a passport application, and I believe that a citizen ought to tell the truth to his government. However, I thought four years in prison a very severe punishment. Browder had already served over two years, which seemed to me tough enough. I never knew Browder, but I was reliably informed that he was not a violent revolutionary and that his release would help our relations with the Soviet Union, then our ally, which were in a ticklish state. So I sent these views in a personal letter to Francis Biddle, whom I knew, who, as Attorney General, was charged by the Constitution with the duty of advising the President on legal matters. I do not know whether Mr. Biddle mentioned my request to Mr. Roosevelt; but I do know that the President, under Article II, section 2, of the Constitution, has "Power to grant Reprieves and Pardons for Offenses." And President Roosevelt did pardon Browder. If this be treason, make the most of it!

State laws

Thus far I have dealt only with restrictions by the national government on freedom of thought and

speech. Meanwhile, the legislatures of numerous states have been imitating Congress by passing all sorts of anti-Communist laws and setting up their own investigating committees. It is an important question whether the time has not come for state legislatures to give up concerning themselves with subversive activities and entrust the whole matter of the safety of the nation to the government of the nation. Obviously, nobody has the slightest chance of overthrowing the government of Massachusetts by force and violence unless, at the same time, he succeeds in overthrowing the government of the whole United States. Although Senators and Representatives with large powers to cut down our fundamental freedoms are a serious cause for anxiety, the petty imitators who follow in their train are even worse.

Objectionable ideas

Combined national and state attacks on objectionable ideas have produced a mass of restrictions which reach into almost every human activity. Loyalty oaths have been required of candidates for election, occupants of public offices, teachers in public schools, labor union officials bargaining under the Wagner Act, students in state colleges and universities, applicants for unemployment compensation, and prospective jurors. California requires such oaths from all institutions seeking exemption from taxes. Congress has excluded from federal housing projects "a person who is a member of any organization designated as subversive by the Attorney General," and thousands of occupants have been required to furnish certificates of non-membership. One court had difficulty in seeing how the efforts of subversives would be combated "by compelling them to live in slums."

Pennsylvania denies poor relief to persons actively seeking to change the form of government by unconstitutional means, perhaps thereby making unhelped paupers see the benefits of the existing system. California tried to prohibit the use of public schoolhouses by "subversive" groups, though opening them for other meetings. The Georgia Board of Education allows local school authorities to revoke, perhaps for life, the license of any teacher who supports the idea of non-segregated schools or agrees to teach in such a school. In 1953 the legislature of Alabama and Texas required all school textbooks to bear certificates stating that the authors were not Communists or ex-Communists and whether they had belonged to an organization on the Attorney General's list. Any schoolboy in Louisiana who advocates the violent overthrow of the government will be expelled.

Recently, after Albert Sprague Coolidge, Harvard chemist and skilled amateur musician, had been asked to succeed his mother as trustee of a fund for chamber music which she had given to the Library of Congress, the appointment was with-

drawn for security reasons. Because he had joined years ago an organization opposed to the totalitarian dictatorship of Franco, his judgment on string quartets might be infected with disloyalty.

As a striking example of what is going on, a doctor was suspended for practicing medicine in New York because he had served six months in jail for failing, on advice of counsel, to produce papers to the House Un-American Activities Committee relating to the activities of his organization in rescuing and healing victims of the totalitarian government of Spain. So the New York State authorities reduced him to idleness for six months more. The highest court in New York and the Supreme Court of the United States were helpless to give him relief. But Justice Douglas observed: —

So far as I know, nothing in a man's political beliefs disables him from setting broken bones or removing ruptured appendixes safely and efficiently. . . . When a doctor cannot save lives in America because he is opposed to Franco in Spain, it is time to call a halt and look critically at the neurosis which has possessed us.

3

THE zeal of those in power to protect the nation from ideas they detest has imperiled more than the First Amendment. It has weakened great policies which underlie several other parts of the Constitution.

The strongest safeguard of human rights in the Constitution is the habeas corpus clause. It protects the liberty of the person by usually enabling a judge to release an imprisoned man at once, unless he has been convicted or ought to be held to stand trial for a crime. Thus it prevents officials from jailing anybody because they think he might possibly commit a crime someday. The Constitution specifies only two emergencies which will justify the suspension of habeas corpus — "Rebellion or Invasion." The McCarran Act of 1950 by-passes this clause. It produces the effect of suspending habeas corpus by allowing American citizens who have committed no crime to be shut up in a concentration camp in any war, even if it be a localized conflict thousands of miles from our shores without the slightest danger of an invasion.

The President and the Attorney General can imprison any person "as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe that [he] probably will engage in acts of espionage or sabotage" or will conspire with others for that purpose. Other officials can review this decision, but there is very little likelihood that any court can reverse it. In 1942 civil and military officials tore scores of thousands of American citizens of Japanese descent from their homes because, so the officials asserted, they might commit sabotage and spying. Yet "not one person of Japanese ancestry was accused or convicted of sabotage after

Pearl Harbor while they were still free." Here is a sample of official reasoning: "The very fact that no sabotage has taken place to date is a disturbing and confirming indication that such action will be taken."

Officials whose minds work like that will easily find a "reasonable ground to believe" that anybody whose views they happen to dislike is a potential spy or saboteur.

In the Fifth Amendment, we are departing from the tradition that no person shall "be twice put in jeopardy" for the same offense. Technically, of course, the clause applies only to criminal prosecutions. Still, the human values are just as great when any other serious penalty is involved. You get a happier civilization if a man who has been forced to go through a grueling legal proceeding in order to keep his job can say, after being acquitted of wrongdoing, "That's over," and then go back to untroubled work. Serenity is impossible if he knows that he may have to rebut the same charges and go through all the agony again, perhaps even many times. Yet that is the situation under the loyalty program. Nobody is ever really cleared. In a recent case reported to the Hennings Committee, a naturalized Austrian was dismissed by the State Department for close association with his wife, although he had been cleared on substantially the same charges the year before. This man had been officially cited for standing up under Nazi tortures, from which he escaped through barbed wire. There is no lasting escape through red tape.

We have been creating a new kind of second-class citizen out of naturalized Americans. More and more they are denaturalized and then deported. The final step was to strip citizenship from native-born Americans. In 1954 Congress turned everybody convicted under the Smith Act into a Man Without a Country.

Finally, where the radical opinions of citizens and their affiliations are concerned, we are abandoning the American ideals of a fair trial, proclaimed by the Sixth Amendment. Of course, it begins "In all criminal prosecutions," and hence its provisions are not constitutionally applicable to congressional investigations or the loyalty program. Nevertheless a loyalty board can deprive a public employee of his livelihood, and a congressional committee frequently takes away a man's good name and perhaps his job too. These consequences may be worse than a fine or a jail sentence. Conclusions which are so damaging to a citizen ought to be reached with the utmost care to determine the truth.

Proper safeguards for a fair trial are embodied in the Sixth Amendment. They are essentials of decent procedure in any inquiry which may result in punishment. Consequently, even though this amendment is not binding in a departmental or legislative inquiry, it is wise that the same es-

entials should be substantially observed in order to prevent unfairness and grievous mistakes.

Two principles in the Sixth Amendment are especially desirable in departmental or congressional inquiries into a man's loyalty. First, he ought "to be informed of the nature of the accusation." Many trials before the Star Chamber and other groups of bishops and royal officials show the intensity with which our ancestors objected to answering roving questions. Second, it is of the highest importance that the suspected man should "be confronted with the witnesses against him." Perhaps the most besetting sin in non-judicial trials is for the deciding officials to make use of information which is not communicated to the person whom they have power to condemn. For instance, in the Dreyfus case the army officers on the court-martial read secret army papers which were kept back from Dreyfus.

One important benefit from confronting the suspect with his accusers is the opportunity to cross-examine them and rigorously test any dubious statement. Add to that the old-fashioned value of putting people face to face out in the open. An honest witness may feel quite differently when he has to repeat his story looking at the man whom he will harm greatly by distorting or mistaking the facts. He can now understand what sort of human being that man is. As for the false witness, the tribunal can learn ever so much more by looking at him than by reading an FBI abstract of his story. The pathological liar and the personal enemy can no longer hide behind a piece of paper.

No doubt, police are helped by concealment of the names of the men who supply evidence used by congressional committees and loyalty boards. Still, the question is whether official secrecy excuses unjust condemnations. No such excuse for hiding spies and tale-tellers will be listened to by a judge in a criminal prosecution. Either the informant must take the stand and be cross-examined, or what he said cannot be used in the trial at all. Is an inquiry which may take away a man's lifetime job or his good name really different?

My great confidence in the American people, in their love of liberty and their good sense, makes me believe that their fit of tantrums about disloyalty among our fellow citizens will end before long. Even though relations with the Communist countries continue strained, as seems probable, we may appreciate the advantages of a united nation and stop increasing suspicion of one another. And, in government as in any sensibly run business, we may learn to trust the judgment of the men who select officials and the wisdom of the superiors who are in close contact with the work of subordinates day in and day out. Once more we shall be content to meet bad talk not with force but with plenty of good talk. The blessings of liberty, though weakened, are ours if we want them, to hold and make strong.



In the spring a Kentuckian's fancy naturally turns to thoughts of the Derby. And so it was that GRANT CANNON, who lives just across the line in Ohio, began to think of some of the famous American Thoroughbreds and of what their colts have meant to the American imagination — and pocketbook. Mr. Cannon is Managing Editor of the Farm Quarterly and a frequent contributor to the Atlantic.

HOME LIFE OF THE AMERICAN STALLION

by GRANT CANNON

1

AS WITH other occupations, such as being a baseball player, circus performer, or symphony conductor, being a Thoroughbred stud is a seasonal job, starting in the middle of February and ending in the middle of June. The reasons for this schedule are both natural and artificial. In the spring, perhaps because of the lengthening days or because the spring grasses contain oestrogen, a hormone, the fillies and the mares begin periods of heat which taper off in the fall and winter. The artificial reason, and the more compelling economic one, is a century-old rule of the Jockey Club which arbitrarily sets January 1 as the birthday for all horses. This means that a colt foaled in December will become a yearling before he is a month old and will be classed as a two-year-old — when his racing career normally starts — while he is still a gangling yearling. Since the gestation period for the horse is roughly eleven months, breeders try to arrange their mating so that foals will be dropped between January 1 and the first or second week in May.

Though Thoroughbred stallions stand in every state in the Union, the overwhelming majority of the good ones live around the Chittling Switch, the racing man's name for the Lexington, Kentucky, area. Within twenty miles of Lexington are such magnificent horse farms as Calumet, whose red and white stud barn houses Bull Lea, Citation, Sun Again, Ponder, and Faultless; Claiborne Farm with *Nasrullah (the asterisk means that the horse was imported), Hill Prince, Fighting Fox, and *Princequillo; The Stallion Station, a unique venture in specialization where only stallions are boarded, among them Roman, *Daumier, *Bolero, and Sub Fleet; and Spendthrift Farm with *Alibhai, *Bernborough, War Jeep, and Ace Admiral. And for every millionaire's show place, there are twenty small farms owned by native Kentucky farmers, with a patch of tobacco, a field of corn, and a pasture with a band of brood mares. These are the

farms which help produce the 25,000 Thoroughbreds on the American tracks today.

Some of the big racing stables produce the horses they run. Calumet, for example, both bred and raced Citation, who won more money (\$1,085,760) than any other stallion; Armed, who is the leading money-winning gelding, with \$817,475 to his credit; and Bewitch, who won \$462,605, the most any mare has ever won. The fact that Bull Lea sired all three of these outstanding money-winners as well as dozens of other great animals, such as Coaltown, Faultless, and Hill Gail, gives the layman some idea as to why breeders attach so much importance to the stallion and are willing to pay fabulous prices for his services.

Stud fees range all the way from nothing to \$10,000. A nominal fee or even no fee at all may be asked for the services of a relatively unknown stallion whose track record was not outstanding, the hope being that he will sire a winner and gain a following among mare owners. There are perhaps a dozen sires at stud today whose fee is \$5000, and one, *Royal Charger, an English import, for which a \$10,000 fee is asked. The term sire, incidentally, is applied only to a horse whose get have won races; the mare who has foaled winners is called a producer.

Arrangements for the service of a stallion are embodied in contracts which vary in their terms from farm to farm and between stallions on the same farm. The contract usually provides for the payment of a fee by the owner of the mare and a guarantee of a live foal by the stallion's owner. This means that for the one fee the mare will be brought to the stallion and returned to him during each heat until she is settled with foal. If at the end of the breeding season a veterinarian has certified that she is barren, no fee will be charged. Many contracts provide that if the mare miscarries, or if at birth the foal is too weak to stand alone and nurse, the stud fee will be returned. Some owners will also

return the fee in the event of twins, which are invariably poor racing prospects, and some contracts call for a lower fee if a filly is born than if a colt is.

The owner of a stallion may decide to put him to stud for various reasons. Some animals are retired to stud after a great racing career, in the hope that they can father other winners — and many a good racer has done so. Reigh Count, who won the Derby in 1928, sired Count Fleet, a Derby winner, who in turn sired Count Turf, a Derby winner, as well as Counterpoint and One Count, both of whom won the Belmont Stakes. Pensive, who won the Derby in 1944, sired Ponder, the 1949 winner. Bold Venture, who won the Derby in 1936, sired Assault, the 1946 triple-crown winner. (The three racing classics which make up the triple crown are the Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont.) And the great Man O' War sired two Derby winners, one of them a triple-crown winner.

Other horses are put to stud because of their bloodlines — on the theory that "blood will tell." This was certainly the reason for putting the great sire *Alibhai to stud, since because of an early injury he never even ran a race. Then there are owners who have put a horse to stud simply because they like him and want to give him a chance.

The owner of a brood mare uses the stallion's racing record, stud fee, and bloodlines in making a selection for breeding. More important to him, however, is the number of winners the stallion has sired. At the end of each year, a compilation is made showing the number of winners and the amount of money won which can be attributed to the leading stallions. These figures can be misleading: many stallions place well up on the list because they get win the sprints early in the year when the race goes to the swift and the strong; later, when the races grow longer, they fail to endure to the end. These flashy sprinters don't stand a chance in the Derby, the Belmont, or the Preakness, all of which are well over a mile.

2

THOUGH *Thoroughbred* is often confused with *pure-bred* by the layman, *Thoroughbred* is a breed of horses just as Jersey or Hereford is a breed of cattle, and only *Thoroughbreds* are permitted on the race track. All *Thoroughbred* bloodlines trace back through the sire to three English foundation horses of the eighteenth century: the Darley Arabian through his great-great-grandson, Eclipse; the Byerly Turk through his great-great-grandson, Herod; and the Godolphin Arabian through his grandson, Matchem. Through the dam's side, the breed traces back to some forty or fifty taproot mares, most of whom were unnamed. Over the years, breeders have tried to formulate breeding systems which will distil from this vast genetic stockpile colts who have the speed and stamina

necessary to beat a quarter horse at his best distance and go on with undiminished speed for a mile and a quarter. It has been found that lines of American-bred horses gradually tend to produce speedy animals which are lacking in endurance. To add endurance to our lines there is a constant stream of imported stallions from Europe — particularly from England and Ireland, where longer races are favored.

Every owner of a popular stallion is under the double pressure of collecting the maximum in stud fees for the services of his animal each season and still not booking him so heavily that it will affect his health. In making up the book for the stallion, the owner is keenly aware of the fact that his horse has around 120 days in which to impregnate all the mares booked to him. He is also aware of the fact that, on the average, it takes two or three matings for each mare got with foal.

He usually starts a young horse off with a book of around twenty mares and builds him up to where he hits a peak of forty. With forty mares on his book, a stallion will on the average cover a hundred mares in 120 days. If the mares were evenly spaced over this time there would be no problem at all. It is at the end of the breeding season, when barren mares are returning in numbers and he is used twice a day, that the whole procedure seems to grow a bit tedious for him. The stallion who has good luck in settling his mares early in the season, on the other hand, often is able to reopen his book and add one or two mares. One of the most heavily used stallions reported in recent years is *Khaled, the sire of Swaps, 1955 Kentucky Derby winner, who covered fifty-seven mares in the 1951 season.

During a heavy breeding season, most stallions lose two or three hundred pounds. The stud manager, therefore, tries to bring his animal to top condition at the opening of the season — and top condition in a stud horse does not mean fat. Fat, with most breeding animals, brings with it the danger of impotence. In the old days, stallions were exercised daily under the saddle to keep them in good hard condition. Now the trend is to put them out to pasture each day, letting them run as much as they will and curtailing feed. The Calumet stallions, for example, haven't had riders on their backs since the time, a few years ago, when a groom let a pretty visitor perch on Whirlaway's back for a picture. (It was found that this groom of Calumet was also selling hairs from the fabulously long tail of Whirlaway at the rate of 50 cents per fresh plucked hair.)

Since condition is maintained by the amount of feed, each stallion presents a different problem. During the summer when the flies are bad, the animals are kept in their darkened stables during the day and put out to pasture at night. In the winter, the process is reversed; every day, except when there is sleet or cold rain (snow doesn't seem

to bother the animals), the horses are out in their paddocks and in the barn at night. At Calumet, Eugene Palmer, the stud man, watches the stallions' weights and feeds them accordingly. "During the off season," he said, "we give Bull a couple or three flakes of hay during the day and three quarts of rolled oats. Cy and Sun Again get four quarts, and Ponder gets eight. In the winter we also give them hot mash a couple of times a week, and when the breeding season starts, Bull goes up to four quarts of oats and the others get almost double their off-season ration. It isn't that Bull wouldn't eat more if we'd let him — he'd gulp down a bushel of oats at a feeding — but he gets a belly on him like an old brood mare if you don't cut down on his feed. Bull and Cy are the hardest to handle. They're both lazy and won't get enough exercise; so in the summer we just leave them out longer and let the flies keep them moving."

There are various supplements of wheat germ oil and trace minerals on the market which are regularly fed to the stallions. Some farms add a feed of carrots during the breeding season, and some have been known to give their studs a helping of lettuce during this time. None of them, however, have abandoned oats and good pasture as the basic feeds.

The paddocks in which the stallions graze give an idea as to the cost of keeping a stud horse and also the nature of the beast. Each paddock is an acre or two in size, enclosed in a white paneled oak fence. A wire fence wouldn't do, because the horse wouldn't see it when running, and many a good horse has been killed or badly injured by plowing into one of them. Another added expense is that the paddocks must be separated by at least six to eight feet; so a single fence won't do to separate paddocks. Each animal needs his own paddock because these handsome, apparently tractable stallions would fight to the death if they could get at each other.

Another constant danger in handling horses is colic — a generic term applied to all forms of bellyache. The danger lies not in the cause of the trouble, or even the pain, so much as in the horse's reaction to it. As soon as he feels discomfort, he lies on the ground and starts rolling. This may ease the pain, but it can have disastrous effects. Being a roughage eater with no rumen, the horse has developed his intestine to take care of part of the job of digestion. When he starts rolling on his back, pitching his belly from side to side, he runs the danger of kinking or twisting the intestine. When this happens, he is a dead horse. Grooms and night watchmen must constantly watch for rolling. When a horse goes down, all hands are mustered to get him up and keep him walking while the veterinarian is on his way to treat the stomach disorder.

With such attention night and day it takes plenty of manpower to care for a barn full of stallions.

When February rolls around and the horse vans begin delivering mares, the work load can be handled only by teamwork. One crew of men unloads the mare, washes her, bandages her tail, and tests her to see if she is actually in heat and will receive the stallion. An ill-bred, frustrated stallion called the teaser is allowed to nuzzle her, nip at her, and go through all the basic preliminaries — usually across a stout hurdle. If she is truly in heat, these preliminary maneuvers put her in a receptive mood. If, however, she is not yet ready, she will attempt to emasculate, eviscerate, or at least lay the poor teaser out on the tanbark with a well-directed kick.

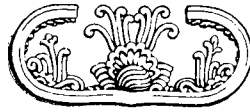
When the mare is ready she is led to the breeding barn, where the walls are padded for her protection. Here a crew of four men supervise the actual breeding, with a veterinarian in attendance to take care of any injury that might result to either animal and to make a check on stallion fertility. With each man doing his job and the animals performing well, as many as five mares can be bred to five different stallions in a half hour.

After the mating, the mares are shipped home and the stallions are led back to their stalls until their next breeding — which may be the same day or the following morning. And so, day after day, the stallion works, and by the end of the season may have grossed for his owner anywhere from \$100,000 to \$200,000 in stud fees.

At the end of the breeding season, the teaser is released from his tormenting job and the stallion retires for an eight-month rest. Shortly thereafter comes one of the tests of his popularity, the summer yearling sales.

First at Keeneland, near Lexington, and later at Saratoga, in New York, a strange assortment of bankers, industrialists, movie magnates, cosmeticians, gamblers, playboys, and others, with apparently nothing more in common than a large bank account and a love for horses, gather to listen to the exciting cry of the auctioneers and to bid on the young Thoroughbreds. It was at this Keeneland sale last summer that Dr. Esie Asbury, a Cincinnati bone specialist and Thoroughbred breeder, received \$80,000 for a colt by *Nasrullah, sire of the brilliant colt Nashua; and Miss Mildred Woolwine, a Kentucky breeder, walked off with \$120,000 for her consignment of two colts.

When at these sales the bidding gets high and the auctioneer's voice drops from a roar to a gentle, almost conversational pitch as he wheedles the bids up into the fabulous area, the buyers are well aware of the good mares behind the yearlings, but it is the names of such sires as Bull Lea, *Nasrullah, Roman, Man O' War, and *Alibhai in the pedigree, and the knowledge of what these great sires have been able to pass on to their get, that tempts the buyers to signal the auctioneer quietly and kick the bid up another thousand.



THE DYING MAN

by THEODORE ROETHKE

I HIS WORDS

“Man has created death.”

— W. B. YEATS

I HEARD a dying man
Say to his gathered kin,
“My soul’s hung out to dry,
Like a fresh-salted skin;
I doubt I’ll use it again.

“What’s done is yet to come;
The flesh deserts the bone,
But a kiss widens the rose;
I know, as the dying know,
Eternity is Now.

“A man sees, as he dies,
Death’s possibilities;
My heart sways with the world.
I am that final thing,
A man learning to sing.”

II WHAT NOW?

CAUGHT in the dying light,
I thought myself reborn.
My hands turn into hooves.
I wear the leaden weight
Of what I did not do.

Places great with their dead,
The mire, the sodden wood,
Remind me to stay alive.
I am the clumsy man
The instant ages on.

I burned the flesh away,
In love, in lively May.
I turn my look upon
Another shape than hers
Now, as the casement blurs.

In the worst night of my will,
I dared to question all,
And would the same again.
What’s beating at the gate?
Who’s come can wait.

III

THE WALL

WHAT apparition from the conscious mind
Moans at the sill? What longs to be reborn?
The figure at my back is not my friend;
The hand upon my shoulder turns to horn.
I found my father when I did my work,
Only to lose myself in this small dark.

Though it reject dry borders of the seen,
What sensual eye can keep an image pure,
Leaning across a sill to greet the dawn?
A slow growth is a hard thing to endure.
When figures out of obscure shadow rave,
All sensual love's but dancing on a grave.

The wall has entered: I must love the wall,
A madman staring at perpetual night,
A spirit raging at the visible.
I breathe alone until my dark is bright.
Dawn's where the white is. Who would know the dawn
When there's a dazzling dark behind the sun?

IV

THE EXULTING

ONCE I delighted in a single tree;
The loose air sent me running like a child —
I love the world; I want more than the world,
Or after-image of the inner eye.
Flesh cries to flesh; and bone cries out to bone;
I die into this life, alone yet not alone.

Was it a god his suffering renewed? —
I saw my father shrinking in his skin;
He turned his face: there was another man,
Walking the edge, loquacious, unafraid.
He quivered like a bird in birdless air,
Yet dared to fix his vision anywhere.

Fish feed on fish, according to their need:
My enemies renew me, and my blood
Beats slower in my careless solitude.
I bare a wound, and dare myself to bleed.
I think a bird, and it begins to fly.
By dying daily, I have come to be.

All exultation is a dangerous thing.
I see you, love, I see you in a dream;
I hear a noise of bees, a trellis hum,
And that slow humming rises into song.
A breath is but a breath: I have the earth;
I shall undo all dying by my death.



The exploits of midget assault craft in World War II provided what is unquestionably the brightest chapter in Italy's naval annals. Slow-speed torpedoes nicknamed "pigs," each operated by a crew of two men, sank the British battleship H.M.S. Valiant and blew up the British battleship Queen Elizabeth inside the port of Alexandria. Despite all precautions of the British Mediterranean Fleet, the Italian frogmen sank or damaged, all told, four warships and twenty-six merchant ships. COMMANDER LUIGI DURAND DE LA PENNE participated in a successful assault on Gibraltar before engaging in the sinking of the Valiant. His personal recollections he confided to a good friend, Captain Virgilio Spigai, an Italian submarine skipper. The following article is taken from his account as it appeared in the February issue of the United States Naval Institute Proceedings.

THE FROGMEN ATTACK

by COMMANDER LUIGI DURAND DE LA PENNE

as told to

CAPTAIN VIRGILIO SPIGAI

1

WE LEFT Rome by plane on December 12, 1941. There were three regular two-man crews and two additional reserve crews, making a total of ten men in all assigned to carry out the mission of attacking the British Fleet at Alexandria. Each human torpedo was to be manned by a commanding officer, seated forward at the controls, assisted by one diver, seated aft, whose principal responsibility was to help in the final and most strenuous part of the enterprise — the attaching of the warhead to the keel of the enemy warship.

Every branch of the officer corps was represented. I (de la Penne), the officer in charge of the assault crews, was a line officer; Antonio Marcegaglia was a naval engineer; Vincenzo Martellotta was a member of the construction corps. In the reserve crews were Sub-Lieutenant Luigi Feltrinelli, a line officer, and Surgeon Midshipman Giorgio Spaccarelli, a medical officer. The officers, all trained divers, were assisted by the following qualified deep-sea divers: Emilio Bianchi, Mario Marino, Spartaco Schergat, Armando Memoli, and Luciano Savare.

In addition to being volunteers, these officers and ratings were men of exceptional physique and endurance. Despite gaps left in our ranks by those who lost their lives or were taken prisoners during these actions, a great number of volunteers could be found right up to the end of the war.

Among the members of the assault crews there was complete awareness of the difficulties of the impending operation and the risks about to be

undertaken. Nevertheless, a very cheerful spirit was evident in the group. We knew that we were going to the submarine base at Leros in the Aegean Islands, on the island of Rhodes. There we would board the submarine *Sciré* and be transported to a point off the harbor defenses at Alexandria where we would don our diving suits, go out on deck and, while the submarine was submerged, launch our "pigs," get astride them, and somehow enter the harbor of Alexandria. On arrival in the midst of the British Fleet, and while it was still completely dark, we would attach the warheads to the bilge keels of the most important targets. What would happen to us upon completion of the assignment interested us only up to a point. If we were lucky, it might mean imprisonment for the duration of the war; if unlucky, it meant death. Being very young, none of us believed the worst would happen.

We reached Leros and proceeded to the submarine base, where we found the *Sciré* ready and waiting to take us to Alexandria. This submarine was specially equipped to carry human torpedoes. Cylindrical caissons had been mounted on deck from which the torpedoes could be launched submerged.

Obviously, to command a submarine of this type an officer of remarkable ability was needed. Such a person was found in Lieutenant Commander Principe Iunio Valerio Borghese, who had twice entered the Bay of Gibraltar, dropping off assault craft without the British being aware of it. At an earlier date some of our submarines had tried similar operations, and two of them, the *Iride* and the

Gondar, were sunk before reaching Alexandria. The main operative difficulty in the Eastern Mediterranean was the extreme clearness of the waters and the lack of depth close to Alexandria.

The assignment had been accurately worked out. It had been decided that we should move from Leros with the *Sciré* as soon as weather conditions, the moon, air reconnaissance observations, and the naval situation at Alexandria made it seem possible that the expedition could be undertaken against a target commensurate with our risks. We had complete faith in our "chariots" and in the submarine *Sciré*. We also had confidence in Commander Borghese and, of course, in ourselves.

The most trying thing about these operations is the waiting, but we were favored by Commander Borghese's decision to leave immediately. Hence, after removing the camouflage from the submarine which concealed it from air reconnaissance, we left Leros on December 14. We had to cross the Eastern Mediterranean submerged and at the same time avoid such obstacles as enemy air reconnaissance, naval visual reconnaissance, the minefields outside Alexandria, the electric antisubmarine mines and hydrophone signals, and finally radar indicators. It was these radar indicators which had been the reason for our unsuccessful attempt to break through to Malta four months earlier.

But all these difficulties were the submarine commander's worries, not ours. While the submarine advanced slowly and carefully toward its goal, we passed the time as best we could — reading, writing, and drinking enormous quantities of fruit juices. The *Sciré* was perfectly silent and had good air-conditioning and other characteristics which helped us to endure the journey fairly well in spite of the rough seas which aided Commander Borghese in avoiding the network of vigilance and in bringing the submarine to rest, earlier than anticipated, on the bottom at a point 45 feet in depth, 1.3 miles north of the lighthouse on the pier west of the commercial port of Alexandria.

Before submerging, the *Sciré* received from Athens reports of the afternoon reconnaissance by the Italian Air Force from the Egée air base. They reported many ships in the harbor of Alexandria, including two battleships of the *Queen Elizabeth* class. Although our enterprise had hardly begun, we felt a quiver of enthusiasm, as though the sinkings had already taken place.

2

REGULATIONS prescribed that the commanding officer of the submarine have full command of the expedition up to the point of launching the assault craft from the submarine. It was his responsibility to select the targets and designate the attackers. His assignments were as follows: —

To the chief of the expedition (myself) and chief

diver Bianchi, the first battleship. To Lieutenant Marceglia and diver Corporal Schergat, the second battleship. To the third crew, Lieutenant Martellotta and chief diver Marino, the following orders were given: "Check if there are any aircraft carriers in port. If no aircraft carrier is present, give up the idea of attacking smaller warships." This order implied that priority was to be given to tankers before cruisers. Tankers were given priority over cruisers in order to assist us in our secondary objective of setting fire to the fuel oil which would inevitably cover the surface of the water after the explosions.

Two reserve crews, under Sub-Lieutenant Feltrinelli and Midshipman Spaccarelli, were given orders to leave the submarine and assist the regular assault crews in taking the craft out of the caissons where they had been stored during the submarine's journey.

While these orders were being given out, we struggled into our assault kits. In the humidity and heat of the submarine it was quite a job to get into these special black rubber suits, which were perfectly airtight and perspiration-proof, and as oppressive as the strangle hold of a wrestler.

After we had dressed and put on our respirators and luminous, waterproof wrist watches, Commander Borghese ordered the *Sciré* to surface. Having given us his customary kick in the pants for luck, he sent us one by one up the vertical ladder in the escape hatch and we climbed out into the open air. The night was beautiful and still, and in the mild weather under the stars it seemed as though the war were a myth. Unfortunately, this illusion did not last long.

The submarine submerged with us on deck, and we began our work of taking the craft out of the caissons preparatory to leaving in formation for the entrance to the port.

Our SLC (slow-speed torpedo) assault craft units (which we called "pigs" or "chariots") were barely 20 feet long and had an overall height of about 3½ feet. They were powered by electric storage batteries. Fore and aft and amidships, small buoyancy tanks similar to those on submarines were placed for submerging and surfacing, with electric pumps for trimming. The speed of an SLC was just over 2 knots, and its cruising radius was 10 miles. To maneuver this seagoing automobile, we had to sit astride and work controls very much like those of an aircraft. The instrument panel with its luminous dials was similar to that of a plane. It contained a magnetic compass, a depth gauge, a manometer for registering pressure in the tanks, a voltmeter for the control of the batteries, an ammeter, and a spirit level for reading the angle to the horizontal.

The torpedo was equipped with a warhead which could be detached without interfering with the operation of the craft. This had been done pur-

posely so as to allow the operators to approach a ship, fix the charge in position, and get away. The charge was fitted with a time fuse. In addition, the assault craft itself was fitted with a self-destructive device which could be used when necessary to avoid its falling into the hands of the enemy. Ordinarily in such cases the operator set the self-destructor, locked the controls on full dive, sent the torpedo to the bottom where it destroyed itself, and then swam ashore following the attack.

The craft were tested for a depth of 100 feet and had been adjusted with infinite patience according to the results of exhaustive trials carried out at the La Spezia naval base and on the beach of the royal estate at San Rossore near Pisa. As a result of the trials in combat during the expeditions on Gibraltar and Malta (which cost the life of the assault craft's inventor, Captain Tesseo Tesi, Naval Engineer, and the imprisonment of his collaborator, Lieutenant Elios Toschi) we had confidence in the readiness of our craft.

Each craft was equipped with a full set of tools and instruments and was fitted with compressed-air net lifters and net cutters, heavy shears, clamps for the ship's bilge keel (we call them "sergeants"), and a crude sort of safety line called a "lift" which consisted of a rope tied to the operator and of sufficient length to permit him to leave his saddle, rise vertically from the craft, and return.

To attack a ship, one had to execute the following maneuvers: —

1. Approach on the surface with only the operator's head out of water until about 150 feet abeam of the target.

2. Submerge and approach until the operator could touch the ship's hull with his hands.

3. Proceed gently, feeling the ship's bottom by hand, until locating the bilge keel on the near side.

4. Fix a clamp on the bilge keel and secure it to the warhead with a line.

5. Continue all the way under the ship and secure the second clamp on the opposite bilge keel.

6. Secure the rope to the second clamp and stretch tightly.

7. Cast the warhead loose and move it along the line until it was suspended directly below the center line of the ship.

8. Set the time fuse.

9. Cast off and proceed to a point well clear of the ship.

The operator then set the self-destructor and tried to make good his escape. When the charge exploded directly under the ship's keel, it hit the ship in its most vulnerable and least protected spot.

It should be mentioned that before arriving at a ship, the operator usually had to pass through the boom defenses of the harbor. This he did by approaching along the bottom and lifting the net, or by approaching the net at a point where it could be cut with the compressed-air shears carried for

that specific purpose. During both of these operations, he hoped not to set off any of the explosives which were frequently to be found on the nets. After entering the harbor, the operator still had to proceed undetected to a point within the torpedo nets which were always placed around ships at anchor.

As a result of our experience during many training tests and expeditions, we had learned that the worst obstacle to success was not the enemy's lookout but the extreme cold, which, as time went by, took hold of us in a vise-like grip. Damage to equipment was also a constant and serious hazard. Rips inevitably occurred in the rubber diving suits during work, and permitted the entry of cold water. The respirators, too, might fail. Any one of a number of small hitches of this kind might interrupt an operation which represented many months of preparation. We had spent many months of training in cold water at night to get accustomed to the cold and to the dark. This we found useful only up to a point — beyond which, in cold-water operations, the operator had no alternative but to accept the hardship imposed by the cold. Experience had taught us that best results could be had by using bare hands. Finally, since our oxygen-filled respirators were good for only five or six hours, the whole operation had to be carried out within that limitation.

3

HERE is what happened that memorable night outside the harbor of Alexandria. We were delayed in leaving the submarine because one of the SLC storage cylinder hatches wouldn't open. During this perilous operation, Surgeon Spaccarelli nearly lost his life. As it turned out later, he fainted from oxygen poisoning induced by exertion and fell to the deck of the submarine — fortunately without sliding off into the mud on which the submarine was resting. He remained thus for nearly half an hour, and only by very good fortune was he discovered by his friend, Feltrinelli, who brought him back inside the submarine where he was finally revived.

Our attack group left about 9 P.M., and the submarine, having finished her role, departed and returned uneventfully to Leris.

Upon launching our "chariots" from the submarine, the three of us proceeded in formation on the surface toward the harbor. I was in the center, Marceglia on my left, Martellotta on the right. During the run in we proceeded without respirators, with our heads out of water. Two hours later we were abreast of Ras El Tin lighthouse and, to our surprise, arrived there considerably ahead of schedule. We therefore lay to, broke out our emergency rations, and had something to eat. The cold and the fresh air had given us a terrific appetite, and we felt it necessary to eat in order to be in top

shape when we neared the targets. Although the light in the lighthouse was out, the weather was so fine that we could see the structure.

Everything thus far had progressed as smooth as oil. Then, while we were eating, the lighthouse of Ras El Tin suddenly lighted up. At this time we were only 500 yards from it. So, very cautiously and very slowly, we moved farther away so as not to be seen. I decided to move at once toward the mouth of the harbor, which was some distance away, but of whose location I was now sure. At about midnight we heard — and felt — sharp underwater explosions which painfully constricted our legs, the only part of us under water. We rounded the south jetty by dead reckoning at minimum speed, keeping station on one another and with only the head of the forward pilot of each “chariot” above water.

We now found ourselves before the outer boom defense, which was patrolled by a large motorboat cruising back and forth and dropping occasional depth charges. Between the explosions it was very quiet, and we could hear a few men talking on the pier; in fact, we were so close that we noticed one of them carried a lantern in his hand. The periodic explosion of the depth charges was very annoying to the pilot, whose legs continued to receive the shock of each explosion. But far worse was the effect of these explosions on the number two pilot, who during this period had put on his respirator and ducked down so as to be completely submerged. He, of course, received the full jolt from each explosion.

Suddenly we saw signal lights showing at the gate of the boom. This meant that ships were about to enter the harbor. I decided to attempt to run in with the entering ships through the open gate rather than attempt to go under or through the net. We therefore proceeded to a position near an obstruction buoy hard by the gate.

Soon the lights on this buoy went on, and I had a glimpse of dark shapes rapidly approaching. This meant the gate was open. As it turned out, the shapes were three large British destroyers. Cautiously, I submerged and moved forward, and as I passed in the gate, the destroyer passed at what seemed like just a few inches over my head. Fortunately the surge from her bow forced me down, where I touched bottom — happy, indeed, to have missed the screws. As soon as I hit the bottom, I put on full speed, entered the harbor with the second destroyer, and then came up to the surface. By this time the third destroyer, which had followed closely behind, had entered, and it created a bow wave which hurled me against the inner obstruction buoy — luckily without serious effects. Since I had now entered the harbor, this small mishap did not worry me.

During this time, I had lost contact with my friends. This had been anticipated in the instruc-

tions, and so I made no effort to contact them but proceeded on toward my target with only my head showing above water. The third destroyer had stopped near me, her crew on deck preparing to anchor. I changed course, passed her astern, and steered over toward the northern inner breakwater and away from the quay so as to avoid the lights from land. En route to my objective, I passed two enemy cruisers moored stern to shore. I passed across their bows and under the stern of the French battleship *Lorraine*, which was moored near enough to the British battleship I was seeking so that as I passed beyond her I at last caught sight of my target. She was enormous — a 31,000-ton battleship. I was thrilled by the thought that the strength and daring of only two men were to cripple her.

4

A THOUSAND yards of fairly well lighted water separated us at this time, and across this stretch I slowly made my way with only my head showing. In this attitude I came up against the torpedo nets which surrounded the ship. I realized that I could not get through this obstruction without breaking surface with my whole assault craft. I dismounted into the water and, joined by my other operator, I pushed the “chariot” between two spherical floats. We simply could not avoid making some noise, but happily no one noticed us. During this operation my diving suit was punctured, and it immediately flooded. The intense cold bit into me with icy fingers.

I was now within 100 feet of the side of the battleship, with no obstruction in front. It was 2 A.M. on December 19, 1941. My present position was the result of six years of study and strenuous training. For a moment it seemed almost insignificant and hardly worth the effort. This fleeting thought departed as I put on my respirator, which I had not used during the approach to the battleship. I submerged to 20 feet and steered by compass on the bearing of the ship's funnel. This, I expected, would put me amidships.

In a few moments I struck against the hull but could not operate the controls to stop my motor because by now my hands were numb with cold. Out of control, my “chariot” suddenly became heavy and went to the bottom at 50 feet. I left the assault craft and swam up to the surface to check my position. I could see that I was about 45 feet forward of the number one stack. I then submerged, and followed my lift rope back to the “chariot,” where I found to my unpleasant surprise that my number two man, Bianchi, was missing and my motor refused to turn over.

Again I returned to the surface, but could find no sign of Bianchi. On board the enemy battleship everything was quiet. On my next trip down I found that a steel cable had wrapped itself tightly

around the propeller of my "chariot." I realized the motor would never move again, and I thereupon decided the only thing to do was to drag the torpedo along in the mud by main strength until it was directly beneath the ship. The mud was extremely gooey and cut out all visibility, but I guided my "pig" by the noise of one of the pumps on board the enemy ship.

The frightful effort made me sweat as if I were in a Turkish bath. Sea water seeped into my mask, and I had to drink it to avoid drowning. Although I was submerged in water and was drinking all the time, I had a continuous sensation of terrible thirst. After what must have been about a twenty-minute struggle, I noticed the noise of the pump becoming louder. I rested a moment and managed at last to check my heading by my compass and insure that I was going in the right direction. At the same time, the depth was gradually decreasing, showing that I was slowly approaching the ship's hull.

After about twenty more minutes, with increasingly longer periods of rest, for my strength was fast giving out, I hit the hull of the ship with my head. At last I had arrived! I was nearly exhausted. I checked my bearings, dragged the torpedo under the center line of the ship, attached the warhead, and set the fuses. I did not bother to set the clamps tight because by now I had no doubts as to our success. At the appointed time, everything would be blown up as planned — the ship, and the assault craft as well. Since its location on the bottom was so near the hull of the ship, the explosion would destroy both.

I floated up to the surface and took off my respirator. As I was swimming away, someone on the battleship's deck almost over me saw me and ordered me to stop. I paid no attention and kept on swimming until a hail of machine-gun bullets induced me to change my mind. I headed for the ship's mooring buoy, where to my great joy I discovered Bianchi. He had been overcome underwater but had revived when afloat, and with great intelligence, so as not to interrupt the operations or give the alarm, had swum slowly over and hid himself behind the mooring buoy. I reported that everything had been accomplished, but at that very moment I nearly lost my own life through stupidity. As the British were shouting at us from the bow of the ship, I thought to go on board by climbing up the anchor chain. But another deadly hail of machine-gun fire made me realize that I had better stay where I was. It was now three-thirty in the morning as Bianchi and I perched prudently on the buoy, awaiting developments.

After a while a boat came by to pick us up, and we were taken on board the British battleship. I handed in my identification papers, and at first was treated rather roughly, although not violently. I declined to give any information and smiled in-

wardly as the officer who made the cross-examination sympathized with me for the failure of our mission. Then we were taken by motorboat to Ras El Tin and questioned in Italian by other officers. Bianchi and I maintained our stubborn silence, although we were told they would find a way to make us talk.

After this we were taken back aboard the battleship and down into the forward hold between the two gun turrets. The men on guard were kind and generously offered us rum and cigarettes. Still aching with cold after my long immersion, I reflected on my future at this point. What would happen in this deep hold during the explosion? Would we die by drowning or be blown to bits? Bianchi didn't seem to be worried by this dubious choice and fell asleep. With deep satisfaction I noted that the ribbon on the sailor's cap said H.M.S. *Valiant*. Whatever happened to me, I could feel proud that I had fulfilled my mission to the letter. I had not failed my country.

Meanwhile, day was breaking. This meant only ten minutes were left before the explosion. I asked to be taken to the ship's captain and warned him to give orders to abandon ship and save the personnel, for the ship would be blown up within a few minutes. He still tried to get me to talk, but receiving no reply he had me sent back to the hold as the loudspeakers gave the orders I had suggested. So it was that I was deep down in the hold when the explosion occurred. But destiny did not intend that I should die at that moment.

The blast shook the vessel with extreme violence, the lights went off, and the hold was filled with smoke. But except for a pain in my knee, I was unhurt. The ship rapidly heeled over to port about five degrees and started to rest on the bottom. Groping my way up the ladder and through the open hatch to the upper bridge, I went toward the stern, where a number of officers were standing. They were watching the *Queen Elizabeth*, sister ship of the *Valiant*, which was anchored a hundred yards away from us. At that moment she too gave a terrific heave and blew up, belching scrap from her funnel and flooding the stern of the *Valiant* with gasoline. Then I knew that the brave efforts of Marceglia and Schergat had also met with entire success!

Once more Bianchi and I were taken down to the hold to see if we could be forced into giving information about possible further explosions; but when they decided it was useless to try to make us talk, they took us back to Ras El Tin, where we became official prisoners of war. That completes the story of my adventures on that memorable evening.

5

SINCE my story is only part of the mission so spectacularly accomplished, I must outline briefly

what happened to the other two crews, my companions in this adventure.

It was not quite four-thirty in the morning, but still very dark, when Marceglia and Schergat got away from the *Elizabeth*. The enterprise had been carried out to perfection and without notable incidents. Marceglia and Schergat sank their craft with its self-destructive device set and got ashore safely on the beach.

When it was daylight, they managed to avoid the port patrol and made their way to a bar in Alexandria by posing as French sailors. But here an unpleasant surprise awaited them — the money they had was British and did not circulate in Egypt. To change a small amount, they lost precious time and attracted the attention of the police. However, they did get as far as Rosetta, where 10 miles off the coast the Italian submarine *Saffiro* was waiting for them. But the next day, just as they were about to reach the sea and freedom, they were arrested by the Egyptian police, recognized as Italians, and handed over to the British.

Actually they had been lost by the stupid oversight concerning the question of money, and by their own lack of experience. Perhaps their first step should not have been taken toward the sea, but toward a religious institution, where they might have found sanctuary until the search had subsided.

The third assault craft, commanded by Lieutenant Martellotta, also carried out its mission. He went in search of a tanker as per orders, and located a large tanker of 16,000 tons, moored in

front of the fuel pier. Martellotta was overtaken by violent attacks of vomiting during the last part of the route; so it was impossible for him to use the respirator. Having reached the rudder of the tanker, he gave the diver orders to attach the charge under the keel anywhere, because it was impossible for one man alone to put the charge in the exact middle of the ship. This was done; however, the results were none the less effective, for at the given time a terrific explosion blew off the entire stern of the tanker. In addition Martellotta had set incendiary charges, but contrary to our expectations they did not ignite the oil spreading over the surface, and the harbor of Alexandria was saved.

Having conscientiously planted all the incendiary bombs, they sank their craft with its self-destructive device set and were able to land at the harbor coal pier and even get rid of their kit. Unfortunately, they were later caught and arrested while leaving the port, and were taken prisoners.

The Alexandria venture was neither the first nor the last attack made by the Italian assault craft of the Tenth Light Flotilla during World War II, but it was the most successful. At the cost to us of only six men captured, Great Britain was deprived of her last two battleships in the Mediterranean, as well as a large tanker, and her strategic position there was then completely reversed. For the first — and last — time in the course of the war, the Italian Navy achieved superiority and was able to dominate the Mediterranean until other operations again reversed the situation.



BEFORE YOUR THIRD

by E. A. MUIR

I SEE again your chores grow intricate,
While gravity increases and its center shifts,
While all you do becomes two things at once,
Making a bed and child, a meal and child,
A smiling wish and heedless, headlong child.

Deep into that mysterious state you swim,
Nodding, I gather, at familiar scenes,
Noting effects of time on famous landmarks,
Showing the boredom of the seasoned traveler,
With still occasional starts of recollection.

My masculine coherency assumes
This third excursion will bear cogent fruit,
Guesses that you are listening in your silence,
To gather facts and mend hypotheses,
Producing knowledge I will comprehend.

Yet I concede the only certain issue
Is your unweighted silence. That mute domain,
Anciently raised against the likes of me,
Will still forbid me intelligence from there,
Or even its colonies, until I die.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



A graduate of Smith College and a Yankee on both sides of the family, RUTH M. GOLDSMITH worked in publishing and for the Government on its economic warfare program in Spain and Washington before moving to Florida, where she now lives and does her writing. "Beyond the end of our road," she says, "lies the rather wild land with the tall pines and palmettos, such a place as might be good for setting up a still, for those so inclined."

MOONSHINE

by RUTH M. GOLDSMITH

THE day Ocie Powell's still blew up it brought down two ducks headed back north and an Ix ship that had been gliding low. Only the ducks were lucky enough to drop out of sight for good and miss the rest of the confusion.

For a time Ocie and his partners, Lee Oliver and Ranse Hawkins, lay where they landed in a clump of palmettos. Under the circumstances it was pleasant to rest there, even necessary. They'd found the cooking-off hot and tiring and tedious and had offered these findings to each other as reasons for sampling the run — until they got against giving reasons. Then they'd just kept on sampling. When they opened their eyes now the twisted pine branches above revolved around them. When they closed their eyes they revolved around themselves.

But the Ixians, glassy-green, four-legged, and two-headed, climbed out of their ship and set out determinedly to locate the disturbance that had brought them down.

The three men waited, patiently and peaceably, for the world to right itself, until the sound of tramping feet bothered them into raising their heads. The site had been chosen with an eye to the view. On a clear day and with normal vision they could see far across the level ground with its meager scattering of tall, straight-trunked pines — far enough in every direction to give them plenty of time to leave in case someone they didn't feel like welcoming was coming.

They saw the Ixians some distance away, spread out fanwise and moving toward them. The Florida sun sparkled sharply off the approaching figures, and the three looked around for their flat-topped cowboy hats and pulled them low over their eyes.

"Looks like the sheriff's done bought hisself some uniforms," Ocie said.

"Man, they sure are *bright*," Lee said. "They must've raised the fines to pay for that outfit."

"We'd better be getting out of here," Ocie said.

Spanish moss hung still on the branches, and mash dripped slowly down, as they studied the possibility. It meant getting up and going over to the truck, starting it up — which might be difficult because it was an aging and ailing machine — and then bouncing over the open ground until they came to the road. It was an energetic measure.

On the other hand, as Ranse Hawkins finally decided it, "We stay still, maybe they won't find us."

The feet tramped steadily nearer. Ocie found the funnel on the ground near him and, holding it to his eye like a telescope, peeked out once through the palmetto fans and spotted the antennae on top of the green heads. "Walkie-talkie," he whispered disgustedly, shoving the funnel in his pocket. "That ain't hardly playing fair."

The antennae bent and pointed at where the men were hidden, and quivered at each other. The feet trudged a little more and stopped. The three could hear better than they could see and they knew that they'd been ringed in.

They got up sheepishly, hands in the air.

"Howdy, Sheriff," they said pleasantly, swaying slightly toward the newcomers.

The delicate antennae swayed silently back at them.

It was a little interplanetary misunderstanding: a sheriff, like everyone else, and perhaps most especially a sheriff, ought to be friendly enough to

speak when he's spoken to, but the Ixians couldn't communicate except by their antennae. Otherwise, they might right now be receiving honors for concluding a successful expedition.

Having waved a cordial "How do you do?" with their antennae, they started moving off in the direction from which they'd come, back toward their ship, convinced that they could not pursue this investigation further and would have to mark the spot on their maps as a place to be avoided.

Ocie and Lee and Ranse moved with them, hands still in the air, but rapidly losing their peaceableness and patience. It was an odd procession. The Ixians, puzzled but still trudging, were zipping messages back and forth at the head, while the three men brought up a somewhat threshing tail — Ocie plump and looking plumper because he always stuffed things in his pockets, the other two long and lean and a little springy at the knees. The men were preoccupied with the affront of not having their greeting returned; and with their heads down to keep out the glare, they didn't even notice they were at the rear.

The sight of the grounded spaceship rubbed salt into their wounded feelings. "Wasting the taxpayers' money on newfangled swamp-buggies," Lee complained indignantly, "instead of spending it paving the roads."

"That's what comes of putting the wrong men in office," Ocie said. He'd been about to climb in the hatch, but he swung around abruptly. He was so mad he threw the first thing that came to hand — the funnel — against the side of the ship and didn't even notice how the antennae recoiled from the sharp sound.

"Sheriff," he said slowly, "there ain't *me*, nor nobody else in my family, ever going to vote for *you* again."

Darkness engulfed them inside the ship, and the only sound was of their own heavy breathing. It was a place where anyone who was going to have misgivings would have them, and Lee said, "I ain't so sure that was the sheriff. Looked a little different somehow."

"If they were federal men they should have said so," Ocie said, still hot under the collar. "By God, I'm going to ask them. They ain't got no right not to talk to me." He started up, but the ship lurched and it was too late then for doubt to rescue anybody. They blacked out as the ship took off.

2

A BOXLIKE room with metal walls and no windows, a single door with grillwork, dim light over all — that was what the three saw when they came to. They raised themselves carefully to sitting positions and reached for the makings of cigarettes.

"Tain't the county jail," Ocie said, authoritatively.

"It's some place," Ranse said, trying to hold the little cigarette paper steady in his hand, "that makes tobacco act like them Mexican jumping beans."

"Must be a federal prison," Lee said.

Ocie twisted the end of his cigarette slowly. "They can't put us in no federal prison — not without a fair trial, they can't." But the words were quiet; there was no strength left for fiery indignation.

It was at this moment that an Ixian appeared at the grillwork door. Silently and soberly they looked at it and saw a green creature with two heads and four legs and something sprouting from the top of the heads. A set of retractable arms reached out to grasp the grill as the creature pressed close to get a good look.

"Foreigners," Ocie said, over a dry throat.

"Enemies of the United States," Ranse concluded.

They'd been captured, that much they remembered. Usually they weren't. Among other reasons, they set up stills to show their spirit; they knew of the days when, it was said, every self-respecting man had a still, and by tradition they resented being told what to do or what not to do.

It was spirit that made them open their throats now, as they sat with their backs to the wall, and cut loose with the rebel yell; but it was fright that made their yell so fiendishly shrill.

There was nowhere for the shrieks to go except out the door, and there stood the green creature who couldn't talk, couldn't hear, except by means of his sensitive antennae.

The antennae recoiled, then started a long slow slide down the Ixian's foreheads. He fell away from the door and groped back to his companions. Hospitalized and nourished, he'd regain his faculties, but the wound was serious enough to put the green creatures on a split stick. Their instructions on leaving Ix had run more or less: Think. Think. Think. Establish satellite to revolve around earth, concealed from detection. Gather information by instrument from satellite and by trips to earth — analyze, correlate. Avoid provoking incident but take specimens when possible without arousing suspicion. Think. Think. Think.

They'd followed their instructions to the letter because obedience was second nature to them. It had happened that one of the ships sent out to explore had been accidentally brought to earth, and that some of the inhabitants had climbed aboard very willingly and accompanied them back to the base. As researchers they were inordinately pleased with the specimens; and with the inborn stubbornness of researchers, they didn't intend to be pried loose easily from the chance of gaining information from them. But the specimens had suddenly turned dangerous enough to put the whole undertaking in jeopardy.

They sent an urgent query back to Ix, asking what to do with the specimens, and decided that while waiting for an answer they would treat them with the great courtesy and respect due to the best thinkers, the greatest honor that could be accorded on Ix.

By the time two more of the Ixians had suffered the loss of antennae, due to the rebel yell, they divined that these particular thinkers didn't like to do their thinking in a small locked room.

So the door of the cell swung open and Ocie, Lee, and Ranse settled their cowboy hats on their heads in a manner that spoke of grim determination, and walked out as though they had holsters at the hip. The Ixians bowed respectfully as they came.

"Looks like the googies is trying to be friendly," Ocie said. They'd taken to calling their captors the googies because of the sound the padded feet of the Ixians made when they walked — like walking in shoes full of water. But the sudden friendliness didn't turn their heads and they countered it by just touching their hands to the big brims of their hats; their eyes stayed watchful.

With pride gleaming through their deference, the Ixians showed them the large laboratory where they weighed, measured, analyzed, and recorded information about earth and its life. It didn't interest their newest specimens at all. They had no reason to recognize the results of the studies and looked with suspicion even at such simple things as the Ixian equivalents of Bunsen burners and calculators.

The gardens were better. The plants grew in something like soil and were irrigated by what might be water. The googies offered them food and they ate and found it filling. "This ain't bad," Ocie said. He was partial to sweets and starches and he was eating something that tasted awfully sweet, though it looked like eggplant, and something that looked like wheat but tasted like corn.

"I'd rather have me a dish of okra or turnip greens or black-eye peas," Lee said.

"There's a plenty, anyway," Ranse said. "We won't go hungry."

The food did lull them though, and made the shock of their next discovery that much worse. Urged persistently toward the scanner, they finally made out enough to realize that that was earth way down there. Then someone let out a low whistle that made the googies step back apprehensively.

Ocie pointed to the far-off earth and pointed to himself and the others and made motions of flying by flapping his arms. Relieved and happy, uncomprehending, the googies waved their antennae wildly in return.

"Looks like we're going to have to *fight* our way out of here," Ocie said.

"We fight our way out of here" — Ranse shook his head — "and we're in for a right smart *drop*."

The three returned to their cell by preference.

They studied all around their problem but couldn't come up with a way of getting back to earth.

"It never rains but it pours," Ocie said, searching his pockets. "Getting treed by a bunch of foreigners and now I don't know where my tobacco is at." He brought something out of his pocket but it wasn't tobacco. It was yeast, and then the plan came together, just naturally.

"Eggplant sweet as sugar," Lee said.

"Something that tastes like corn must *be* like corn," Ocie said.

"Plenty of equipment in that place where they work," Ranse said, getting up and pushing his hat back to a jaunty angle.

3

THE Ixians were pleased to see their specimens making use of their facilities and settling down to study. They came over to watch whenever they could spare a minute from their own work, and admired the extremely careful attention the three gave to their operations. They felt a sort of dry-as-dust affinity for the experimenters, and hoped to learn a great deal.

They did. The result of the studies wasn't good but it was whisky — clear, scalding, and with powerful effect on the googies. "Why, they got a skinful," Ocie remarked in astonishment, "just from dipping their sprouts in the stuff."

And considerably later, Ranse said wearily, "I never seen anyone get such a *long* jag from just such a little."

Picture the poor Ixians, precision workers of the cosmos, who always measured by the finest lines of the instrument, always calculated to more places than was necessary, always checked and rechecked results like little victims of compulsive behavior complexes — picture the Ixians, freed for the first time from the burden of being exact!

They sent Ix a report that earth was the most amazing thing they'd ever seen; that it doubled itself and bounced in its orbit; that it defied description; and, finally, that they couldn't bear to *think* about it. The ships that were supposed to go to earth would sometimes go there and sometimes just race each other through space like hot-roads.

Anxious queries ticked in from Ix, but all these were torn from the machine without being read, folded into miniature spaceships, and sent sailing. For the three master distillers the Ixians felt nothing but good will sprinkled with prankish affection, slapping them on the back with their antennae and tugging their big hats down over their eyes whenever they came near. So Ocie and the others forgot about trying to talk to them and stayed in their cell as much as possible.

"Well," Ocie said by way of consolation, "it was a good run, anyway."

"Yep," Lee said, "and it sure was nice not having to watch for the sheriff while we was cooking off."

"It sure was," Ocie said.

"It sure was," Ranse said slowly, and by then the plan had come together, just naturally.

"You can talk googie better than us," Lee said to Ocie. "You got more padding, so you can listen to them better. You can talk them into taking you down and bringing you back. It ain't as though they was losing us for good."

The understanding of the googies had expanded amazingly. They landed Ocie near the wreckage of the still and he signaled for them to wait, and drove off to town in the truck.

It was while he was in the store buying twenty cases of fruit jars that he had the bad luck to run into the sheriff. "Howdy, Ocie," the sheriff said. "That's a powerful lot of fruit jars for a single man to be buying."

"It sure enough is, Sheriff," Ocie said. "And I'll swear, that's just what I told my friend when he asked me to get them for him. But he's courting this widow woman and he's just got a notion that if he takes around these fruit jars, and some fruits and vegetables for her to put up in them, she'll just naturally ask him around to help eat them."

"I'm real glad to hear that, Ocie," the sheriff said. "Real glad. I'd sure hate to come along, just doing my duty, and find you using them jars for something illegal."

"If I was you I wouldn't waste no time looking, Sheriff," Ocie advised him honestly, "'cause you ain't likely to find me."

All the same, when Ocie went back on the satellite and told of the meeting, the three agreed they'd better delay the first delivery to earth while the sheriff had time to hunt and not find.

When they were finally ready to go, another batch was ready for cooking off. They instructed the googies in the intricate process and left three of them to tend to it. But they didn't realize what a fine time the googies were having being irresponsible for a change.

The Ixians landed them on earth again with their load and they transferred the fruit jars full of whisky from the ship to the truck and covered them with a tarpaulin. Lee and Ranse sat in the cab with Ocie, and the happy Ixians sat on the load and on the tailgate, swinging their legs. They liked the feeling of the cool dark air flowing by their antennae, and the unpredictable bouncing of the truck made the green creatures merry. They laughed at the way foliage and phone poles rushed into the beam of the right headlight and then vanished. There were things on earth they never knew existed.

The three Ixians left on the satellite suspected

they were missing a lot of fun and took off to join the others. The fire under the cooker was left to itself.

A Highway Patrol car parked at an intersection signaled the truck to stop. "Your left headlight is out," the trooper said, coming up to the cab.

"Officer," Ocie said, "I'm aiming to get that fixed soon's I get to town."

"Let's see your license," the trooper said sternly, playing his flashlight into the cab of the truck.

Ocie started searching his pockets. "I got it right here somewhere," he said.

The trooper took a step to the rear and played his flashlight over the back of the truck. The Ixians sparkled and shone in the beam. All those heads and legs were green, glittering, and unnerving. But the Ixians saw only a man and they were full of good will toward men. Antennae whipped out to slap him on the back; arms reached out and pulled his big-brimmed trooper's hat down snugly over his eyes.

Ocie accelerated and took the next turnoff back the way they'd come.

There was a mysterious flash in the sky that night that some people are still wondering and talking about. But the three guessed what had happened when they found the googies who'd been left to tend the cooking-off waiting by the other ships.

"The still must have blowed up," Lee said.

"It must have blowed the whole place up with it," Ocie said, "and that's a pity 'cause that was a right nice spot. We ain't likely to find as pretty a one again soon."

"Maybe they can piece it together again," Ranse said, "afterwards. Right now, we got to get this stuff hid."

"We bury it under the road," Ocie said. "The law'll never think of looking for it there."

They'd only started to dig up the dirt road when the sound of approaching feet stopped them.

But it wasn't the Highway Patrol, nor the sheriff and his deputies, nor agents of the State Beverage Department or the Federal Alcohol Tax Unit. For the first time in Ixian history a police force had been sent out to bring back an expedition.

The police bowed slightly and began a rapid quizzing of the renegades with their antennae. Sobering, the googies answered falteringly; and sobered, they waved their antennae sadly toward their friends and took off obediently with their police.

The three returned to their digging.

"They'll probably just get fines, maybe suspended," Ocie said, trying not to feel so bad.

The sound of the shovels was all that was heard for a while; then Ocie said, "I ain't ordinarily a drinking man, but it'd be a shame to bury *all* these jars, after what we been through."

"It sure would," Lee said.

"It sure would," Ranse said.



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THE CRISIS OF FRENCH COLONIALISM

by HERBERT LUETHY

TO SPEAK today of the French Colonial Empire is, of course, to speak of something belonging to the past. Juridically speaking, the Empire no longer exists, for the French Constitution of 1946 replaced it by the vague and never clearly defined concept of the French Union, which in theory at least excludes all idea of domination. For years the politicians of France acted as though they could change the name from Empire to Union without having to alter anything else, but that illusion has since been cruelly shattered. While the French possessions in Asia — the most peripheral of the Empire — have had to be abandoned, the African mass of the old Empire so far remains intact. But it is already clear that if any of it is to be saved, it will have to be through far-reaching changes in France's relations with her overseas territories.

To understand what it is that is now in the process of changing, we must first have some idea of what the Empire once was. To find the living incarnation of the French imperial idea you have to go down to Negro Africa and meet the dark-skinned voter of Senegal who proclaims his French citizenship with exactly the same pride that Saint Paul took in calling himself a *civis romanus* — with the consciousness that this is the supreme dignity that man can aspire to. Indeed, in certain of its fundamental aspects this French Empire has no other parallel in history than the Roman — above all in its conception of universal civilization in the proper and primitive sense of the word: that in which to “civilize” means to “make citizens.” And yet the France of the Third Republic which built this Empire bore little resemblance, either in power or in will power, to Rome, mistress of the ancient world. The French Empire, indeed, has been one of the most paradoxical and misunderstood realizations in European history; and like many other historic achievements, we may only be

able to do it full justice in retrospect, when we can compare what follows with what went before.

Even in France, people began taking notice of this immense imperial domain only when the emancipated countries of Asia and the Middle East started attacking it from all sides. The truth is that the colonies and metropolitan France have not shared the same past, and it is probably since the Liberation of 1944 that they have definitely ceased to understand each other. It was with deep instinctive distrust that the “internal” resistance saw troops and leaders from the colonies arrive in France in the days of liberation. It was the meeting of two forces which were strangers and slightly suspicious of each other. Liberated France hastened — on paper at any rate — to abolish its Colonial Empire. As usual, it was only the name that was being abolished. But this embarrassed haste was characteristic. To talk of the Colonial Empire in the Third Republic had always been to talk of something scandalous. It was something which existed and which Frenchmen could take pride in, but basically it was contrary to republican principles.

Hundreds of French history books have been written in which colonial politics are mentioned merely in passing, as a sort of curiosity, a series of more or less successful adventures. In these histories only the most dubious episodes of French colonialism are mentioned: the speculations of John Law and the Mississippi Scandal; the casual abandonment of those “few acres of snow,” as Voltaire called Canada, and of the “fairy-tale” Empire of India which cost Dupleix so much effort and ingenuity to build for Louis XV; Toussaint L'Ouverture and the Saint Vitus's dance of the rights of man in Santo Domingo; Napoleon's dreams of world domination in the shadow of the pyramids; the famous “flick of the fly-whisk” (administered by the Dey of Algiers to the French

Consul in 1827) which precipitated the conquest of Algeria, a maneuver intended to save the crumbling monarchy by diverting public attention abroad; Napoleon III's adventures in Cochin China, Syria, and Mexico; the multiple intrigues of the Moroccan crisis. In short, an uninterrupted repetition of mishaps culminating in the 1890s in the Panama Scandal and Fashoda Incident.

Such was approximately the conception of the French Empire in the popular historical writings of the Third Republic. It was all the product of an obscure agitation carried on in the wings of the French political stage. The "people" had nothing to do with these machinations, plotted behind their backs by the tycoons of big business and banking, by the clergy and the military, all busy trying to rebuild overseas the Bastilles which the "people" had torn down at home.

No one went out of his way to thank the Comte de Polignac after the capture of Algiers in 1830 for having rid the Mediterranean of a nest of pirates that had infested it for centuries, and for laying the foundation of a Colonial Empire destined to replace the one which the French Revolution had liquidated. The whole Algerian expedition was treated as nothing more than a wretched electoral maneuver and a pretext for regaining diplomatic prestige which aroused general mirth in Paris. Each new budget debate provoked uproars against the cost of this "mad undertaking." It was only grudgingly that the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe finally bowed before the *fait accompli* of a colonial implantation which the French generals were systematically extending into the interior of Algeria. Deputy Passy summed up these debates in a remark which deserves to remain famous: "As far as I am concerned, I would give up Algiers any day for a shack on the Rhine."

Architects of the Empire

Fifty years later French public opinion reacted in the same way to the punitive expedition dispatched to crush the "Kroumir plunderers," which led to the establishment of a French protectorate over Tunisia. "What idiot," cried Henri Rochefort, the most brilliant polemicist of the Third Republic, "no matter how big his goitre, is going to be made to believe by the government that we are going to spend hundreds of millions and immobilize forty thousand men in Tunisia, solely to punish three Kroumirs, who, from time to time, rob our colonials of a cow worth ninety francs? We are sure that the Ferry government would offer thirty thousand francs to whoever would get it a Kroumir, if only to display it to the army as a sample. Unfortunately, there are just no Kroumirs on the market."

Before a Paris jury the polemicist was acquitted with considerable *éclat* of the libel charge brought against him by the government. Ferry, the Prime Minister, fell after an exceptionally tumultuous

session of the Chamber of Deputies. But the enraged Parliament, after formally condemning the Tunisian expedition, was forced to ratify the Treaty of Bardo, establishing the protectorate. The French were there; therefore, they would stay.

Jules Ferry, the "architect of the French Empire," is a symbol. Four years later he had to appear before a furious Chamber to justify his having undertaken the campaign of Tongking in northern Indochina. This time it was not just a question of a parliamentary vote of defiance. In front of the Palais-Bourbon a furious crowd argued as to whether Jules Ferry — the "Tunisian," the "Tonkinois" — should be strung up on a lamppost or tossed into the Seine. He had to escape by a side door. But the French stayed on in Indochina.

Today the work of French colonization enjoys less popular esteem than ever at home. To judge by the Paris press, the war in Indochina was one uninterrupted series of sordid deals, odious traffickings, and speculations, from the "Emperor of the Night Clubs," Bao Dai, to the constantly half-smothered and rekindled scandals involving piasters, peddlers of political influence, and lucrative acts of treason. Recent events in North Africa have likewise brought out the sullen hostility existing between the parliamentary republic at home and the overseas French — settlers, high administrative officials, and officers of the Army of Africa — who have consistently refused to respect the decisions of the "government in Paris." The Moroccan *coup d'état* of August, 1953, which removed Sultan Ben Youssef from his throne, was a local plot in the purest Franco style engineered by Marshal Juin and the Pasha of Marrakesh against the vacillating will of the French government.

Yet it would be equally possible to write another history of overseas France in which the quarrels and scandals in Europe appear only as stupid and sometimes destructive interruptions of the vast, audacious, patient, century-long work of those pioneers and Empire-builders whose achievements ignorant politicians and demagogues at home have never ceased to dissipate on the Rhine and in Flanders, if not in budgetary debates and corridor intrigues. For France has certainly the greatest and oldest colonial tradition of all the nations of Europe. Prior to the English, the French between 1650 and 1750 established a protectorate over a large part of India, the last five trading posts of which were surrendered to New Delhi a year and a half ago. They were the first to bring European colonization to the interior of North America. France is the only country which, having lost almost all of one vast Colonial Empire, set out again to build another — one that is still the second largest in the world.

The Empire of Richelieu and Colbert, however, was not the first; the history of French colonialism really starts at the beginning of our millennium with the Norman expeditions and reaches its apogee

in the Crusades and the Franco-Latin Empire of the East. Barely one hundred years after their debarkation on the soil of France, those Scandinavian pirates, the Normans, took off again as French conquerors, sowing French culture and language in every direction, from England to Sicily and Jerusalem. Here for the first time we encounter that astonishing power of assimilation of a people which — right up to yesterday — had no doubt of its ability to weld all peoples and races together in the melting pot of France, and to turn them into Frenchmen whether they were Kabyles, Tuaregs, Madagascans, Annamites, or Indians.

“Cultural imperialism”

Underlying this “absurd dream” is the naïve and unlimited confidence in its own human and spiritual indestructibility of a nation which has always wished to possess not an ethnic or racial but a cultural unity, open to everything that is human. Since the Middle Ages there has existed what we might call a French “cultural imperialism” which, alongside of other more down-to-earth motives, has been one of the driving forces of French colonial, and even foreign, policy. This cultural imperialism of France has always implied a degree of receptivity to, and a readiness to appropriate, what is foreign.

These were the qualities exhibited by those French pioneers who played so great a role in the history of overseas France, the Cailliés and the Foucaulds, who became natives, Indian or Negro tribal chieftains, sheikhs, ulemas, Marabouts, fellahs, or mendicant pilgrims on the road to Mecca — men who penetrated different civilizations without ceasing to be French; men who conquered new realms of the human spirit for France.

Throughout this colonial history, the French back home had no understanding of what was going on or of what was at stake overseas. They had to be confronted with *faits accomplis*, convinced by appeals to patriotic pride, seduced by glittering promises of gold mines, before they would consent to contribute the minimum aid needed to complete the work begun. The Empire was built, almost in spite of them, by those who labored and risked everything on the spot — the settlers, legionnaires, missionaries of the Catholic faith or of French culture, entrepreneurs and adventurers, whom this ostensibly stay-at-home people has produced in such extraordinary profusion. It was maintained by any means at hand against the slogan-mongers of metropolitan France who bickered over every budgetary penny and were ever ready to “give up Algiers for a shack on the Rhine.”

The paradoxical feature of this Empire has been its idealism. The Empire of France has always been a luxury, a question of prestige, of international rank, of cultural glory, far more than something necessary or useful. Tending to be self-sufficient, metropolitan France has never felt the

desire or the need to exploit the work of her Empire-builders. Thus, never even in the most limited sense has she developed an imperial economy. Before the First World War, when she was the banker of the world, France invested 45 billion francs abroad, but of this immense sum barely one tenth went to her colonies. From the Tsar of Russia and other European monarchs the Third Republic bought bonds which were eventually eaten up during the war, but it made no real “investment” of its funds overseas. The military conquest and pacification of the colonies cost it 10 billion francs, but it could not even spare half that amount for their economic development. In the last budget for the colonies before the Second World War — that of 1938 — the French State devoted 2½ per cent of its allocations to its overseas possessions, four fifths of which went to the army.

The colonies compete with home

Behind the tariff walls shielding the colonies, French trading companies have lived comfortably off the sale of commercial products manufactured for the natives and off the import of colonial products sold on the home market. From the start it was extensive colonization of the mercantile and almost feudal type, with trading stations and large landed estates rather than small settlements and industrial plants. The colonies have thus become simple extensions rather than partners of the metropolitan French economy.

The economy of Algeria after one century of French domination offers the most dramatic illustration of this tendency carried to extremes. With fierce exclusiveness the French settlers of Algeria grow wheat, the overproduction of which in France has already entailed a cutback in sown areas; and they produce wine, which, since the drinking of alcohol is forbidden to faithful Moslems by the Koran, can only find a market in France, a wine-producing country par excellence. The result is that metropolitan France must now protect herself with a tariff barrier against this very Algeria which is integrated into the political, administrative, and fiscal system of the “one and indivisible” Republic.

This, of course, is an extreme case. Yet it is a fact that up until the First World War nine tenths of what France — herself an agricultural country — imported from her colonies consisted of foodstuffs. The progress made by the banana-growers of French West Africa has caused panic among French fruit-growers at home; coconut-palm and ground-nut oils have seriously threatened French olive oil; rum from Martinique has competed with French cognac and *eau de vie*. As a result, hardly a single colonial product has been spared by the French customs. Prohibited too has been all industrial development in the colonies, even of the humblest local industries for the processing of native foodstuffs or minerals.

The sanctity of metropolitan France's monopoly position was always the first principle of French colonialism.

Two territories, before the war, stood out as exceptions in this scheme of things: the two youngest and most modern of France's colonies, Morocco and Indochina. A more up-to-date brand of colonization was able to assert itself here — thanks, in the case of Indochina, to its very distance from France, which in a way protected it; and, in the case of Morocco, to the grandiose views of Marshal Lyautey, who “launched” the protectorate much as one launches a business. In the latter case, this has been furthered by the fact that the Treaty of Algeciras of 1906 recognized the commercial “open door” and thus prevented Morocco's incorporation into the French colonial system. Here the spirit of French enterprise has shown that when faced with foreign competition it can meet the test, and that all it has lacked elsewhere has been the invigorating experience of being obliged to stand up to its rivals.

One hundred million sons of France

What metropolitan France has always expected of “greater France” is the “making of Frenchmen” — French citizens, of course, but first and foremost French soldiers. For the native elites the narrow gate providing access to French citizenship has always been the French high school diploma; but the great highway open to all has been the chance of serving under French colors in time of war.

All the French “laws of assimilation” and the mass grants of citizenship date from war years: 1870–71, 1914–18, 1943–45. It seems to have been General Mangin, that hero of the First World War, who first spoke of France as a country numbering not forty but one hundred million Frenchmen. It is on the battlefield that the great dream of making men of all races into sons of France has found its basic and concrete expression. In her colonies France has found no dearth of soldiers. Here, where it has kept the spirit of the *ancien régime* alive more successfully than at home, the army has been the great crucible of assimilation. Out of Arabs and Berbers, out of Senegalese and Madagascans, it has created French patriots; whereas only too often French schools have produced intellectuals who, in the sacred name of republican principles, have revolted against French colonial rule. Nothing could better illustrate the efficacy of the military crucible than that corps which groups under its banners men who are neither French subjects nor the sons of primitive peoples — the Foreign Legion.

Here again the Second World War dealt a mortal blow to the old French imperial structure, not so much by the defeats that France suffered in the course of it in Europe and Asia as by the chaotic events of its aftermath. For the old French colonial army, with all its glamour and glory, is now no

more than a memory of yesterday. At the end of the war the Army of Africa was simply liquidated for having been an “instrument of Vichy.”

Within this image of a greater France of one hundred million sons all the ideologies and traditions of France clash together and are blended: rhetorical enthusiasm and harsh realism, humanitarian sentiments and the brutal necessities of military recruiting, the egalitarian idealism of the Jacobin revolutionary and the Christian missionary spirit of the *ancien régime*. All of them fuse to form that notion of mankind on the march, moving forward to join a frontierless France, a France which is the “nation of man” par excellence. *La patrie de l'homme* is a phrase which a facile rhetoric has almost completely discredited, but to see in it nothing but empty words and grandiloquence is to fail to grasp the true grandeur and crisis of the French imperial idea.

It is true, of course, that of these one hundred million Frenchmen, sixty million remain far from the appointed goal and only too often very distant indeed from what may be called human dignity. But in this myth they are on the march, and the elect, who have already reached the goal, beckon them on. In the symbolic figure of the Negro governor of the Tchad, Eboué, the first Frenchman in Africa to rally to General de Gaulle in 1940, this myth received its first great embodiment.

From Empire to Union

The first imperial conference, held by the Free French in January of 1944 under de Gaulle's chairmanship, reaffirmed the principles and aims of French colonialism more categorically than ever. “We read from time to time,” declared the Commissioner for the Colonies, René Plevin, “that this war must end by what is called the emancipation of colonial peoples. But in the great Colonial France there are neither peoples to be freed nor racial discriminations to be abolished. . . . There are populations that we intend to lead step by step to higher stages of individual expression, and in the highest stages to full political franchise, but which have no wish to experience any form of independence other than the French.”

The preamble to the declaration summing up the decisions of the Brazzaville Conference was even more emphatic: “The aims of the civilizing work accomplished by France in the colonies exclude any idea of autonomy, any possibility of evolution outside of the framework of the French Empire. The establishment in the colonies of *self-government*, even as a distant prospect, is to be discarded.” The very term “self-government” figures in English in the text like some foreign body, utterly indigestible and alien to French language and thinking.

When the time came in 1945 to transform the French Empire into the French Union, the idea of granting the Arabs of North Africa, the Mada-

gascans, or the peoples of the ancient civilization of Indochina the vital minimum of autonomy which the British Commonwealth, if only for reasons of administrative efficiency, grants to the humblest Negro kingdom proved even more inadmissible for the French colonial reformer of the Left than for the most impenitent colonialist of the Right.

"The colonies will always be subjected to the same administrative forms as France. There can be only one good way of administering. If we have found it for the countries of Europe, why should those of America be deprived of it?" This classic formula of Boissy d'Anglas, the chairman of the Committee on Colonial Affairs in the Revolutionary Assembly that debated the Constitution of 1791, has remained one of the Ten Commandments of French politics. Federalism, autonomy, decentralization, the recognition of ethnic or religious differences, are things that have always seemed suspect to French politicians and jurists, particularly of the Left. Here federalism is synonymous with reaction, conjuring up echoes of the royalist uprising of the Vendée in 1793, the Action Française, provincial clericalism, and the Vichy regime.

When the first Constitutional Convention reassembled in Paris after the war, it solemnly condemned colonialism and treated the institutions of the French Union as a simple chapter of the Constitution of the Republic. "The Colonial Empire is dead," proclaimed Pierre Cot, the head of the Convention's Committee on Colonial Problems. "In its place we are setting up the French Union. Enriched, ennobled, and enlarged, France tomorrow will number one hundred million citizens and free men." Unanimously adopted by the Convention, this *Lex Caracalla* of May 7, 1945, has remained the charter of French colonial policy ever since: "From the 1st of June, 1946, all natives of overseas territories (Algeria included) are legally considered citizens, on the same footing with the nationals of metropolitan France."

Thus the nation of one hundred million citizens became a political reality. It is difficult to go back on pledges, no matter how lightly made, once they have received the solemn consecration of law. To limit the damage, the second French Constitutional Convention, held in 1946, contented itself with leaving every possible escape hatch open for future "interpretive decrees" and local statutes. Thus revised, the Constitution of the French Union was no more than a hodgepodge of contradictory articles and conflicting theses. At the very end a couple of laconic paragraphs were thrown in which allowed everything to tumble back into the old well-worn groove. The French Parliament remained the legislator for overseas France; the governor of each colony, named by the French government and responsible to it alone, remained the head of the local administration and the sole depository of executive power. Behind the smoke-screen promise of

assimilation for all the peoples of the French Union there remained the stubborn realities of administrative centralization — the wordless fact of colonialism in practice.

The tragedy of Algeria

All this engendered an inevitable crisis for the new French Union. It was first felt over the problems raised by the concept of assimilation, and notably in the case of Algeria, an integral part of metropolitan France. When for the first time in 1946 thirteen Algerian Moslems, elected by a separate and less-privileged electoral college, took up their seats in the French Assembly, it came as a shock to the French to realize that these men felt themselves more Algerian and Arab than French. The result was a clash, at once tragic and grotesque, between the stirring old notion of human progress and this jarring new reality. "I am here to represent the interests of my country," declared Ferhat Abbas, the leader of the autonomous movement that had issued the "Algerian Manifesto." Whereupon he was assailed from all sides by indignant cries: "No, sir, your country is France!"

Officially there is no such thing in France as Algeria or Algerians, but simply five (formerly three) departments on the other side of the Mediterranean — departments which are exactly like any other and administered by prefects appointed by the Minister of the Interior in Paris. The Algerian representatives from these departments (whose re-election to office was suspended last winter) were supposed to symbolize that "greater France" which makes no distinction between races and colors. But whenever, as harbingers of an equality that is yet to come, they denounced the inequalities of the present, they were accused of ingratitude toward the mother country. Their misadventures, indeed, assumed all the aspects of a cruel farce. When they wanted to speak as Algerians, they were reminded that they were French deputies, and that they must act as such; but when they wanted to discuss some French domestic issue, they were indignantly shouted down with the cry, "What business is it of yours?"

What in the French Assembly has only too often been a lamentable comedy has become a full-scale tragedy in Algeria. For the sublime ideal of one hundred million French citizens, translated into a juridical fiction, has become a deadly trap from which there is no escape. Since legally there are no such things as Algerians (in the parliamentary jargon they are referred to simply as "French Moslems"), there can be no compromise. Their rights may be limited, they may have a standard of living that is ten times lower than the French, four fifths of them may never have gone to school and be unable to read or write a word of French, but according to the official myth they are French citizens. Any Algerian nationalist or autonomist is

thus automatically regarded as a bad citizen, a rebel, a traitor, and a deserter, rather than as a partner with whom the ticklish problems of co-existence should be discussed.

The melting pot of Empire

It would be a grave mistake to see nothing but hypocrisy in all this, even though there is no lack of administrative hypocrisy in practice. The idea of a "greater France," of France as a melting pot of races and civilizations, has been one of the few genuine empire-building ideas of modern times. It is this myth which once gave the French Empire its cohesion, and it is still so deeply rooted in the French consciousness that the crisis affecting it reaches down to its very foundations. It is a crisis in the pretension to universality of a civilization which has always aspired to be that of all mankind.

In its heyday this pretension to universality implied a power of assimilation of the foreign and an openness toward the new and different which form two facets of the same phenomenon: that tranquil self-assurance which allows a man to divest himself of all external signs of superiority without fear of losing his own personality. For centuries France possessed this certainty of herself which did not have to assert itself in extravagant gestures or dig itself into intransigent positions to make itself felt, and perhaps the greatest problem now facing France is this crisis in her own self-confidence.

Within the walls of a single monolithic state — "one and indivisible" — the French melting pot of races has ceased to bubble and has grown cold. The bureaucratic and juridical assimilation of the French colonies has become the very caricature of the true assimilative force which the idea of French civilization once possessed. The unilateral subjection of all citizens of the Empire to a uniform administrative yoke has, in fact, stunted all efforts at mutual comprehension and the exchange of views between Frenchmen and native populations.

The transformation of Algeria into a "100 per cent French land" is an extreme example of the tyranny of this legal fiction. For one thing today is certain: the Algerians are less likely than ever to become French now that they see Tunisia and Morocco on either side of them becoming independent Moslem states. For half a century the French administration of the protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco was — in spite of obvious differences of status — copied from the administration of Algeria, and nothing can now insulate Algeria from a contagious influence working in the reverse direction.

Yet complete secession from the French Union would offer Algeria no future. After one hundred years of colonization and mutual exchanges of populations, the links between France and Algeria have grown so strong that they can no longer be cut without mortally injuring both countries. The

hatred that has arisen between Algerians and Frenchmen has, in the last analysis, only become so bitter because it was born of a frustrated love, of disillusioned hopes. The Moslems of North Africa have heeded the voice of Cairo because for so long Paris stubbornly ignored their existence. In this way the three countries of French North Africa have slipped into violence and bloodshed.

The imprint of France

Yet all the French had to do, after years of vacillation and mounting terror, was to recognize the autonomy of Tunisia, and overnight the nationalist leaders there began throwing out the agitators from Cairo and proclaiming that they are closer to France and Europe than they are to Cairo and the Arab League. So too the Moslems of Algeria have no wish to change the color of their skins in order to become "assimilated Frenchmen"; but once they are no longer required to undergo this mystic and impossible transubstantiation, they will discover — to their own amazement — that they carry the imprint of France on their hearts and minds.

Thus the present agony of Algeria is basically only one aspect of the general crisis in France's relations with the rest of the world. For ten years France has remained spellbound by the notion of her absolute and indivisible "sovereignty." She has refused to seize her real opportunities, and has clung tenaciously to her empty titles to a glorious past. In reality, the awakened nationalisms of Asia and Africa have never demanded the severing of all links with France; they have required only *home rule*, which unfortunately is rejected wholesale by the French conception of sovereignty. In the same way, five European nations were at one time more than ready to unite under French leadership in a free federation, the very notion of which is incompatible with the juridical absolutism of French sovereignty — that legacy of the *ancien régime* which modern France has still not been able to throw off, even though it is so far removed from the realities of the present.

With more confidence in herself, France could have taken the real — which is to say, the intellectual and human — leadership of these associations among equals. And the problem which thus poses itself for France today, not only in her relations to her colonies but also in her relations to Europe and the world, is this: Can she free herself from the armor of traditional ideologies, institutions, and legal notions which, instead of protecting her living energies, both spiritual and physical, has succeeded in stifling them? Is the French idea of universal civilization capable of being renovated and revitalized by that receptivity to the new and the different which is the indispensable companion of all cultural radiation, or is it doomed to be choked to death by that cultural chauvinism which in recent years has so often raised its head?



THE WEEDS AND THE WILDERNESS

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

O let them be left, wildness and wet,
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.

— GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: "Inversnaid"

AFTER you pass Owl's Candle and Pickporridge the lane tilts
to Marry-in-the-Up, where a stone barn burrows
into the steep side of the Pickpack, lording the Waver valley.

Follow the cranky path and you come out upon Pickpack Heath,
magenta with heather in flower, or coppered with bracken,
squatting like a gipsy in rainbow rags above the tidy hedges of the vale.
Here the track walks by itself
between abrupt pools of ancient clay-pits, their cobalt water cloddy with cloud-shadow,
and ends at Brock's Clump where the old barrow humps in the ling
and five haggard pines, with their orange trunks rooted in giants' bones,
knuckle together against the huffles of wind.
This is the high place, the house of hare and whimbrel.
No one comes or goes.
Only at dusk a fox will slip like a rusty ghost among the thistles and broken stones
or a badger lumber to his sandy holt under a snarl of bramble.
From here you can overlook the brooky lands from Hern Plash to Puddleswick
where the Waver loses itself in marshes, and the basket-willows
drown their Ophelia-hair in little sly streams.
There the lanky heron feeds among the sedges and bayard moss
or flaps silently, like a thought through an unfretted mind,
over Rockinglass and its quaking sands to the hidden ponds of Dragonsholm and Pendragon,
far as The Slake itself where the mud wears tidewater like a skin.
This is the wet kingdom, the house of ooze and rush.

Heath and gorse, marsh and moss, the sandy, the sodden . . .
these are the uncouth places that planners of garden-cities do not love.
They are not concerned with man and his notions.
They exist only for themselves and for that human few
who need the world's tart as well as honeysweet
and feel most at home in such unhomely wastes.
They will go some day, I suppose,
the heather uprooted, the badger killed with his kindle,
even the flats drained for corn and emptied of hern.

So let me hold in my mind a day when summer blurred to autumn, when I walked
from Owl's Candle over the umber ling of the Pickpack to Brock's Clump
in a warm, gusty drizzle, with the sky a smoky pearl.
In wild air that smelled of wet pine and fern
I stood to my knees in burnt-gold brake that dripped with pendles of rain,
and saw below me a swan rise from the wickers of Hern Plash with a squeak and brattle of wings,
and fly over to Rockinglass through a sudden dazzle of sun.



Playwright and former New York newspaperman, HERBERT KUBLY lived in Europe for two years. His book, *American in Italy*, published by Simon & Schuster, recently won him the National Book Award for non-fiction. Mr. Kubly was born in New Glarus, Wisconsin, and has served as Associate Professor of Speech at the University of Illinois. Atlantic readers will recall in our July, 1955, issue his brilliant account of his travels in Sardinia.

FROM BAYREUTH TO SALZBURG

by HERBERT KUBLY

1

LIKE the Minnesingers of medieval Europe my companion, an amiable English barrister named Ransom, and I had been hitting the musical trail—hitting it hard and handsomely in his Humber Hawk, named Wolfgang to honor the composer we both like best. Our pursuit had taken us over 9000 miles, fourteen borders, eleven mountain passes, and some forty musical performances. We had heard Strauss operas in Zurich, Mozart operas in Aix-en-Provence, where DDT was sprayed from planes to eliminate competing crickets, and *Carmen*, with time off for a real bullfight, at Arles. We had listened to Schubert and Brahms chamber music in Prades and, on a hot July night, to Bach's Christmas Oratorio sung by the Vienna Choir Boys at Ansbach. At Bregenz we had endured Johann Strauss's *One Night in Venice* floated on a pavilion in Lake Constance; and in the Swiss town of Fribourg, three thousand male and female yodelers.

Let me say at once in defense of what may seem a maniacal pursuit by a pair of music-crazy fools that what we were doing was not extraordinary. We were meeting familiar faces at every stop, and by midsummer strangers were greeting us like old friends. The most heavily traveled section of the Orpheus trail is a 250-mile stretch of Hitler's *Autobahn* known as "the music run." At opposite ends of this easy drive through green and rolling Bavaria lie Bayreuth and Salzburg, the Giants and the Dodgers of the music league. There is no reason at all for rivalry between the two, since their products are not competitive and neither can begin to meet its demand for tickets. But both are proud and jealous for glory, and the musical war between them is as intense as any fought out on Ebbets Field.

No medieval lute-plucking wanderers-on-foot were so weary and sore as we, rolling over the *Autobahn* toward Bayreuth on an August afternoon. Fortunately we didn't have to search for a room;

one was already reserved in the small apartment of a pair of honeymooners who slept on cots in their kitchen during the festival. Within an hour we were in dinner jackets driving to the Festspielhaus over sweeping chestnut-shaded Siegfried Wagner Allee. This was the boulevard over which in old days the queenly Cosima Wagner, daughter of Franz Liszt, led the procession to the opera in her four-horse carriage, and over which Kaiser Wilhelm rode to the theater while Tchaikovsky watched from the window of a neighboring house.

Now riding in the car with us was our friend Friedelind Wagner, granddaughter of the mighty Cosima and daughter of Siegfried, the man for whom the boulevard was named. Her presence made us *Familie Wagner*. The police bowed and trooped alongside, escorting us through the droves of *Zaungäste*, the "fence guests" who were there to watch the parade and not to hear music.

For Wagners are held in awe if not quite in reverence by their fellow citizens. Streets are named for members of the family and for operas. The people know Bayreuth would have no distinction at all if Richard Wagner hadn't settled there in 1870 because his patron, King Ludwig, wanted him in Bavaria.

Many of the ticket holders were studying librettos and carrying inflated rubber cushions. No lady can do these things and be chic; but she can be elegant, and the fence guests had a good show. The lavish finery was not necessarily of the most recent mode. Old women blinking through cloisonné lorgnettes, their vintage lace covered with sequins, had a Victorian grandeur. A thick-necked industrialist was wearing a white tuxedo with white satin lapels, and his wife had a purple hair rinse and wore a gold brocaded gown. Celebrities included film and music stars and former Nazi big wheels still alive and out of jail. Royalty was meager—there were reports of visits by the young Duke of Kent and former

Queen Marie José of Italy, but the real royalty at Bayreuth was named Wagner.

The afternoon sun still high in the heavens made the evening-clad crowd seem more than ever like a curious tribal gathering. As outside a church, there was no laughter and few raised voices. Germans were terribly conscious that they were about to embark on the four-day sacrament of *Der Ring*.

Wotan's theme rang out over the plaza. The fanfare, played on a balcony of the theater by a brass octet, was the signal for the congregation to enter the temple. We entered through Wagner's door into a funereal white marble foyer, where a bust of the composer peered out of a potted laurel jungle. The box upstairs was large, with more than twenty chairs. A Junoesque dowager in black satin was seating guests like an imperious dinner hostess. I recognized her from photographs. This was Winifred, the English-born daughter-in-law of Richard Wagner, one of the enigmatic women of the twentieth century.

In the handsome photograph-filled brochure published by the Wagners we read: "The festivals were called into being by Richard Wagner in 1876; after his death (in 1883) Cosima Wagner, the daughter of Franz Liszt, assumed control. In 1908 Siegfried Wagner succeeded his mother. In 1930 after her husband's death it passed into the hands of Winifred Wagner and she in turn entrusted it to her two sons, Wieland and Wolfgang, in 1951."

This does not quite tell the whole story.

Way back in 1921, at the home of a Munich piano manufacturer, Winifred Wagner met and was dazzled by the then unknown politician, Adolf Hitler. Through the twenties their friendship grew along with the politician's influence. After the death of both her husband and her mother-in-law in 1930, Winifred Wagner opened the doors of Bayreuth to her friend. Conductor Arturo Toscanini left the festival and never returned.

Bayreuth became a cultural activity of Nazi princes, and Winifred was the reigning queen of Nazi society. Hitler was a guest at Wagner's château, Wahnfried, and Winifred's four children called him "Uncle Wolf." In July, 1934, while Austria's Chancellor Dollfuss was being assassinated in Vienna, Hitler was in Bayreuth listening to *Das Rheingold* from the Wagner family box.

One of Winifred's children matured to disenchantment. Her older daughter, Friedelind, the only Wagner political nonconformist, left Europe before the war and under the sponsorship of Toscanini became an American citizen. In Germany "Uncle Wolf" ordered Winifred's older son, Wieland, deferred from military service so that the Wagner blood would not be lost to Germany. Wieland's first child, a girl born in 1942, was Hitler's god-child; his second, a boy, was called Wolf.

After the war the Bonn Government and the American Occupation Forces refused to return

Bayreuth to Winifred. Instead they offered it in 1951 to her four children. Wieland and his brother Wolfgang had no money to build lavish naturalistic productions; so Wieland, a part-time painter who had studied the Greek drama, the theories of Freud and Jung, and the lighting principles of Gordon Craig, staged Grandfather's operas with lighting effects on a bare stage. The immediate result was a whooping controversy with traditionalists.

The press was on Wieland's side. When the sound and fury had subsided he was definitely Grandpa's boy. The New York *Times* said of Bayreuth, "Timelessness and spacelessness . . . a stunning achievement." The London *Daily Express* went all out: "Bayreuth has become the matchless untouchable opera house of the world."

Though officially banished from the Bayreuth realm, Winifred Wagner retains her hold over the festival's social protocol. She also keeps her family in turmoil. She does not like her son's productions and she cannot forget that her daughter fled Germany and adopted the enemy during the war.

2

WE WAITED in silence more reverential than in any cathedral in Europe. I was apprehensive of what lay ahead. Perhaps I should say at once that I am not unreservedly Wagnerian in my musical tastes. My enthusiasm covers only the wondrously human *Die Meistersinger*, the lyrical *Tannhäuser*, and parts of the passionate *Tristan*. I had never been able to sit comfortably through even one evening of the *Ring*.

Now Conductor Joseph Keilbreth raised his stick, the double basses struck their E-flat pedal note. The curtains parted and we were plunged into Wagner's thirteen-hour apocalypse.

The stage was dark and beams of light came up to spot singers. By the use of ramps and platforms Wieland Wagner had turned the proscenium arch into a sort of monumental Cinemascope screen. Lighting tricks turned water into clouds and clouds into a steaming earth. We toured river beds, mountaintops, and subterranean channels.

Grandfather Wagner's elaborate paraphernalia — the winged helmets and breastplates, the stuffed animals and birds — were nowhere to be seen. Giants in Boris Karloff make-up loped across the stage like close relations of the Peking man. Rhine Maidens were not tightly corseted dames in evening gowns and loops of pearls, but sleek sirens in strapless flesh-colored bathing suits.

What was obvious at once was that the music we were hearing was the most perfectly performed on the entire summer festival circuit. Also that the audience was the most deeply absorbed.

In Bayreuth there is only one opera a day, and performances have two one-hour intermissions. In 1900, Romain Rolland observed that during inter-

missions "French flirt, Germans drink beer, English read librettos." Today nearly everyone eats in one of the three Wagner-owned restaurants. In the grand Festspielgäste a meal and wine with celebrities may cost well over five dollars; in the more modest cafeteria one can lunch for a dollar, but the crush is murder. We usually went to the Canteen, an outdoor establishment for students and festival artists, where we had superb Franconian *Bratwurst* and beer for under fifty cents. All restaurants sell glucose pellets to energize anyone bogging down midway in the evening.

In the outdoor promenade the babel of tongues included Italian, Dutch, Scandinavian, as much English as German, and surprisingly a great deal of French. Europe's prettiest music critic, Nicole Hirsch of *France Soir*, explained why French pilgrims came to a shrine of German nationalism. "We are a very romantic people and we love romantic legends," she said. "Do not forget — *Tristan and Isolde* was originally our story."

When the electrified gas globes light up at ten or eleven o'clock — depending on the length of the opera — and the ovation has clapped itself out, it is time to go to the *Eule* or Owl. This dingy grotto of several rooms is the only restaurant or night club that remains open in an otherwise curfewed town. Like everything else in Bayreuth it is a Wagner shrine. Its walls are papered with Wagner pictures and mementos. Conversation is about music; and in the presence of so many Wagners, corporeal and spiritual, it is heresy to say anything not wildly flattering.

Anyone lucky enough to get in is happy to endure the Owl's numerous indignities. The service is abominable; the popular drink is a sweetish Moselle wine; the popular dish is raw chopped beef lubricated with raw eggs and garnished with raw onion. No doubt Sieglinde and Brunnhilde dined like this in their caves, but just watch a German blonde gulp this cannibal delicacy, and you will be permanently disenchanted.

The week moved ponderously on like an exhausting novena. As we progressed through *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried* into *Götterdämmerung*, I forgot which day it was or what opera I was in. Physically exhausted, emotionally drained, we would swear we could bear no more, and still we could not stay away. The tensions were mounting and we were trapped, like all other members of the congregation, to await the climax.

At *Götterdämmerung* it came, more violently than anyone expected. During the last intermission a storm rolled swiftly over the Czechoslovakian mountains on the eastern horizon. Lightning flashed in the night; nature was competing with the Wagner show inside. A curious nervous tension held the people outdoors watching the tempest rolling over the broad Bavarian plains. Not until the third trumpet fanfare were they drawn in.

As the act of demolition progressed inside, thunder shook the world outdoors. The funeral pyre lit up and a crash of hail blitzed the roof, so the music could hardly be heard. It continued through the immolation; and then, at the moment of the closing of the cycle, the storm stopped and the theme of tranquil nature purged of evil rose sweetly and gently from the orchestra as the curtain fell.

In my hauntings of the theaters of the world I have seldom had an experience to match it. Around me people were weeping. For an hour they stomped and shouted. There were twenty-one curtain calls.

After that I could not go with my companions to the Owl. Instead I walked the wild night, exhausting myself on the wet pavements of Niebelungen Strasse, Parsifal Strasse, Meistersinger Strasse, asking myself why they had wept, trying to understand the tears. Was it for the immolation in a bunker under the chancellor's that they mourned? Was it their own death as gods? Was this the mystery of the rites of Bayreuth?

3

JAN SIBELIUS when he visited Bayreuth did not like the music, but he was enraptured by the landscape. Unfortunately if one goes to operas there is time only for small excursions in and around the town. We went to Wahnfried, where we played Wagner's piano, saw Franz von Lenbach's lovely portrait of the young Cosima, and in the back yard visited Wagner's grave, a plain marble slab raised under weeping willows like the *Götterdämmerung* pyre. Nearby are the graves of Wagner's two Newfoundland dogs, Russ and Maussi, and his parrot, Kochel.

Another day we saw the jewel-like rococo family theater of the Bayreuth margraves and lunched at their hermitage in a garden as enchanting as Klingsor's in *Parsifal*. One day when there was no opera we took Nicole Hirsch and Friedelind Wagner on a roundabout of the Franconian countryside, past gabbling geese, oxen pulling hay, and tourist buses named Lohengrin and Tannhäuser, to Bamberg, one of the most captivating old towns in Germany, then through a series of pretty German Tudor villages to the gloomy gray castle of Coburg from which came Victoria's Albert.

At the Festspielhaus more music followed the *Ring*. There was a turgid *Flying Dutchman* and a pious *Parsifal* for which the program notes included Wieland Wagner's psychoanalysis of the characters (*Parsifal* had a mother complex, Klingsor a castration complex). Most memorable of all, both musically and visually, was Wieland Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. This time the lights were bright, the costumes dazzling. The pictures on the stage were a stunning review of Italian art. The pilgrim's chorus was a Fra Angelico, the Wartburg castle a Giotto, Elizabeth's prayer an Annunciation by Botticelli.

If there had been nothing but *Tannhäuser* at Bayreuth, it would still have been the most dazzling reward of the summer's pilgrimage.

But it was enough, perhaps too much. With relief we steered Wolfgang over the music run to Salzburg. The *Autobahn*, an important occupation thoroughfare, was marked in English signs with German below. We rolled through dark sun-dappled conifer forests in which the young Siegfried must have hunted. The rich farmlands and soft hills reminded me of Ohio. Fields of wheat and rye were golden ripe, and crops of hops on stakes, faced westward by the prevailing winds, looked like fields of Jack's beanstalks.

We stopped at the Munich festival to hear, above all things, a performance of *Die Meistersinger*. Compared with Bayreuth's perfection it left much to be desired, but it was Wagner's own antidote to Wagner, richly human and gaudy, and bawdy as a Breughel fair.

Then on through the Alps of Bavaria and Austria to Salzburg. As we approached the most beautiful little town in central Europe our spirits soared. It is easy to understand why. Salzburg is a euphoric town! If you've ever been there its ingratiating personality has taken root in your soul and every return is a homecoming.

Laughter! A *Ländler* played in a restaurant called *Till Eulenspiegel*! Music that is a part of geography, along with the scenery and the architecture, the eating and drinking, the gorgeous girls smiling everywhere, the baroque air of playful venery and lechery that Mozart put into *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Così fan Tutte*.

For Salzburg is Mozart's town, more than Bayreuth is Wagner's. Wagner adopted Bayreuth in the last years of his life. Mozart was born in Salzburg and grew out of it. But where Wagner is a cult in Bayreuth, Mozart is business in Salzburg. In the Mozart industry everything is identified with the composer; even the famous marzipan balls are called *Mozart Kugel*. In their prosperous devotion to their composer, most Salzburgers are not even aware that Mozart, aged twenty-four, repudiated his home town in protest against the meanness of its Archbishop Hieronymus, and never returned.

Our first opera was *The Magic Flute*, staged in the outdoor *Felsenreitschule*, or "rocky riding school," an arena carved out of a cliff in which horses were taught to dance for the amusement of seventeenth-century Archbishop Johann Ernst. Salzburg's most elaborate productions are put on in the horse academy, and the *Flute* was as magical as any in the fantasy's brilliant history. Its star was the designer, the famous Austrian painter Oskar Kokoschka, who exploded the whole thing in a burst of turquoise, pink, violet, cobalt, orange, yellow, and brick red. The excitement of the décor stirred the

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the singers to a shimmering brilliance, and the show soared like a rocket to glory.

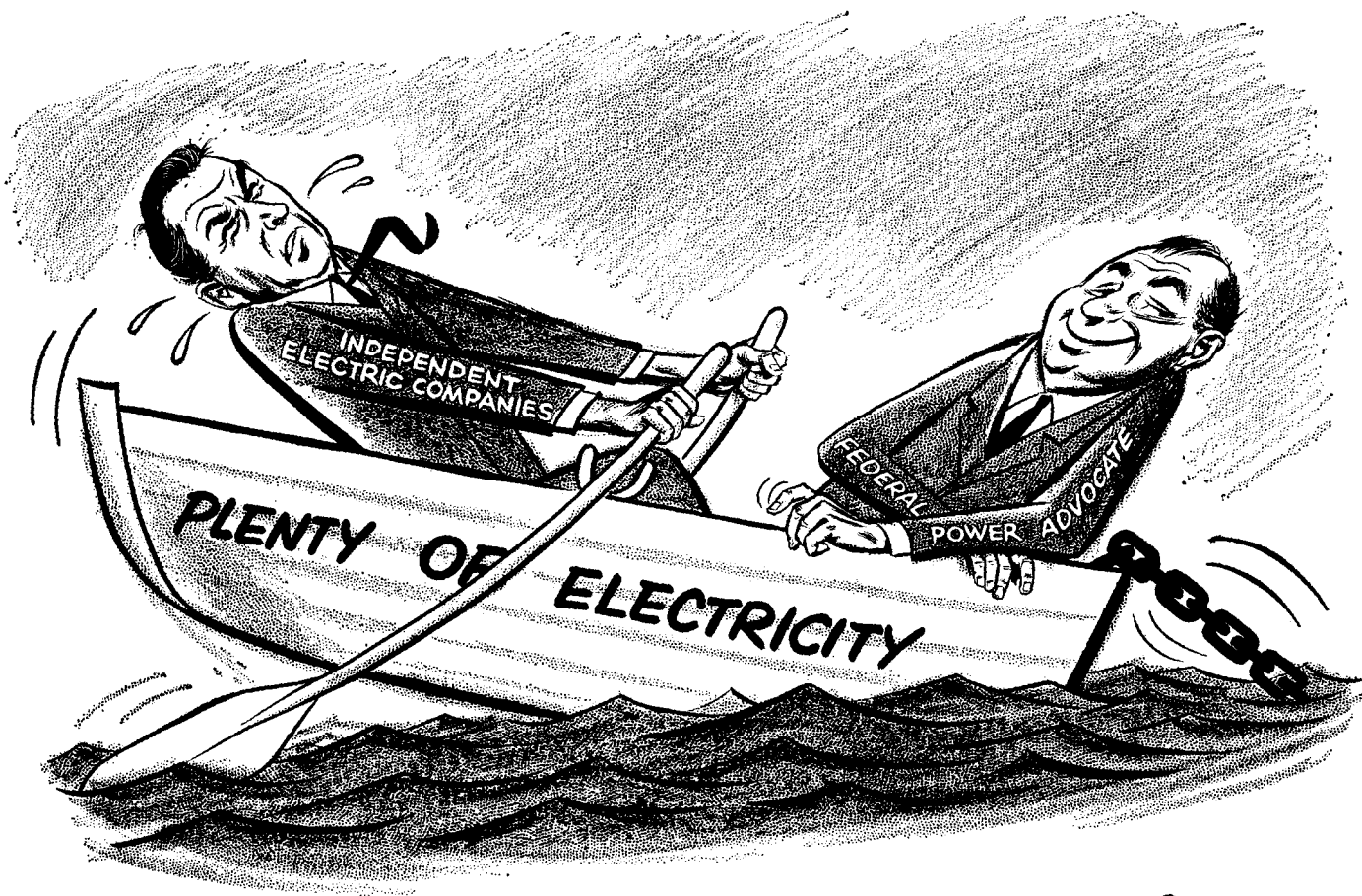
There are few days in Salzburg without three or four festival events. We had tickets for eleven performances in seven days, and established our record on Sunday with an orchestral concert conducted by George Szell in the morning, the traditional Max Reinhardt production of *Jedermann* in the afternoon, and in the evening a disarmingly racy *Seraglio*. The laughter during this gay lark was so loud and continuous that we could hardly hear the singers.

Performances in Salzburg begin at seven-thirty. You snack lightly either before you go or on *Wurstli* in the foyer during intervals. After the music you wine and dine yourself properly in one of the town's several fine restaurants. Our favorite was the White Cross with its exotic Yugoslav menu, but others more popular are St. Peter's Keller, Stieglkeller, and the Powandra. For spectacular dining and dancing to a famous band, Salzburg has the Café Wintler, the most expensive night club in Austria. It overlooks the town from the Mönchsberg, and you ride to it in a funicular. On sunny days the most rewarding lunching place is on the ramparts of the Hohensalzburg fortress, where the dark beer and the view of the Salzkammergut mountains are remarkable even if the food is not.

The fortress is also where you go to watch natives dance Tyrolean style. Here one evening I negotiated a deal with a husky farmer named Rudi, wherein he would teach me the men's vigorous *Schuhplattler* if I would teach his wife a tango, the mastering of which was her heart's desire. After being pummeled about by Rudi and his Lederhosened pals, I did what I could with the dirndled Mrs. Rudi and apparently she was pleased. As we swooped over the floor she shouted happily to her husband, "*Guck mal, Rudi! Ich tanze modern!*"

On days when we were not bound by our packet of tickets to some music, we swam in the cold waters of the glittering little Salzkammergut lakes at Bad Ischl, St. Gilgen (Mozart's mother's home town), and St. Wolfgang, where we lunched at the famous White Horse Inn on *Bauernschmaus*, an assortment of farmer sausages and smoked meats, and *Sachertorte*, a chocolate cake with butter cream filling and the inevitable *Schlag* of whipped cream.

The difference between Bayreuth and Salzburg is the difference between Germans and Austrians; the difference between church and carnival; the difference, indeed, between the music of Wagner, who wrote of gods, and the music of Mozart, who wrote of men. In Bayreuth, Wagner, worrying about his fame, built his own memorial. The Salzburg festival, disorderly and sparkling as a spring, bubbled into existence by itself. Mozart, lost in an unmarked grave, left only his memorial of music.



Who threw out the anchor?

Are the advocates of federal government electric power really interested in plenty of electricity for all Americans, as they so often claim—or are they interested primarily in building a government power monopoly? . . .

To meet vastly increased needs for electricity, the nation's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are planning and building at an unprecedented rate. But in some sections of the country, federal power advocates are fighting the efforts of electric companies to build. Here are three examples:

On the Niagara River in New York State, local electric companies have tried for many years to expand their power development to help provide the vast amounts of additional electricity that will soon be needed in the Northeast. Public power advocates, however, have been able to block government approval for the companies to build.

In the Pacific Northwest, trying to speed a new source of electricity and avoid a real threat of power shortage, local electric companies have offered

to pay 88 per cent of the cost of the proposed John Day power dam. But federal power groups say no. They seem willing to risk a power shortage rather than let local electric companies take any part in building the power project. They would have the federal government pay for it all, with tax money from all over the country.

At Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border, the local power company, with government approval, is building the first of three dams that will more than double the supply of electricity in that area. The company applied in 1947 for permission to develop the project, but has been unable to get it underway until now—largely because of delaying opposition from federal power groups. These groups are still fighting to get the government to spend 429 million dollars of taxpayers' money to replace the project the company has already started.

This record of obstruction is duplicated all over the country. Time after time federal power advocates have thrown out the anchor when more power was offered and planned by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

*Names on request from this magazine



Few high schools in the country today have been exempted from the lowering of the level of classroom work forced upon the teachers by the deluge of new students, many of them of low aptitude. This situation was brought home to CASPAR D. GREEN when he returned to teaching after thirteen years in the American Foreign Service. Since the beginning of 1954 Mr. Green has taught mathematics, English, and civics in two small high schools in Ohio.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DULLARDS?

by CASPAR D. GREEN

I

ABOUT a generation ago, attendance at school in America ceased to be limited to a few years or to the more fortunate children and became in reality what it had been in theory, an almost universal fact. This change has, on the one hand, caused traditional ideas of the immediate purpose and function of the schools to be regarded as out of date; and, on the other hand, it now has profoundly altered the frame of attitudes, ideals, and prestige within which the schools work. As long as schooling was a privilege—that is, limited to a sector of the population which knew itself to be especially fortunate, and which was so considered by others—and as long as the pupils were children of parents who had grown up with this attitude, one psychological climate prevailed. But a new atmosphere gradually replaced the old one as pupils and parents came to realize that schooling is not a privilege for the few but is something that nearly everybody experiences, and moreover that it is not even a voluntary experience or of voluntary duration. This change of atmosphere has worked profound alterations in the forces which operate in the classroom, in the school in general, and in the community-school relationships.

The teachers I know agree almost unanimously in preferring to teach what may be called the advanced academic subjects: second-year algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry; beginning and second-year Latin, French, and Spanish; biology, chemistry, and physics. These courses are not required for graduation from high school. The pupil takes these subjects because of some intellectual spark of his own, because his parents want him to, or because he wants to go to college and knows that he needs them as preparation for his college course. In these subjects the wise teacher demands a considerable amount of work and a fairly high level of accomplishment.

When it comes to the pinch and the parents

request that the amount of work be reduced to 15 or 20 minutes a day instead of 45 to 90 minutes, and that grades be raised from D to C, from C to B, from B to A, or even from C to A, the teacher knows himself to be on firm ground in making some such reply as this: "When I pass a student in this course I am certifying to his next instructor that he has covered the material of the course, and that if he works reasonably hard he is capable of continuing with the next course in this field at at least approximately the level indicated by his letter grade. In the first place, I will not give a fraudulent certification. In the second place, it would be no kindness to your child to let him get into college or onto a job only to find out that he is not prepared to do good work. Moreover, if I lower the standards, the result is a disservice to your children and your community, handicapping all future students by making colleges and universities reluctant to accept them or give them scholarships, and prospective employers mistrustful of them."

The classes composed of selected students are rewarding to teach, and the teaching-learning-moral atmosphere in such classes is wholesome.

A sharply contrasting situation prevails in the courses required for nearly all pupils: ninth-, tenth-, eleventh-, and twelfth-grade English, world history, American history, general science, first-year algebra or general mathematics. I have taught in a high school of which the community is rightly proud and where the elementary school training of the pupils has been above average. Among the classes I had a chance to observe closely, a usual one might be described as follows: A tenth-grade English class of twenty-six pupils taught by a well-prepared and conscientious teacher. Of the twenty-six, three might be outstanding students who will probably go on to college on substantial scholarships. These three may be put onto individual reading lists and

schedules, which is a fairly satisfactory procedure, though it gives them little or no training in composition, for instance. Of the twenty-three remaining, probably thirteen might range from a rough classification of medium to poor; they would be able by consistent effort and application to read with fair to poor comprehension the material in a simple tenth-grade anthology and to reproduce in reasonably intelligible sentences the facts learned. Of the ten still remaining, four or five might be very poor students, and five would be incapable of doing anything that could properly be labeled tenth-grade English. They do not write a sentence; they do not know or care about capitals at the beginning or periods at the end. Such spellings as *relve* for *relieve*, *tomo* for *tomato*, *rote* for *road*, *mispi* for *Mississippi*, *angere* for *engineer*, *goe* or *gow* for *go*, will not be exceptional. For reading, few two-syllable words are within their grasp, and many of one syllable are beyond them. Their attitude toward school will vary from total passivity to active protest.

Though the teacher may struggle against it with the utmost conscientiousness and much skill, in such a situation the most incompetent students will tend to set the standard and the tone of the class. Unless they are insolent or obstreperous, they cannot be removed from the class. They cannot be invited to leave school: the school will not permit it, the community would not approve, and the parents would strenuously object — but it is precisely what the pupils most wish for, so that the threat of that eventuality is no inducement to them to make any effort.

It is not unusual at this point in a discussion of the matter for a voice to suggest that what the school needs is a larger and better shop for the boys and fuller commercial and domestic science curricula for the girls. Unfortunately, this is no help. The correlation between English and shop is surprisingly high. There will be one exception, perhaps, in twenty students — one boy out of twenty who does badly in English and well in shop. But the other nineteen who get F in English also flunk shop. If they raise Cain in algebra, they break tools and bore holes in workbenches and cut off fingers in shop. The shop teacher's problem differs little from the English teacher's. Similarly with the girls in domestic science and commercial courses.

Although these poor students are learning little or nothing in the way of knowledge or skills, perhaps they are having a valuable social experience — absorbing social attitudes, learning to work with others, acquiring background for citizenship. But upon examination, the values which are inculcated turn out to be largely these: a firm conviction that one can get by without working; an idea that quality of workmanship is of slight importance; a confirmed habit of disregarding instructions; a systematically cultivated indolence;

a habitual feeling that the day's work is an annoying intrusion upon one's private somnolence; and a whole mass of bad attitudes and bad habits.

2

WHAT are we to do, then? The sensible program would be to fail them as soon as they do not do the work on a reasonable standard; this would separate those who merely neglect to do the work from those who are unable or unwilling to do it. As many as possible of the latter group should be induced to leave school early; they should be seriously, sympathetically, and humanely helped to find permanent and gainful jobs suitable for youngsters.

The schools have given this group such exaggerated attention as actually to lose sight of their main function — namely, education and training in the elementary branches of learning and the primary skills. Almost anything else can be obtained elsewhere in our society — social experience, vocational training, particular skills with the tools of all the myriad productive and commercial processes of an industrial age. Most of these things, indeed, are more quickly and more efficiently acquired on the job than in the best-equipped shop or commercial course ever dreamed of. But it is no empty generalization to note that the so-called academic skills — reading, writing, arithmetic — and the elements of science, history, and politics must be acquired at school. The school's central function is academic training. Though the other activities are not to be spoken of slightly, they are but frills in comparison with the central significance of the academic disciplines.

First, there is the matter of all those who are going to need academic facts and skills for their further training and for the exercise of their occupations — roughly, all those who go on to occupations which require a college education. This includes, of course, all of the recognized professions and quasi-professions and many other jobs as well. About these people there is no debate: they need to be skillful and experienced readers; they must have the elements of arithmetic at their fingertips.

From the second point of view, an examination of the skilled trades and semi-skilled occupations affords extensive evidence of the importance in them of the academic elements. Plumbers report that it is hard to find young men who can understand written instructions, calculate lengths, sizes, capacities, and rates, make out bills, or keep accounts. These are not deficiencies in practical training, in shop education, but lacks in academic preparation: arithmetic, geometry, writing, reading. Carpenters' and contractors' comments are similar. They can't find help that knows how to figure a bill of lumber or to calculate a roof slant.

A good secretary is distinguished from a poor one largely on the basis of English. A good file

clerk is marked by competence in reading. A general clerk will, in addition, require arithmetic. A receptionist and telephone operator will find her advancement to be conditional on her satisfactory use and reasonably wide comprehension of oral English. The particular problems, subject matter, and skills of the job have to be learned on the job; but the employee will be more or less successful according to the measure of his mastery of the academic elements. Whether the student belongs to the pre-college or to the pre-trade and commercial group, academic subjects are the pivots upon which his career will turn.

The school building, organization, curriculum, and staff represent a community enterprise. All sorts of community services may be introduced into the framework of the school, so long as they do not prevent the school from being an effective school. These may include baby-sitting (now practiced on an overwhelming scale), dental clinics, dietary and nutritional subsidies, penal administration, and dozens of others, ranging from the most commendable to the most trivial and ludicrous. If these are services which the community desires, and if the school is a convenient center for their administration, there can be no serious objection until the point is reached where they begin to usurp the time which must be given to *schooling*.

Few communities would approve closing school for a week in order to give the building over for a firemen's carnival. However, most communities have in effect turned over their classrooms permanently to a relatively small group who cannot or will not appreciate the serious, constant, inescapable, and profound importance of learning — learning from the first grade right on up. When at least 10 to 15 per cent, and possibly as high as 25 to 50 per cent, of the students in a class cannot or will not learn; and when these students cannot be removed from the class or from the school; and when only the smallest portion of them, either as a matter of policy or as a practical matter, can be failed — in such a situation it is difficult to find any method of encouraging, let alone requiring, those who *could* learn, to work at it consistently. Every teacher to some extent resorts to a double standard, but this device is not consistently effective in the classroom and can never be defended in the real pinch — for example, when a parent comes in and says, "You can't flunk my child with a grade of 50 when you have passed others whose grades were only 35." The worst of the situation is not promotion day, however, but all the school days of the year, when the class knows it doesn't have to work, knows that slipshod work will be accepted, is satisfied that English, arithmetic, writing, civics, and history are not really important.

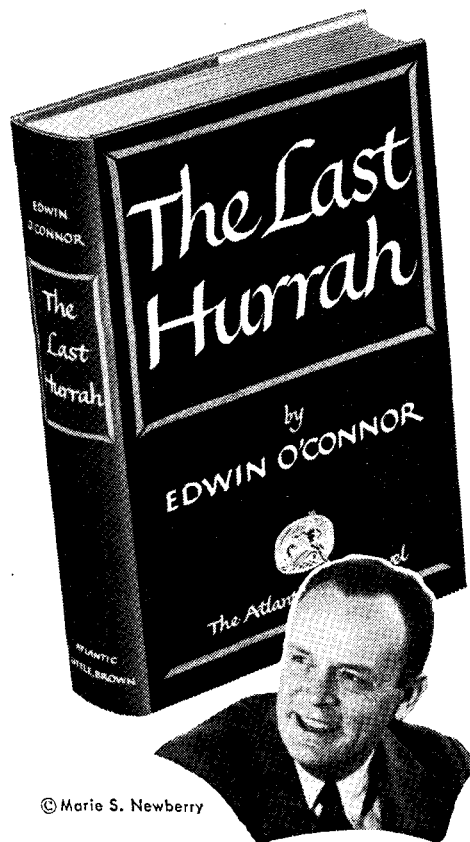
One effort to meet this problem has backfired and aggravated it. This has consisted in trying to motivate learning by presenting it as fun. Now if

learning should be fun — which the children are told officially, and informally as well — it is a sufficient explanation of the non-performance of an assignment or of refusal to study a given type of subject matter to say that it was no fun, not amusing. The teacher is put in the position of an entertainer. He must amuse and entertain his audience; if he can also teach, fine. But he can't teach unless his subject is entertaining.

Fun, of course, is a flexible idea. There is no doubt that algebra, geography, English composition, civics, history, and literature are fun. But they are not fun like dancing, basketball, tiddlywinks, or tag; they are fun like algebra, geography, English composition, civics, history, and literature. Their kind of fun, for those who master them, is much more satisfying than the recreational, pastime sorts of fun. But it is not to be come by without sustained and serious application which may be, but also may not be, fun. The indispensable thing is that we should be in dead earnest about these serious things. The fun will take care of itself. Also, unless we are in earnest the schools are crippled in all their efforts to make a contribution toward developing in their pupils self-discipline, responsibility, and the other invaluable moral qualities.

One final point should be mentioned. The strong implication of the foregoing is that those who do not learn (whether by inability or by disinclination) must not be allowed to prevent the school from performing its service to the community and to the students who can and wish to benefit by it. This implies what school administrations in recent decades would probably have characterized as a hard-boiled, even a narrow, attitude toward those who don't want academic training. If the attitude is hard-boiled or narrow, it is so on sound bases. Everyone needs all the academic training that he can absorb; whatever his walk of life or occupation, his success and his happiness will be to a remarkable degree conditioned by what we call academic training. Any individual may of course judge that he does not need such training. Such a decision is within the right of the individual to make; but there is no right to interfere with or prevent such training for those who want it and for whom the preservation of our civilization requires it. When any individual reaches the stage of interfering with the good workmanship of others, he should be withdrawn from school. He may be a social problem or a problem of some other kind, but he has ceased to be a school problem. For a school should not be diverted from great constructive ends to picayune, sentimental, and retrogressive side-issues; it should not sacrifice a major quality of civilization to an unrealistic concern for an unfortunate group which, although a real social problem, is not an educational one.

In brief, we need less concern with making the schools practical and much more awareness of the practicality of the scholastic.



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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

FAIR, auburn-haired, with a Scopas profile, he was the best talker of us all; he had an outrageous wit and he emphasized his points with his chin, lifted when he was in earnest, lowered when in doubt or in mirthful acknowledgment that he had been scored on. He had come to Harvard with the purpose of studying English literature and, more particularly, the theater (an avocation of which President Lowell did not approve). With Donald Oenslager to design the sets, he became the leading spirit in the Dramatic Club, and with the late Philip Barry he became one of the shining lights in Professor George Pierce Baker's famous 47 Workshop (of which President Lowell also did not approve). Since he hailed from Kentucky and was master of every variation of the Southern accent from Lady Baltimore cake to the sugar cane of Louisiana, he was constantly being cast for Colonel-Massa parts and as constantly walking out of them into something better in G. B. Shaw, Sheridan, or Galsworthy. The Signet table was never happier than when he was at the center of it, and the mischief he made with Louis Allard, Wheeler Williams, "Petty" MacVeigh, Ira Williams, and Dave McCord I grin to remember. When he graduated *summa cum laude* in 1923 and went abroad to study theatrical production in Scandinavia and the Continent, **John Mason Brown** was at the point in his career when he could have been actor, author, or dramatic critic. But not for him "the road not taken." He has lived to be all three.

The *Theatre Arts* magazine claimed him first as a dramatic critic. He entered a field dominated by Percy Hammond, Robert Benchley, Brooks Atkinson, and Alexander Woolcott, and he hit with laughable metaphor — Tyrone Power, Sr., as Cassius, was "a set of vocal cords wrapped up in a toga" — and with hearty appreciation. His standards were high and central, and so they remained

despite the vituperation and dead cats aimed at him in the 1930s because he remained middle-of-the-road when it was fashionable to espouse the left.

He taught and he lectured. One reason why his lectures, of which he delivers some eighty a year, are so supremely popular is that he acts throughout them, pouring out, with his hand at the back of his head as if to tilt the flow, a blend of parody, witticism, and interpretation. He gives unsparingly of himself on stage and off, knowing that a lecturer is paid for both, and his perception of this country, which he lightly discloses in *Accustomed As I Am*, has been growing at the rate of 40,000 miles a year.

"I still recognize that art and life are imperatively different," writes Mr. Brown in his new book, *Through These Men* (Harper, \$4.00). "But the Second World War changed my attitude toward both drastically." In his service in the Navy under Admiral Kirk, he became the voice of a great ship in action, and the amphibious adventures which he accounted for in *To All Hands* and *Many a Watchful Night* changed and readied him for a fresh undertaking on his return. I do not mean that he lost zest for his younger loves: he can still write about Agnes de Mille or Sir Laurence Olivier with the old flame, or tell of taking his sons to see the circus in the Garden — with repeated visits to the men's room — with laughter irrepressible. I mean that he came home with a greatly enlarged curiosity about the men who run this country, and that this is what he seeks to discover in his new book. The Conventions of 1952, the Republican in particular, were an eye opener, and thereafter he rode the trains with Stevenson and Ike, heard the talks at the whistle stops, watched the nominees in action, drew his comparisons, and finally went back to Washington to live behind the White House portieres during Truman's last week of occupancy.

Once started he went on to record the consistent development of Henry Cabot Lodge, "that superb public servant" (the words are Vandenberg's); to study the embodiment of law, Mr. Justice Frankfurter; the scientist-in-government, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer; and our leading political analyst, Walter Lippmann. Mr. Brown's approach is eager, fair-minded, and sympathetic. The defect is an overkindliness which at times blurs his judgment. His remembrance of Ike's Guild Hall Speech leads him to excuse the splintery Eisenhower semantics. He is too credulous in his acceptance of Vice President Nixon's capabilities. It does not seem

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to occur to him that Ambassador Lodge's schooling in domestic politics has not always yielded diplomatic results in the United Nations. His scrutiny of Mr. Lippmann focuses too much on the early years and does not come to grips with the philosopher in his maturity. But Mr. Brown is disarming about this; his intent is to show you what he felt, and in perception as in verbal brilliance these essays hold much to delight one. His power of metaphor is unrivaled and acrobatic. He speaks of F.D.R., Jr., as "a personable and gifted, if over-camera-fond, young man," and of Secretary Humphrey as "a driving, smiling turbine of a man." He says of Truman that "the world was aware that he enjoyed the central heating of temper." And he gives us this infectious description of Ike: "But his face was as open as a sunflower, his manner direct, and his goodness as hearty as his laughter." That sunflower is perfect.

Educator in Berlin

No college administrator in our time has had more perspicacity and courage than **James Bryant Conant**. Very early in his presidency at Harvard he expressed concern for those talented students who were too often plowed under, and his installation of the National Scholarships was an effort to meet this situation insofar as one institution might. His apprehensions about our overcrowded and undernourished high schools led him to write that forthright and provoking book *Education in a Divided World*, a book which brought down on his head the coals of wrath from every independent schoolmaster. But the accuracy of his warning was attested last autumn at the White House Conference on Education, which voted by a resounding majority to devote federal aid exclusively to the public school.

Now, as our Ambassador to Germany, he has had the chance to compare the education discernible behind the iron curtain with that which he knows at first hand in the Western world; he has been compelled "to sum up for Europeans American education in terms of American idealism" and to ask himself, faced as he is with the European example, whether education for *all* American youth is more important than the professional education of a select few. His findings are now to be read in his clear, Calvinist prose, *The Citadel of Learning* (Yale University Press, \$2.00).

In his opening paper he describes the sovietization of the universities in East Germany, and translates a most ominous directive from Stalin:—

In front of us stands the citadel of learning. This citadel we must capture at any price. This citadel must be taken by our youth, if they wish to be the builders of a new life, if they wish, in fact, to take the place of the old guard.

However much Stalin may be repudiated, it is doubtful if this objective will be altered; and in the pages which follow, Dr. Conant tells what such capture and paralysis have meant to students and to learning. "No one," he warns, "would want to minimize the capacity of the Soviet Union to proceed with speed and effectiveness in technological affairs." But that controversial undertakings and freedom of research are the lifeblood of a healthy academic community he can testify better than most.

From this comparison, drawn at such close range, he turns back to reconsider our new problems here at home: the unexpected, forced expansion of schools and colleges; the financing of research in pure and applied science; and the type of education beyond the high school to be provided for those who do not intend to enter a profession. "Equality of opportunity for all children," he writes, "and equality of respect among all occupational groups are two doctrines that are as significant for our future as for our past."

The father of Jeeves

A master of light comedy and the inventor of that incomparable butler Jeeves, **P. G. Wodehouse** has finally gotten around to writing about himself. In his opening pages he is as coy and fidgety as a second-rate English lecturer, but when he settles down and plays it straight he is fun to listen to. He claims he hasn't the nerve to undertake a full-dress autobiography. "To do that, you have to be somebody in the big league, one of those who have done the world's work, like Polly Adler. . . ." Instead of an autobiography, Mr. Wodehouse has written *America, I Like You* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95), a book about the zany things that have happened to him during his many years in this country.

Tucked in among explanations of how Mr. Wodehouse came here in the first place, and why he elected to write about butlers ("I was raised on the fringe of the butler belt"), is much fascinating and useful information for the young author. How to collect from a literary agent whose check has bounced on you, for example; how to detect the saga habit before it becomes hopelessly entrenched (which Mr. Wodehouse himself never contrived to do); how to avoid being a celebrity; how to write a letter to the reviewer who has just panned the day-lights out of your book: "Your opinion, may I add, would carry greater authority with me, did I not know, having met people who (with difficulty) tolerate your society, that you still owe your tailor for that pair of trousers he made for you in the spring of 1946 and that the lady who presides over the boarding-house which you infest is threatening, if you don't pay six weeks back rent soon, to throw you out on the seat of them." The cream of this Wodehousian jest is just at the turning point.

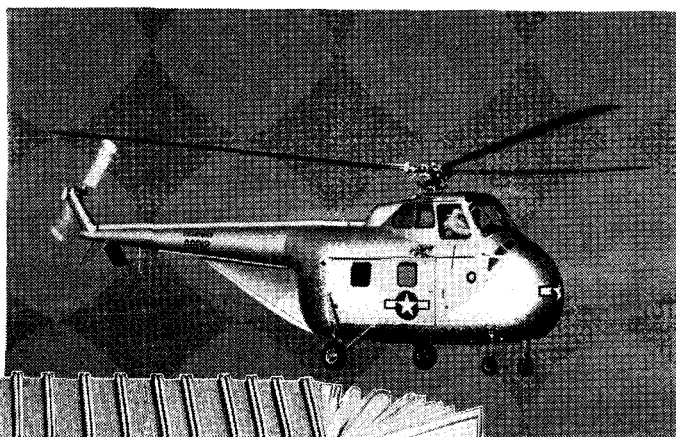
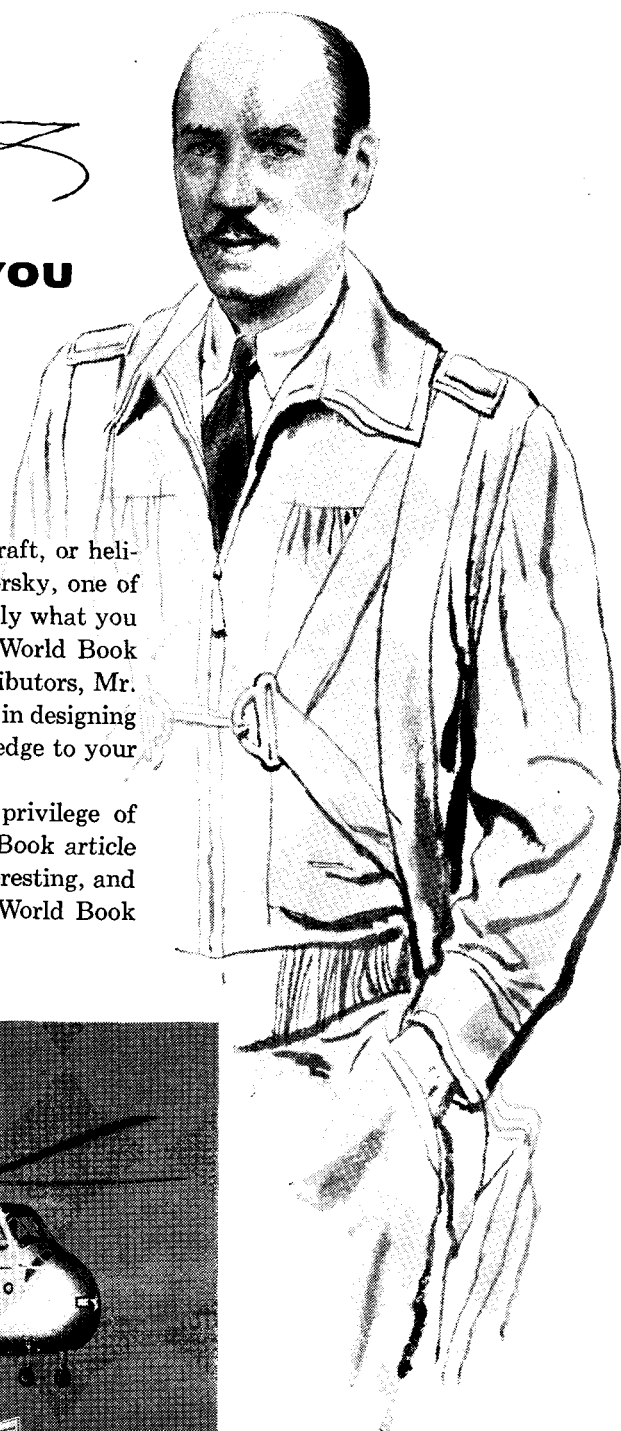
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



AT THE outbreak of the Second World War, Winston Churchill had completed a 500,000-word draft of a historical work which he returned to in the nineteen-fifties and expanded from two volumes to four. The first of these has just been published: *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples: The Birth of Britain* (Dodd, Mead, \$6.00). It carries the story from the earliest times to the eve of the discovery of the New World. The succeeding volumes will be issued separately over the next three years.

The theme of Churchill's magnum opus is the development by the English-speaking peoples of democratic ideals and democratic institutions. In this connection it is worth glancing at a very early book of Churchill's, his only attempt at fiction, which has recently been reissued. *Savrola* (Random House, \$3.50), written when Churchill was twenty-two, is a Ruritanian political romance somewhat reminiscent of the stilted novels of another great British statesman, Benjamin Disraeli. What is striking about it is that it brings into vivid relief the first principles in which Churchill's political philosophy has remained rooted to this day.

The novel traces the fortunes of a magnetic liberal leader who stages a revolution against an autocratic ruler and falls in love with the tyrant's exquisite young wife. Savrola only resorts to violence after he has exhausted the possibilities of negotiation and honorable compromise; and when victory has been won, his stand in favor of moderation results in his being driven into exile by the fanatics among his followers. Savrola is a romantic in whom, paradoxically, there exists a strong sense of realism; and the central tension of the novel is that his ardent dedication to freedom is matched by his respect for order and his awareness of the horrors to which extremism leads. Now this is precisely the spirit that colors Churchill's history of the English-speaking peoples, and it epitomizes, surely, the Anglo-Saxon genius in politics.

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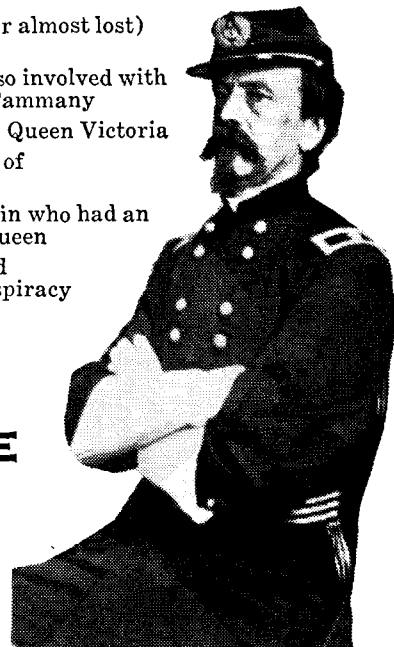
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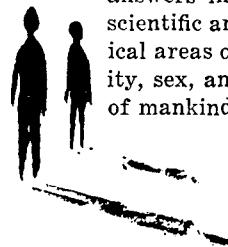
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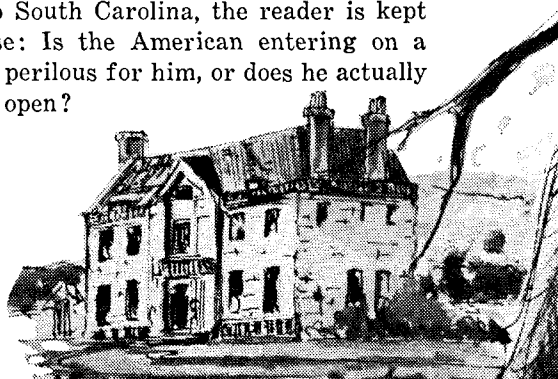
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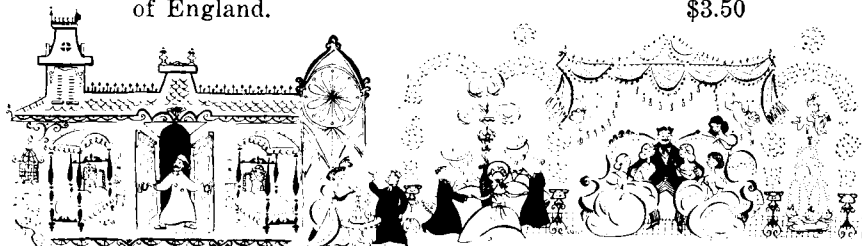
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ical thought have interpreted history as the product of vast impersonal forces and have minimized the role of the great individual. Churchill, characteristically, takes the opposite tack. "Almost every critical turn of historical fortune," he writes, "has been due to the appearance in an era of confusion and decay of one of the great figures of history." As Isaiah Berlin noted in a brilliant study of Churchill published a few years ago in the *Atlantic*: "His eye is never that of the neatly classifying sociologist, the careful psychological analyst, the plodding antiquary, the patient historical scholar." The past presents itself to Churchill in sharply outlined images, simpler and larger than life and painted in primary colors. In his chronicle, history assumes the semblance of a pageant marching past the mind's eye of the reader.

The episodes most crucially related to Churchill's theme are the beginnings of trial by jury under Henry II; the signing of the Magna Carta; the crystallization of English common law, under Edward I, into the tradition that by and large governs the English-speaking peoples to this very day; and the summoning of "the Mother of Parliaments" by Simon de Montfort in 1265. While these developments are treated with clarity and force, Churchill is at his best in the compact and eloquent portraits, and in the masterly accounts of the great battles such as Crécy and Agincourt. Here is a representative sample of the portraiture:—

He [Henry VI] was feeble alike in body and mind, unwise and unstable in his judgements, profuse beyond his means to his friends, uncalculating against his enemies. . . . Flung like a shuttlecock between the rival factions; presiding as a helpless puppet over the progressive decay of English society and power; hovering bewildered on the skirts of great battles; three times taken prisoner on the field; now paraded with all kingly pomp before Parliament, armies, and crowds, now led in mockery through the streets, now a captive, now a homeless fugitive, hiding, hunted, hungry, . . . he endured in the fullest measure for nearly fifty years the extreme miseries of human existence, until the hand of murder dispatched him to a world which he was sure would be better and could hardly have been worse than that he had known.

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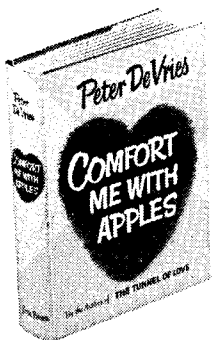
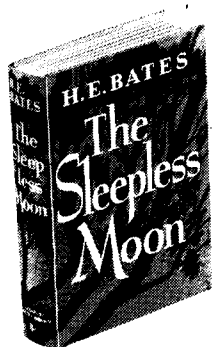
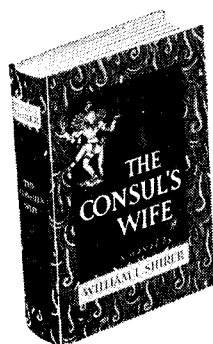
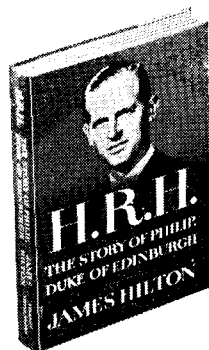
tors have undermined" but which "should find [a] place in any history worthy of the name"); its vigorously expressed concepts of public and private good — Churchill's book reminded me somewhat of the picture of English history implanted in me in an English preparatory school. Churchill has written a magnificent — in fact, an ideal — schoolbook. By that I mean not to disparage his history, which is certainly a magisterial feat of re-creative chronicling, but rather to point up the special character of its vision of the past — heroic, highly colored, and of a commanding simplicity. Readers who have had their fill of history dominated by sociology, ideology, or theology will be relieved to find in Churchill's pages a historical narrative that is continuously enthralling. And Churchill's view of history — the view enshrined in the dictum "History is what Alexander did and suffered" — though it has been heavily attacked by the social sciences, remains as defensible as the rival hypotheses.

A "successful failure"

Among the minor figures in American history, there can be few whose careers were as extraordinary as that of Daniel Edgar Sickles, 1819–1914 (some sources place his birth in 1825), currently the subject of a highly entertaining biography: *Sickles the Incredible* (Scribner, \$6.00) by W. A. Swanberg. Lawyer, politician, soldier, diplomat, dandy and libertine, murderer, and friend of five Presidents — Sickles played a gaudy part in public affairs for approximately five decades. He was, in his biographer's apt phrase, "the most spectacularly successful failure of the century."

Sickles, a New Yorker, entered Congress in 1857 with his sights set on the Presidency. He possessed in abundance the qualities conducive to success. He was, however, unscrupulous in money matters, prone to violence, and an incorrigible philanderer. Two years after his election to Congress, Sickles shot and killed his young wife's lover, Philip Gordon Key, a few blocks from the White House, having previously forced his wife to sign a humiliating confession which he proceeded to publish in the newspapers. The confession won him an acquittal, but he appeared to be a totally ruined man.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, however, Sickles raised a brigade of



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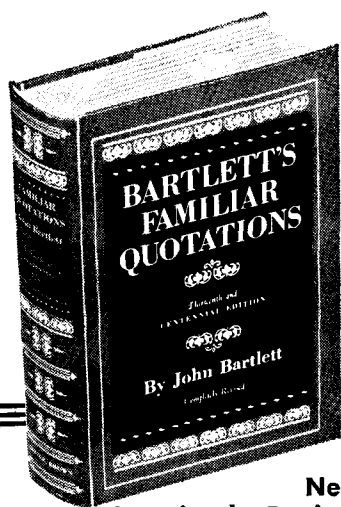
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volunteers and commanded it with such dash and distinction that he won Lincoln's admiration and was promoted to major general. At Gettysburg, disobeying Meade's orders, he placed his troops well ahead of the line assigned to them—a decision which has been interpreted both as a catastrophic blunder and as a move which saved the day for the Union. Sickles, who lost a leg in the fighting, succeeded in propagating the latter view, and to the end of his life savored the glory of being a Civil War hero.

After serving as Reconstruction Commander in the Carolinas, Sickles was appointed Minister to Spain, in which position he provoked the ire of the Spanish government by becoming the lover of the exiled Queen, Isabella II, then living in Paris. Later, Sickles won fame and fortune by forcing that formidable buccancer, Jay Gould, to relinquish control of the Erie Railroad; and at seventy-four—having bolted and returned to the Democratic Party—he again got himself elected to Congress.

My chief reservation about Mr. Swanberg's book is that much of the Civil War material is so familiar it could profitably have been condensed. But that does not prevent *Sickles the Incredible* from being an unusually fascinating biography.

Gods, men, and commissars

Red, Black, Blond and Olive (Oxford University Press, \$6.75) by Edmund Wilson—subtitled "Studies in Four Civilizations"—contains accounts of visits to the Pueblo of Zuñi in New Mexico (1947), to Haiti (1949), to Soviet Russia (1935), and to Israel (1954). Mr. Wilson has fused elements of travel writing, history, and anthropology with literary, political, and human-interest journalism to produce a durable and highly individual brand of reportage which I find vastly more rewarding than the product of professional newsmen.

The essay on the Zuñi centers on their extraordinary tribal religion, and describes in detail the spectacular Shálako festival, whose highlight is sacred dances of barbaric splendor. The Haitian section dwells on literature, voodoo, the admirable work done by UNESCO, and the peculiarities of the social framework. Wilson was exhilarated to find in Haiti—despite the complicated snobbery of the elite and the infantile politics—a spirit which is not merely international but also interracial, and which



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has produced, on the highest levels, "a type of mind irreducibly first rate." A fascinating discussion of the differences between Genesis in English and in Hebrew (which Wilson learned to read in his fifties, not to be outdone by his grandfather, a Presbyterian minister) prefaces the pages on Israel, whose main focus is on the strong survival of Biblical tradition. The negative aspects of this heritage, Wilson suggests, are cultural exclusiveness, a certain moral ruthlessness, and a damaging conflict between a reactionary rabbinate and the policies of a progressive state. The positive aspect is "the faith that keeps Israel going."

The report on Russia (nearly half the book) was written in 1935, when Wilson, who soon afterward became a vigorous anti-Communist, was still sympathetic to the Soviet Union. A certain amount of material has been added between brackets, but the original text has not been altered. Wilson observes in a Postscript that his Protestant training — though he emerged from it a rationalist without religious faith — bequeathed to him "a special susceptibility to the affirmation of the power of the [human] spirit." He thought he saw in Lenin "a prophet of human self-dependence and competence," and was predisposed to find these virtues in Russia. Moscow duly struck him as "the moral top of the world"; and he concluded that an American had more in common with the Russians than with the English, for the Russians were living through a heroic pioneer period akin to that which, in the United States, followed the Revolution. Despite such glaring misjudgments, there is no end of absorbing stuff in Wilson's far-ranging picture of Soviet life. It is climaxed by an unusual close-up — a description of six weeks spent in a Soviet hospital.

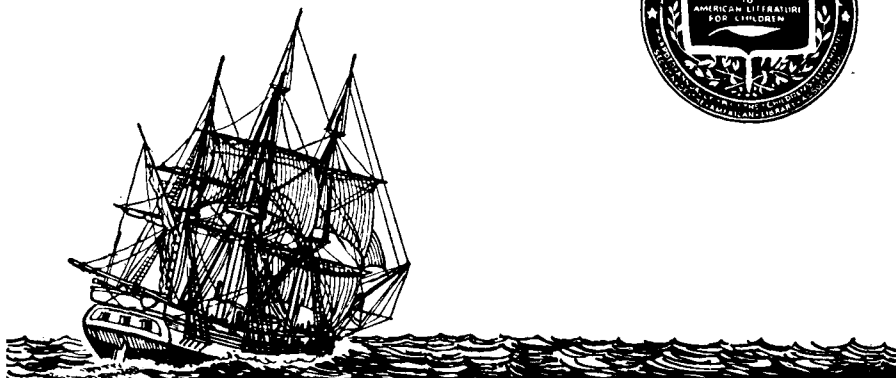
In these four seemingly disconnected reports, which make a remarkably interesting book, there does exist a unifying element. In all of them one finds Wilson asserting "the supremacy of moral force and human will over . . . the worldly situation, the conditions of life"; and implicit throughout is his conviction that "spiritual power resided, not in temples or altars or tombs, but in the person of the man who possessed it."

A Victorian harem

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titled "The conception, financing and daily routine of an English harem in the middle of the 19th century described in the form of a novel." In most essentials, Menen's bizarre and indeed incredible story follows the recorded facts about the career of a heretical Victorian clergyman, Henry James Prince — one of the most singular of the charlatans who have harnessed the Holy Ghost to their ambitions and appetites.

Prince was one of those born charmers who go through life magically dominating their fellow men and women. He first married an elderly lady who, after financing his theological studies, obligingly passed away; and later a well-born beauty who deserves a place of honor in the pantheon of understanding wives. His revivalist zeal led to a break with the Established Church, and he started preaching on his own. The turning point in his life was his meeting with the five Nottidge sisters, daughters of a wealthy businessman.

To these susceptible spinsters Prince revealed that he had been selected by God to be the perfect man, incapable of sin, infallible, immortal. For those who became his disciples sin was abolished; and to enjoy this dispensation one had only to assign to Prince all of one's financial assets. The sisters, whose father died leaving them a fortune, joyfully complied with this requirement. Lavishly provided for by the Nottidge capital and other donations, "The Beloved" now constructed for his flock a sumptuous pleasure dome, The Agapemene or Abode of Love. And there he spent the rest of his long life, taking unto himself, at periodic solemn ceremonies, a succession of "brides" from among his followers.

There is sometimes an archness in Mr. Menen's prose, a tendency to be cutely cynical, which I find distinctly irritating. All in all, though, he is an extremely polished and amusing writer; and his latest novel is a marvelously entertaining affair.

Fiction: briefly noted

The Sleepless Moon (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00) — a novel by H. E. Bates set in an English country town in the nineteen-twenties — centers on the marriage, never consummated, of two profoundly incompatible persons. It follows Constance Turner through a rapturous but eventually tragic love affair with the young pianist of the local cinema; and

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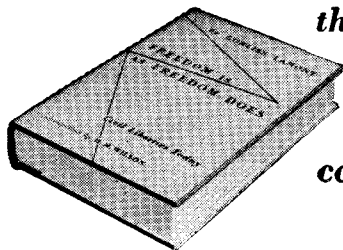
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her husband, Melford, through an equally ill-starred affair with the daughter of an innkeeper. As usual, Mr. Bates's storytelling has a compelling quality. His novel is superb in its picture of English country life. It contains one masterly characterization — that of Melford, "gentleman grocer" and mayor of the little town, a wondrously insensitive man whose life is governed by his passion for hunting, shooting, and fishing. Unfortunately, Bates appears to have gone out of his way to stack the cards against his characters. One feels that a philosopher of gloom lurking within this fine writer has ruthlessly taken command.

I share with many reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic the conviction that **Marcel Aymé**, who so far has had a limited following among American readers, is one of the best French writers now in business. His current novel, *The Green Mare* (Harper, \$3.00), is a sardonic picture of the life of a French village — the family feuds, the political conflict between reactionaries and liberals, the earthy *amours*. While the period is that following the Franco-Prussian War, it is easy to see that M. Aymé's gaily malicious scrutiny of manners and mores has a more lasting application. At once subtle and robust — and certainly too bawdy to be commended to decorous-minded readers — *The Green Mare* is vintage Gallic comedy.

And here, to wind up, is an off-beat item which I greatly enjoyed — a first novel by a pseudonymous author, **Jocelyn Davey**, who has fused murder, comedy, and philosophy into an original and highly literate whodunit. *A Capitol Offense* (Knopf, \$3.00) has as its engaging hero a bearded Oxford don, Ambrose Usher, whom the Foreign Office borrows for delicate assignments. Shortly after his arrival at the British Embassy in Washington, the assistant Air Attaché, who is really a cloak-and-dagger man, is murdered in the Embassy garden in the course of a party. Mr. Davey's philosopher-hero now starts playing detective in a mystery involving possible treachery and Communist skulduggery, intra-Embassy love affairs, an enigmatic and seductive French lady diplomat, and a cat called Palmerston. At the novel's end, Ambrose is sent off to South America on another mission, and I hope that presages a second appearance in print.



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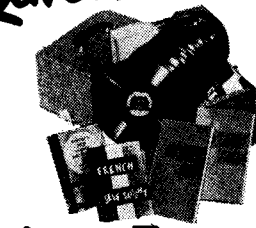
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ACCENT ON LIVING



I'VE been thinking of shifting Meeker to Little Rock," the sales manager said, "and putting him in charge there. But first I thought I'd better take a look at his fitness-capacity quotient."

The personnel man opened a file. "We haven't run any GFC's lately," he said, "but there's nothing against Meeker in the UDI — that's the new Urgent-Derogatory Index. His flicker-fusion threshold is high, Rorschach inconclusive, hematocrit 42 — all in all, Meeker looks like a fairly good risk."

"What do you get from his thematic apperception test?"

"A shade too aggressive. That was the interpretation, at any rate, but it came from Hodgkins and we all remember what *his* electro-encephalogram showed. No, I think you're safe in going ahead with Meeker, at least for the Little Rock job."

"I don't want to seem too old-hat," said the sales manager, "but it happens that Meeker comes from down that way. He's well connected there, and I thought —"

The trouble is that what the sales manager was about to say would seem painfully old-hat to a personnel sharp.

It would be one of those rule-of-thumb opinions, based only on what used to be called common sense and experience, and no such unscientific reason would be tolerated today in any well-managed company.

Business, so I am told, has entered a new epoch. There was a time — when production first began to expand — when the emphasis was on the executive who could make the stuff, the man who knew how to produce more drop forgings than the other fellow, the great steel makers and auto makers. These were followed by the supersalesman, the genius who could create a market for any old product and a bigger market for his own than anyone else had ever dreamed of, the success-story hero who began with a paper route and wound up in a walnut-paneled office with imitation coals glowing in the fireplace. Next came the era of the financial genius, who made more money for the company by reorganiz-

ing and borrowing and floating and splitting and merging than it had ever made from its own products.

All three of these types had their heyday and all have been succeeded by the newest ideal of what the high command ought to be — the Personnel Man. (I need not add that it was a Personnel Man who so kindly explained to me the sequence which I have just set down.)

This is the age of Personnel, of rounding and squaring each human peg to fit snugly into its job-socket. If the pegs organize a union, it is Personnel to whom labor relations are entrusted; Personnel must devise incentives for all sorts of improvements and increases; and it is up to Personnel to convince everyone that in putting the company's interest ahead of his own he is really putting his own interest first — a curiously circular sort of proposition, this last, and one to be expounded only by experts. It becomes inevitable that, having mastered such great problems as these, Personnel must extend its sway into the higher reaches of management and indeed take over management itself.

On its way to the top, Personnel

has naturally become more and more scientific. There is a machine on the market, for instance, that is believed to evaluate an interview between the applicant for a job and the company's man by measuring the frequency and duration of the applicant's utterances. If they are few and protracted, it means one thing; if few and terse, something else; and if he talks more or less all the time, still another. The machine may sound a bit dreamy in what it is supposed to achieve, but at least it's a machine and just that much more impersonal and scientific than the impressions jotted down in a notebook by the interviewer.

It need not surprise us if Personnel continues to use more machinery and more scientists. As one rather eminent consultant to management explained it to me, "They seem to be falling for all sorts of these tests — ink blots, little pictures, and so on — and even if nobody knows quite how

to interpret them, they do no harm. And what's the difference, so long as the applicant gets an ordinarily competent interview anyhow?"

But as I read about the conference between a group of personnel men from industry and the Menninger brothers, on what lies ahead in "industrial psychiatry," I was reminded of the old story about the company president who summoned the sales manager for a momentous conference. I realize that Personnel is becoming very scientific, yet I hear from time to time of companies to which the story still seems applicable. However that may be: —

"George," the company president began, "when you went to work for us eight years ago you started at the bottom, in the shipping department.

"Two years later you were traffic manager. Your progress was equally striking in production, and you were the youngest plant superintendent in

the history of the company. As head of the sales department, your record is no less distinguished. It is true that government orders have absorbed most of our output, but I know how highly your associates rate your ability.

"Now comes a time when I must consider once again the company's future. I have made an important decision, and in making it I have tried, as always, to put the interests of the company first, ahead of my own.

"Effective immediately, I am resigning the presidency of the company in order to open the way for a younger man. I shall become chairman of the board, and I am happy to inform you that you are to succeed me as president."

The sales manager blushed and gulped. "Gee!" he responded. "Gee, thanks, Dad."

CHARLES W. MORTON

A CHANGE OF OUTLOOK

by SHEVAWN LYNAM

SHEVAWN LYNAM is a young Irishwoman whose first novel, *The Spirit and the Clay*, was published in 1954 by Little, Brown.

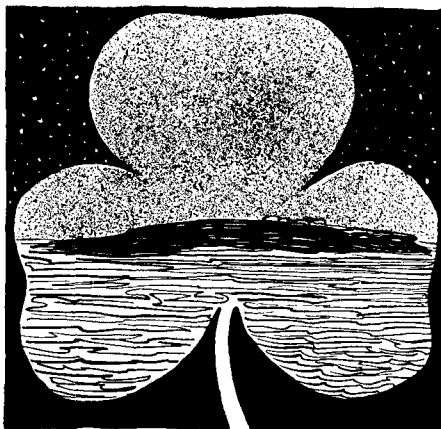
ENOUGH is as good as a feast" is a proverb I was always hearing as a child, but I don't think I had the faintest notion what it really meant until recently. I'd decided I needed a change — not just a change of air and scene, but a change of outlook — and the place I'd selected to seek it was Inishere. It's the smallest of the three Aran Islands, which stand like sentinels across the mouth of Galway Bay in the west of Ireland.

"Aran's the poorest place this side of Hell," a Dublin friend said when he heard where I was going. At first it certainly might seem so: a rock five miles in circumference, without a tree, a road, a wheeled vehicle, a telephone, a daily paper, a doctor, a policeman, or even a slip on which to land the islanders' currachs.

On a hot day you could imagine you were in the South Seas, with crystal-clear sapphire water, a long strand of pale sand dropping sheer into it, a haze hanging over the whitewashed cottages, and Anne, the old woman with whom I lived, exclaiming all day,

"I'm roasted alive with the heat!"

That was how I first saw it — but the next day the whole landscape had turned to gray, and the island seemed to heel over in the wind. The western doors into the cottages were sealed against the gale and the eastern ones were opened, donkeys and cattle huddled together to leeward of the



high stone walls, and I began learning how to lean on the wind as I walked, a habit it took me months back on the mainland to lose.

It was on one of these tempestuous evenings, after I'd been an islander for almost seven months, that I discovered how close I'd got to the change of outlook I was seeking. I

was just getting into bed when I heard a tap on my windowpane and voices calling me to come out. A large trawler had been sighted about three miles offshore, sheltering between the island and the mainland from the storm raging in the open Atlantic. One of Anne's sons and two of his friends had decided to go out to get some deep-sea fish from the trawler, but they'd guessed she must be foreign and were afraid not to be able to make themselves understood.

Within a few seconds I was running down the dark strand, still struggling into my clothes. Life on the island was always like that — tinged with expectancy. One was always scanning the horizon for the sails of a turf boat from Connemara, or for the weekly steamer from Galway, thirty miles away, or simply for a sign that there would be a sufficiently long lull in the storm for one to get to the next island or to the coast. There was always the possibility of sighting some timber from a wreck, or a trawler with deep-sea fish, and then the boys would run to put out their boats and race for the prize.

Anne would frequently talk of the sea being "mountains high." That night it was mountains high. Every time the bow of the little canvas boat

plopped into the water on the far side of a massive wave, I assumed we were about to capsize. But gradually, as we continued somehow to survive from wave to wave, I grew curiously elated with the sensation of galloping a bucking horse across the ocean.



As we approached the trawler a searchlight began playing on us, and as we came alongside I could read the name of the port — Vigo — painted across the bows. I tried then to shout up to them in Spanish against the wind, while I was being pushed and hauled up a rope ladder which almost swung me into the water at each lurch of the boat.

Once aboard, we were handed pint mugs of Cadiz brandy and taken over the ship. Then, installed in the captain's cabin, the moment arrived for me, as the official interpreter, to state the purpose of our mission. The islanders, I explained, could not go out after deep-sea fish, such as plaice, in their small currachs, and they wondered if the Spaniards had any to spare. But when the captain, with typical Spanish generosity, offered a few baskets of whiting, the Aranmen pulled faces and instructed me to explain that whiting was no good for salting down — and salting the fish they've caught in the season to sell on the mainland in the autumn is the islanders' main industry.

The ship was rolling and pitching. The brandy was leaping out of our mugs and making little puddles on the floor, and the chairs and tables were jazzing crazily to and fro across the cabin. The captain stared out of the porthole at the black outline of the island, which looked like some archaic monster crouching on the horizon, and he asked how many houses there were on it. I replied that there were eighty.

The captain then became pensive, as if he were working out a compli-

cated sum. He reached for the bottle and began to refill the mugs and to soak the floor alternately, sometimes pirouetting gracefully or suddenly running at full speed across the tilted room to keep his balance. And all the time, he was calculating under his breath.

At last he said, "Well, if each house contributed an equal share, the island could buy a trawler like this one, on a coöperative basis, and they could go out to fish wherever and whatever they liked."

I conveyed all this to the islanders. They stood six foot one, two, and four, each as spare as a spruce, with chiseled features, curiously fine little hands and feet, and the manners of mandarins. They murmured together in Irish, and then one of them smilingly explained: "We'd rather each be going out on his own hook."

The captain's jolly, fat face dropped in astonishment and I found that subconsciously I'd been hardening against mainlanders; they obviously couldn't understand us. It seemed hardly worth explaining that the islanders grow their own clothes on their own sheep's backs and that the island weaver weaves them; or that they make their shoes — pampooties, they're called — from their own cows' hides; or that they make their land with their own hands — they spread sand on the rock, fertilize it with seaweed, and produce some of the best potatoes in the world. They don't really care how the world outside does things — they do everything for themselves.

The captain had meanwhile been consulting his companions, and he came back to the charge.

"Maybe they don't understand," he said persuasively. "Explain to them that they'd make much more money this way."

But the islandmen only smiled gently and replied: "Haven't we enough the ways we are?"

Well, we left the captain flabbergasted, and in the end we took the whiting. The journey back was little different from the journey out until we reached the shore. But there we found enormous breakers hurling themselves at the strand which they'd turned into a high shelf, and as they recoiled, the shingle withdrawing with them rumbled like thunder. Our little boat seemed like an animal at bay as we prowled up and down, maneuvering to attempt a landing. We even thought of returning the three miles to the trawler, but the storm was

growing worse. At last, almost in desperation, we swung the curragh around to face inland, and suddenly the wave we were trying to race rushed snarling after us and flung us onto the strand — capsized, but on land and smothered in whiting.

The next day, as so often happens, the sun was shining; the wind had swung around and we could hear the ocean humming gently on the far side of the island, like some giant machine that kept the whole life of the place turning.

I found Anne sitting in her rocking chair in front of the cottage, knitting; her only comment on the night's adventure was her disgust at hearing that the Spaniards spoke no English. After all, she explained, the islanders were Irish, but they spoke English as well as Irish. The Spaniards must be very uneducated people, like most foreigners, she felt — and for her that included mainlanders.

"Aren't they forever composing lies at us about the places they're from?" she said, clicking her tongue disparagingly. "An island woman'd be out of her latitude entirely in thim places." I knew well she wouldn't change the island life for any other.

I can still see her sitting there, as neat as a pin in her long, red tweed skirt and velvet-trimmed bodice, as she rambled on in her picturesque English, translated literally from the Irish: "Musha, I'd ever my fair share of trouble, Shevawn ashore. And if I had itself, hadn't I ever my enough, too? And would you believe this, now — and there's no more lie in this than if I was going down to the grave today — I never was wance without my breakfast, never wance. Wasn't



that the great thing, now? Musha, God was good, surely."

I think that's what I remember most vividly about the island. As an islander myself, I'd grown to think of it as one of the richest places on earth.



HOUSE FOR SALE

by ROBERT W. WELLS

ROBERT W. WELLS commutes from Cold Spring on Hudson to New York City, where he covers news and features as correspondent of the Milwaukee Journal.

I've been doing a little looking at houses lately and a lot of looking at classified advertisements for houses. I've learned that the things people say about the houses not living up to their notices just aren't so. You've just got to understand the language, that's all.

I found, for instance, that when the seven-point type says "quiet suburban retreat," what it means is "the lot is seventy feet wide and the families next door have no more than three children under six." The realtors would, I am sure, put down the more accurate elaboration if it were not more costly and time-consuming to spell such matters out. In the interests of economy, therefore, I have compiled a short glossary of typical terms used in real-estate promotion:—

Picturesque setting: Two rosebushes.

Suburban living: Two rosebushes and a maple sapling.

Wooded lot: Same two rosebushes, two maple saplings.

Wooded country estate: Two rosebushes, two maple saplings, five forsythias.

Easy commuting distance: You can drive to the city in a flat forty-five minutes if you commute between 4 and 5 A.M. At other times, allow two hours.

Owner leaving town: Wait till you see the place; you'll know why.

Sparkling clean: They washed the front steps, but look out for that loose board.

See interior to appreciate: Outside hasn't been painted since 1907.

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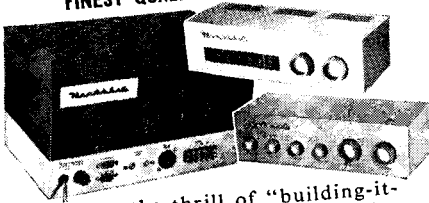
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Five years new: Hurry, friends, the roof is leaking.

Gracious living: Has inside plumbing.

Expandable: You can add another room for not more than half the cost of the house.

English style dwelling: Plenty of London fog in the basement.

Priced for quick sale: Owner cut the ante after that last big rain.

Contemporary: Lumber hasn't had time to warp yet.

Cape Cod beauty: Massachusetts fisherman's shanty with gables.

For the executive: Inside plumbing upstairs and down; and it'll cost you, brother.

A sacrifice: Owner isn't making one; he's asking for one.

Completely remodeled: Eighteen dollars' worth of new wallpaper.

House with a view: Not a beautiful view, you understand; not even a pretty view; but a view.

Easy to finance: Put 50 per cent down and the bank'll take a chance.

Neat ranch house: A one-story house with four rooms.

Rambling ranch house: A one-story house with five rooms.

Immediate occupancy: Hurry up, pal, the joint's getting on my nerves.

Up-to-date trilevel: Basement, first floor, attic.

Going fast: Buy it now. It'll never last through another winter.

Close to shopping facilities: Joe's Bar next door.

Plenty of closets: That's what the rooms are, closets.

By appointment only: A little warning, please; we've got to shove that sofa in front of the cracked plaster.

Ideal for the handy man: I've given up on that leaky roof; now you try.



LIFE FROM A GOLDFISH BOWL

by **GEORGE JOHNSTON**

MR. MURPLE called upon his mother
Bringing a bottle of gin for Mother's Day;
They tolerate, indeed they love each other
And often rub each other the right way.
"Mother," he said, "I brought you this here gin,
Product of Messrs. Moulton, Moultonville, you know.
Look at the fancy piece of glass it's in!
Times have been extra good to Moulton and Co."

"Drat the flies, they're awful bad this year!"
She said, waving a big one from her nose.
"What have you got there? Bless your heart, my dear!
Put it on the piano, by the rose.
A nice red rose to show I'm still alive;
Forty cents they asked me for it, thieves!
Yellow to show you're dead is forty-five,
All done up in ferny things and leaves."

What a life for a goldfish, day and night,
Who fins in Mr. Murple's mother's bowl!
He gets a bit of flat stuff for a bite
Maybe, or maybe ant eggs — eaten whole —
And notes the goings-on, with goggle face,
Of all the world around about in air:
Of Mr. Murple and his gloves and grace
Coming with gifts for mother in her lair.

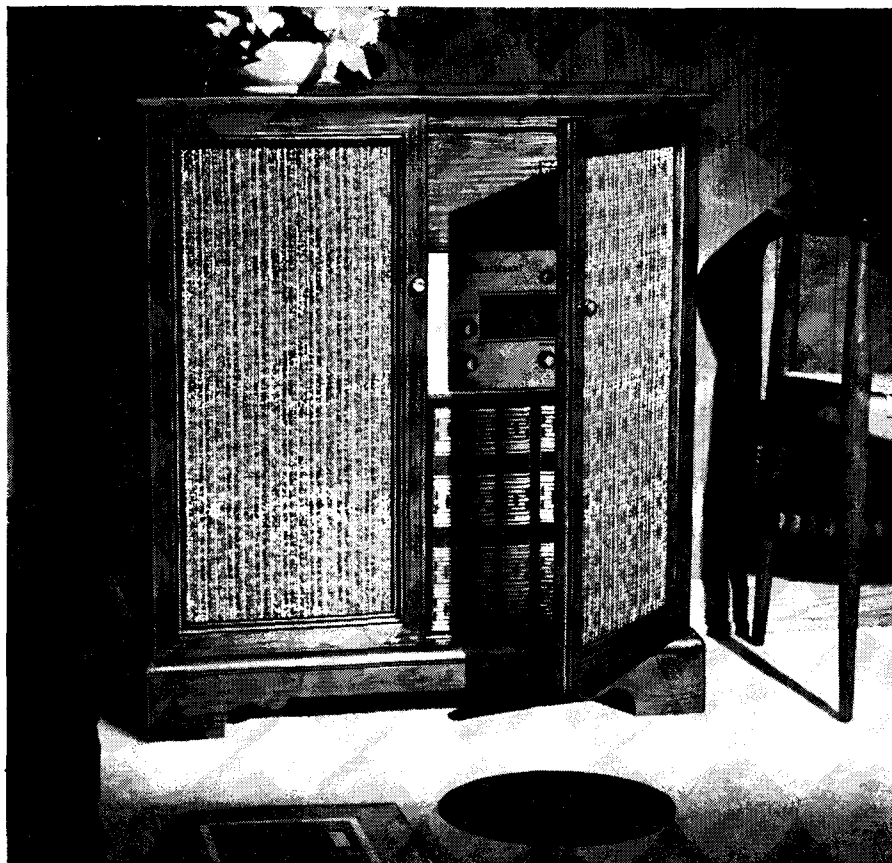


by JOHN M. CONLY

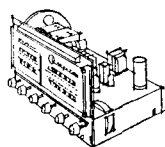
Bach: Violin Concertos No. 1 and No. 2 with Vivaldi: Concerto for Two Violins in A Minor (David Oistrakh and Isaac Stern, violins, Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5087: 12"). Stern plays the Bach No. 1, Oistrakh the No. 2; together they perform the Vivaldi. Interpretatively, in the Bach concertos, I think they fall just a minim short of the achievement of Heifetz and Wallenstein, on RCA Victor LM-1818, but their recorded sound is incomparably richer. Further, they offer the mellifluous Vivaldi as a bonus, and it is a bonus worth having. If you don't own the Heifetz, buy the Stern-Oistrakh.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 5 with Schubert: Symphony No. 8, "Unfinished" (George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Epic LC-3195: 12"). These two symphonies have been committed to microgroove at least twenty-two times apiece. The Schubert has fared better than the Beethoven; it is realized in at least three versions that should satisfy anyone — those by Leinsdorf (Entré), Prohaska (Vanguard), and Munch (RCA Victor), of which the last is my favorite. Strangely (to put it mildly), none of the attempts at the Beethoven Fifth has been wholly successful. These Szell performances, launching the Cleveland Orchestra on the Epic label, belong in the top half-dozen representations of each symphony. It's a fine, singing orchestra, and the engineers do it justice.

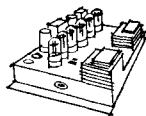
Beethoven: Symphony No. 9, "Choral" and Symphony No. 8 (Herbert von Karajan conducting Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Marga Höffgen, Ernst Häfliger, Otto Edelmann; Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde Chorus; Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 3544-B: two 12"). Here in gorgeous sound is the most beautiful Ninth ever recorded, and one estimable in other ways, too. It is finely crafted, large-scale, well hung together, de-



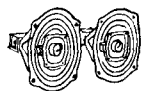
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void of any eccentricity. It will be the favorite of many people — and might be mine, had I never heard the Toscanini or ancient Weingartner interpretations. Karajan's has neither the air of immensity of the latter nor the blazing excitement of the former, and I need one or the other in this symphony, especially in the first and last movements. Karajan's middle movements are fine. There are rumors that this recording will be available, before too long, as a stereophonic tape, in which guise it ought to make marvelous listening. The accompanying Eighth Symphony is matched, for my money, only by the superb Scherchen-Westminster version.

Berlioz: Overtures: *The Roman Carnival; King Lear; The Corsair; Les Franc-Juges; Waverley* (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5064: 12''). There is a certain necessary tedium about Beecham reviews this year. Once again I must say: I cannot really believe these performances are as good as they are except when I am actually listening to them. They are literally thrilling; if you like Berlioz, you cannot be without them.

Brahms: Double Concerto; Haydn Variations; Tragic Overture (Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; Bruno Walter conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-5076: 12''). It's been a long wait, but worth it. I think I am safe in calling this the best Double Concerto since the prehistoric Thibaud-Casals-Cortot collaboration on 78s. It's a performance both rousing and romantic, with Walter, Stern, and Rose interacting beautifully. The Tragic Overture and Haydn Variations are the same performances found in Columbia's four-disk Brahms Orchestral Music album, SL-200. Both are excellent, though the Variations were recorded some time ago.

Handel: Six Concerti Grossi, Op. 3 (Boyd Neel conducting Boyd Neel Orchestra; Thurston Dart, harpsichord and organ; London LL-1130: 12''). Less well known, more richly scored than the dozen Opus 6 concerti grossi, these are equally fetching and, here, lovely in both performance and recording. Try the endearing second movement of the second concerto.

Mozart: Concerto No. 27; Sonata No. 11 (Wilhelm Backhaus,

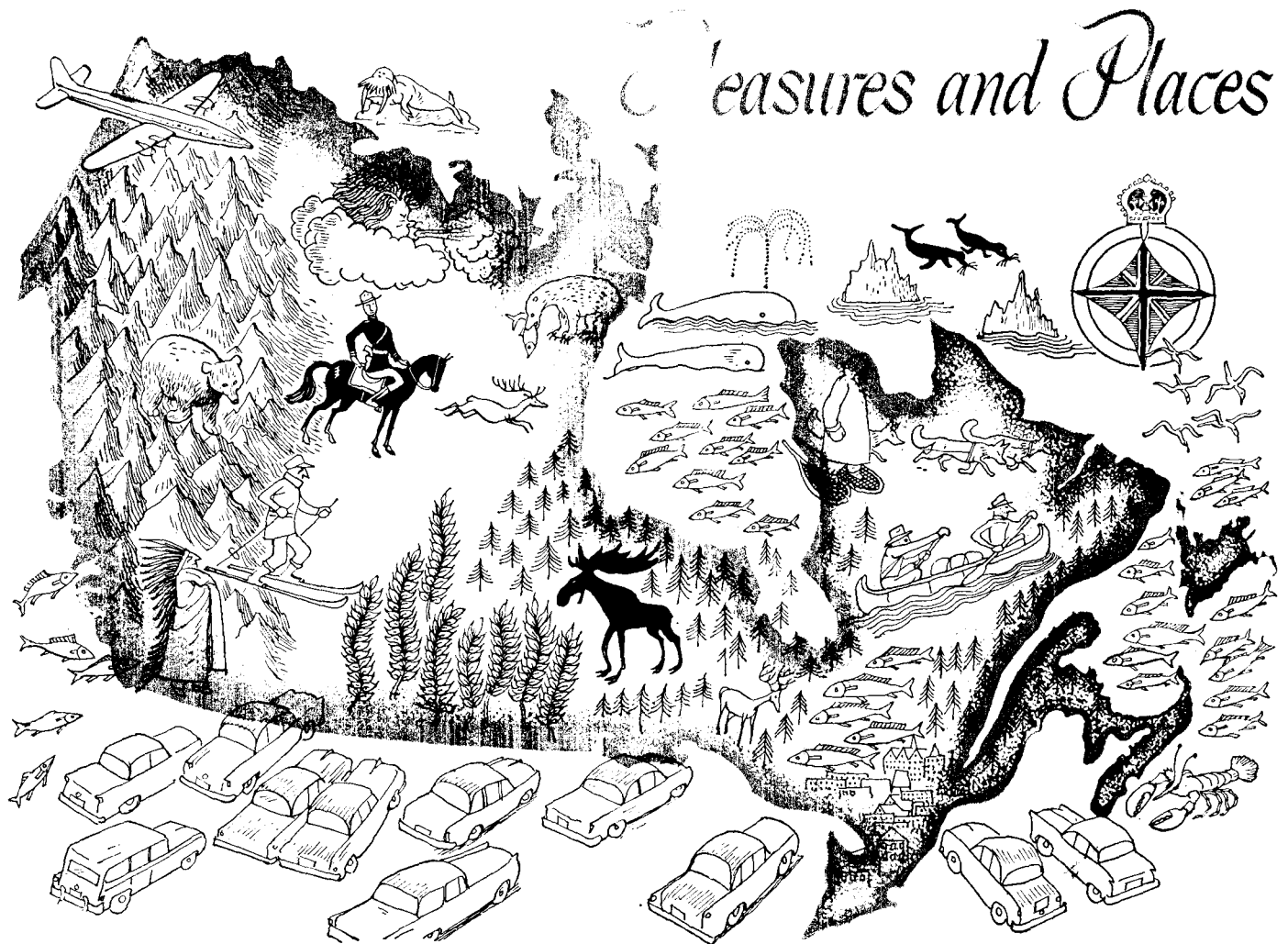
piano; Karl Böhm conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1282: 12''). Mozart's greatest concerto and most popular sonata (it includes the "Rondo alla Turca") in an absolutely safe buy, even in a Mozart Year that is not yet finished. Lively, loving playing; impeccable sound.

Mozart: Songs (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Walter Gieseking, piano; Angel 35270: 12''). Restraint and finesse are the distinguishing characteristics of both these fine artists. The result is a cool, clear beauty, enthralling so long as one does not risk an overdose. There isn't much variety, which is partly Mozart's fault.

Prokofiev: Sonata No. 1 with Leclair: Sonata No. 3 and Locatelli-Ysaÿe: Sonata in F Minor (David Oistrakh, violin; Vladimir Yampolsky, piano; RCA Victor LM-1987: 12''). His first sonata strikes me as one of Prokofiev's most perfect works, and Oistrakh, to whom it was dedicated, knows it better than anyone else in the world. The combination cannot fail, and doesn't. The sound is good, and the companion showpieces are worth hearing, too.

Verdi: *Rigoletto* (Tullio Serafin conducting Maria Callas, Giuseppe di Stefano, Tito Gobbi, other soloists; chorus and orchestra of Teatro alla Scala; Angel 3537-5S: three 12'' with libretto). The veteran Serafin does just enough urging and reining-in to make this the most vital *Rigoletto* available. The performance has only one liability: di Stefano is a slightly colorless Duke, though credible all the same. Surprisingly, Callas is a good Gilda.

Caruso — An Anthology of His Art on Records (Enrico Caruso, tenor, with various other singers and assorted accompaniment; RCA Victor LM-6127: three 12'' in album). This is a capital-P Production, in a gleaming white album with an illustrated introduction by Francis Robinson. The disks contain forty-six selections — opera arias, other excerpts, songs — and cover the great man's whole recording career, from 1902 (Denza's *Luna Fedel*) to 1920 (*Crucifixus* from the Rossini *Messe Solennelle*). You can trace his growth and feel the work behind it, which is engrossing. But mostly you can feel, and even share, the enormous joy this man took in his own art. Many thanks to RCA Victor.



CANADA IN 1956

CANADA has made great strides in highway construction in the past five years; and while many of the Dominion's roads are still gravel-surfaced, it is now possible to cross continental Canada on good highways that stretch some 5000 miles from Halifax on the Atlantic coast to Vancouver on the Pacific.

The importance of the Trans-Canada highway system to visitors is indicated by the latest complete travel figures, which show that in one year 28 million visitors crossed from this country into Canada. Of this number, nearly 20 million traveled by car, leaving \$156,900,000 to pay for their visit.

Only one Canadian province cannot be reached directly by automobile. It is the great island of Newfoundland, a province only since 1949. But Newfoundland is now swiftly closing wilderness gaps in her highway system, and within a year the last link of the Trans-Canada Highway will have been completed. This

road will join the port of St. John's on the easternmost tip of the island with Port aux Basques some 600 miles to the west for the 90-mile crossing of Cabot Strait to the mainland at Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Well known to sportsmen for its unexcelled Atlantic salmon fishing and moose and caribou hunting, Newfoundland is virtually unknown territory to motorists. Completion of the island highway will open up a vast region of superb contrasts in scenery in one of the most interesting areas of eastern North America.

For those who enjoy striking off the beaten track, the trips of coastal steamers from St. John's, as well as from Montreal, to the primitive and isolated villages in the fiords and coves of Newfoundland's savage northern coast are recommended without reservation. Time? One to two weeks.

Travelers can reach Newfoundland conveniently by air through the great international airport at Gander, or

can cross from Sydney, Nova Scotia, by air or boat to Port aux Basques and take the narrow-gauge railway that meanders over a leisurely course to St. John's. It's a pleasant, restful, and informal journey in comfortable though somewhat old-fashioned cars, with good food.

The Maritime Provinces

For those who would sample the attractions of eastern Canada quickly and comfortably by car, the Maritime Provinces are a pleasant beginning. The new Canadian government ferry with ample space for cars now operates between Bar Harbor, Maine, and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on a daily schedule, crossing the Bay of Fundy in about six hours. This new short-cut from New England lands visitors almost at the entrance to the lovely Annapolis Valley, the largest apple-growing region in the British Empire and the scene of the annual Apple Blossom Festival in June. And this is the legendary Land of Evangeline.

Nova Scotia, by the way, is the promised land for victims of hay

ASPEN

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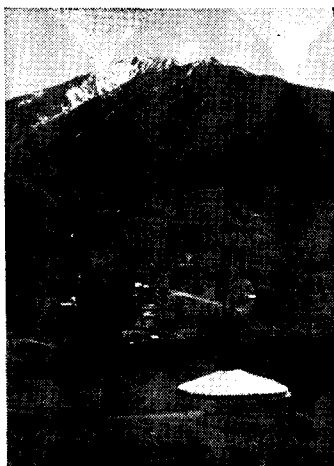
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fever and kindred allergies, as well as a blessed escape to tranquillity from the proddings and pressures of the age.

Further to the north in Nova Scotia, now joined by a causeway across the Strait of Canso that greatly facilitates travel, lies Cape Breton Island with its serene Bras d'Or Lakes and the spectacular Cabot Trail around the northernmost tip of the island. The trip can be completed in a day.

Cape Breton is the site of St. Ann's College, the only Gaelic educational institution in America. It is here, in a setting that might well be in Scotland, that the Gaelic Mod and Highland Gathering is held every summer.

New Brunswick, with sharp contrasts between great spruce and pine forests and peaceful farmland valleys, is well worth a visit, while just offshore in the Gulf of St. Lawrence lies Prince Edward Island, smallest of the ten Canadian provinces and accurately described as the Garden of the Gulf. It will be remembered not only for lovely pastoral scenes but for its delicious canned strawberry jam and for its mealy baking potatoes, country cheese, St. Lawrence oysters and lobsters.

Quebec, especially the areas along the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence where the great river streams 20 miles wide to the Gulf, is known as Old France and still clings to many ancestral ways of life. To many of us who have wheeled the red clay roads of the Gaspé Peninsula and stopped awhile here and there to fix in our memories the magnificent views along the Gulf coast, Quebec also means brown-crust loaves of native bread baked slowly in outdoor stone ovens, excellent habitant pea soup, and the never-to-be-forgotten flavor of tiny wild strawberries or raspberries in yellow cream that had to be spooned from a jug.

Camping by car

The government is aware that many families who vacation by motor depend on facilities for camping, and it has wisely met the demand by providing innumerable campsites at scenic locations along important highways throughout the country. Most of these sites have facilities for cooking, as well as a pure water supply and acceptable sanitary facilities.

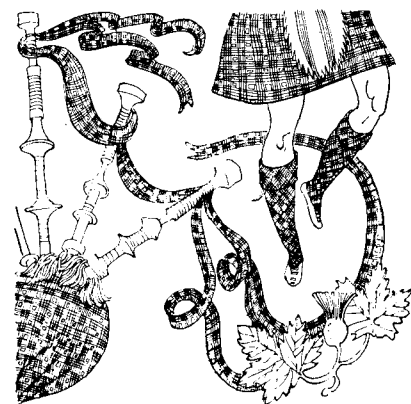
The family which enjoys living outdoors can, when equipped with an

insect-proof tent, sleeping bags, and modern cooking equipment, live very comfortably almost anywhere in Canada. Well-insulated refrigerator boxes and the convenient new camp stoves and lights fueled by canned gas have taken most of the hardship out of cooking by the wayside.

As for ice supplies, it should be noted that the electric or gas refrigerator has penetrated to the remotest hamlet, and that the once familiar village iceman is now *rara avis*.

Canoe trips

Canoes, long the only means of transportation in the wilderness, still provide the best transportation to adventure in the Canadian wilds. The modern Indian is reluctant to use a paddle if he can clamp an outboard motor on anything that floats. However, the man who wants to get the most from a canoe trip will benefit from paddling and will see much wildlife that vanishes at the sound of a motor.



Canoe trips are so popular in Canada that the Canadian Travel Bureau in Ottawa found it necessary to publish a special booklet listing the best areas for adventure on the waterways of the North, with information on guides and equipment.

Northern Quebec and Ontario, as well as Manitoba and Saskatchewan, offer some of the finest canoe trips on the continent. You can take your own outfit or rent it at the point of departure. The Hudson's Bay Company makes it possible to take trips from certain of its fur trading posts in the North, providing guides and full equipment. (Write Hudson's Bay Company, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, Canada.)

In eastern Ontario there are excellent opportunities for trips through Algonquin Park, the Timagami Forest Reserve, and the Lake Superior Provincial Park. Still further west

lies Quetico Provincial Park, which opens up a vast territory of innumerable lakes stretching eastward through the Rainy Lake region to the wilderness paradise of the Lake of the Woods. This region lies directly north of Minnesota and is easily accessible from the United States by excellent highways.

Veterans of Canadian canoe trips are planning to explore a hitherto untapped territory now open to travel by the Atikokan Highway (Ontario Route 120), which branches off the Trans-Canada Highway (Route 17) 20 miles west of the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William. This new highway, running through some of the finest wilderness north of the Great Lakes, serves the great Steeprock mining region.

To avoid black flies and mosquitoes it is wise to schedule camping trips in the northern wilderness from August to the end of September. There will still be some insects, but fly-repellents make life fairly comfortable.

Air and rail

The thriving mining cities on Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes came into being almost entirely by means of air transport. Freight-carrying planes replaced the pack horses of a few years ago, carrying construction machinery, generators for power plants, building supplies, and heavy mining machinery as well as thousands of workers and the food to feed them hundreds of miles across a trackless wilderness. These cities of the Arctic Circle still look to the skies for most of their daily needs for existence.

The Canadian government operates Trans-Canada Airways, the Dominion's continental and trans-Atlantic system, while Canadian Pacific Air Lines covers western Canada, the Yukon, and trans-Pacific points, as well as Mexico and Peru. Numerous independent air systems provide reliable service to almost any part of the North.

Canada's two great railway systems, the government-operated Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, span the continent from coast to coast. Both offer every comfort and exceptionally good dining service. The Canadian Pacific now operates dome cars on its smart transcontinental diesel-powered trains. Both lines offer tourist sleeping-car service at rates that save about \$28 on lower and about \$32 on upper berth accommodations.

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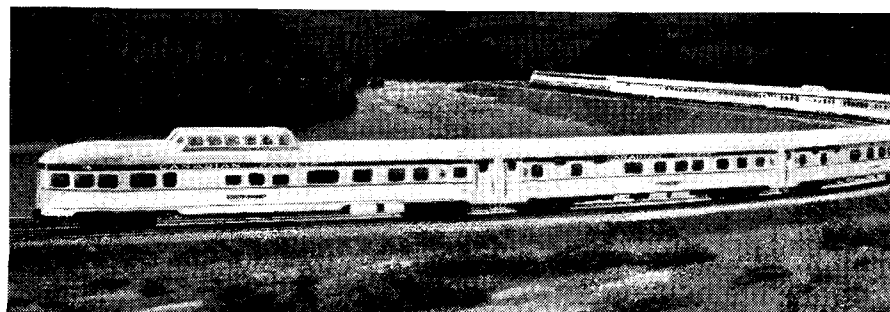
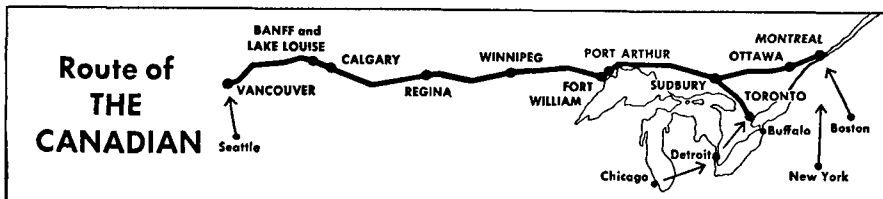
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Canadian Pacific's line follows the rugged north shore of Lake Superior for hundreds of miles, traversing a region of magnificent vistas that are not accessible by any highway.

North of Lake Huron the Canadian National swings northwestward and



crosses a region of pine and spruce forest and countless lakes from western Ontario to the edge of the prairies in Manitoba.

Both railways converge on Winnipeg, capital of Manitoba, and then separate for the run across Canada's beautiful prairie country, one of the world's greatest wheat-growing regions. While the Canadian Pacific heads almost due west to Calgary, Alberta, the Canadian National takes a more northerly route through Saskatchewan to Edmonton, Alberta, bordering on Canada's great oil fields.

From Edmonton the Canadian National approaches the towering ramparts of the Rocky Mountains by following the Athabaska River to Jasper National Park, which includes some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world. Accommodations range from the luxurious, though not excessively expensive, bungalows of Jasper Lodge to motels, cabins, and simple tourist rooms. Jasper Park can be reached by a good highway from Edmonton which closely follows the railway line along the Athabaska.

An excellent highway from Jasper to Banff National Park, 160 miles to the south, traverses the superb Columbian ice fields and glacier, and connects with the Canadian Pacific transcontinental line as well as the mountain section of the Trans-Canada Highway.

Banff and Lake Louise, with their luxurious Canadian Pacific hotels, also have good motels and comfortable modern cabins, many of which have complete housekeeping facilities.

Here, surrounded by some of Canada's highest peaks, the scenery is comparable to the Swiss and Austrian Alps, and in winter this great resort area, as well as Jasper, is attracting increasing numbers of the international ski set.

The new Northwest

From Jasper the Canadian National Railway offers two routes to the Pacific. The main line strikes south at Yellowhead Pass, which — at an elevation of 3700 feet — is the lowest crossing in the Canadian Rockies. This is the gateway to Canada's new Northwest, an area of more than one million square miles and the last great undeveloped region on the North American continent. It stretches from central British Columbia northward through the Yukon to the barren Arctic coast and eastward to Great Slave Lake. It is through Canada's new land of promise that the Canadian National's northern line runs for some 700 miles to Prince Rupert, which is the most westerly railroad terminus in North America.

This part of Canada, which reveals the enormous economic potential of British Columbia, has been visited only by travelers who venture off the main highways. It is possible, for instance, to drive from Vancouver on the historic Caribou Trail to Prince Rupert, put your car aboard a Canadian Pacific steamer for Haines Landing, Alaska, and then drive 130 miles on the Haines cutoff to the Alaska Highway. From this point one may turn north to Fairbanks, Alaska, returning through Dawson and Whitehorse in the Yukon, and thence travel southward over 900 miles on the Alaska Highway to Dawson Creek, British Columbia. From Dawson Creek to Edmonton, Alberta, is just about 500 miles.

The most favorable season for making this undeniably arduous — but magnificent — motor trip is between June and the middle of September. Motorists are permitted to travel this road only after satisfying the authorities that their cars are in condition to make the trip. It is important to carry extra tires, and the lower part of the gasoline tank should be protected from flying sharp-edged gravel by a thick pad of rubber or other material. Because of the long distances between service stations, it is essential that extra fuel be carried in safety cans. (Details

on the Alaska Highway and regulations covering it are available from the Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources, Ottawa, Canada.)

Those of us who have a soft spot in our hearts for railways treasure memories of the delightful and spectacular journey over the narrow-gauge line of the Pacific Great Eastern which runs from Squamish, a few miles north of Vancouver, British Columbia, and follows the Fraser River for more than half the distance of approximately 400 miles to Prince George, where it connects with the northern line of the Canadian National. This trip is a Canadian railroad "must."

Vancouver, which was founded less than a hundred years ago, is beyond dispute one of the most delightful cities on the Pacific coast. It is also one of the most important western ports to the Orient, and owes its prosperity largely to an enormous export trade in lumber and mining.

Across the Georgia Strait from Vancouver, a few hours by excellent steamer, lies Vancouver Island, on which Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is the largest city. The island, warmed by the Japanese Current, has a sublime climate, and the temperature in the coldest part of winter rarely falls below freezing. Roses and many other flowers bloom throughout the year.

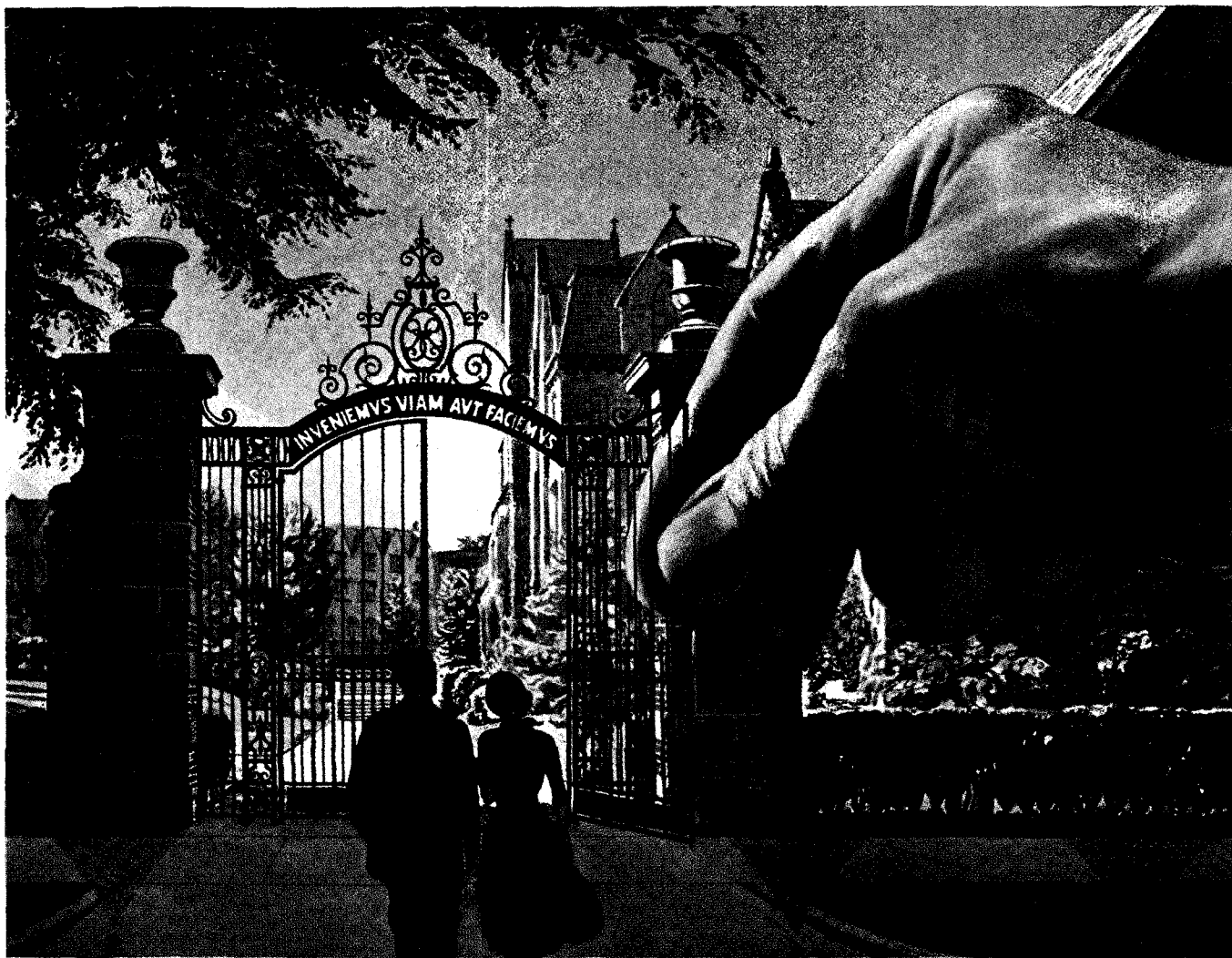
Victoria and its surroundings have become a famous region for retirement. It has a large British popula-



tion, and teatime in the admirable Empress Hotel is a scene transported from London.

Here, again, he who has an eye for adventure will find the trips on various little coastal steamers to isolated villages on the western coast of the island rewarding — and if one meets a Pacific storm, very exciting.

JOHN J. ROWLANDS



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